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The Register

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Latin School Register

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THE LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER

Pete Gets a Break

By Robert B. Lichtenstein

*(This story was awarded the Ninth
Prize of \$5 in the Boston Traveler's Tenth
Annual Short Story Contest for High
School Students of New England.)*

Peter Holden had set his house in order. With that scrupulous concern for details which had enabled him to ply his profession undisturbed while more brilliant but less conscientious colleagues had been lopped off one by one by the zealous minions of the law, the stage was set for his passing from his erstwhile field of operation.

The secluded, peaceful little town of Freeport many miles away was soon to number among its inhabitants "Peter Holden" and family. The rambling old farmhouse with its adjoining orchards and meadows was just the place, Pete had decided, for Jackie to grow up to be a sturdy, law-abiding member of society. For Pete, born and raised amidst the slums and dregs of the great city, had long since resolved that his son was to have an "even break".

Pete, who had been tossed and buffeted about by the cross-currents of life ever since he was able to pick his way along the gutters and dodge from under the trucks of the East Side, had evolved a theory of his own. It was summed up in one short sentence: "Give the other guy a break."

In his own way Pete endeavored to live up to his creed. He looked with disdain on those of his brethren who followed the purse-snatching, petty-

thieving game. Those who gathered their gains by a sudden blow in the dark, or by the cruel bark of a "rod" were not numbered among his friends. A quick raid on a so-called friendly game among the "big shots" of the gambling fraternity, a rapid but efficient looting of a well-stocked warehouse—such was Pete's game.

But through it all, Pete knew with a certainty born of long years of experience that unless he bolted, he would eventually lose out. If not for his son, he might still have continued, well knowing that, though he might evade the clutches of the law, death would some day come to him through the drawn curtains of some speeding machine manned by gangland's self-appointed executioners.

It was, therefore, with an underlying tone of satisfaction in his voice, which he could not conceal, that he broke the news to his few pals on the night of his get-away.

"I'm quittin' after tonight's job, boys. I've saved enough dough from this racket to start all over again. I'll spring this burg, take the kid where I know I'll have a chance to go straight." Pete was careful not to give any inkling as to the whereabouts of his haven.

The four men grouped about the table

were stunned. They knew how long they would last with Pete gone. Pete was the brains as well as the strength of the gang. They begged, pleaded with him to reconsider. They used every artifice known to them. They appealed to his sense of pride. They threatened. But Pete was obdurate. He had waited too long already for a chance to bolt.

The telephone rang. Pete rose and answered. As he listened, his face blanched, his eyes dilated. "All right," he muttered. "I'll be over right away." He turned to the gang, visibly shaken. "The kid just got run over. Got to get to the hospital quick. If I don't come back you can go ahead with tonight's job without me."

His friends muttered something intended to be sympathetic. But their words belied their thoughts. They were thinking that now, with the kid gone, Pete would stick with them to the finish.

Pete hailed a taxi and was whirled to the hospital. He was taken to a room that reeked with anesthetics. With drawn face and fear in his eyes he groped his way forward to the cot. No stretch of the imagination could have pictured him as the self-confident, assertive leader of a band of gangsters as he bent over the tiny figure swathed in bandages. Straightening, his glance fell upon the doctor in charge. He wanted to ask about his child, but he could not gulp down the lump which kept rising in his throat.

The doctor seemed to sense his question, and with kindly patience in his voice, said, "Your boy is badly hurt,

but I think he has a chance. We are just about to operate."

Pete returned to the bedside and sat down. He took the little white hand in his and stroked it. It seemed to relieve him. Silently he sat as the nurse gently lifted the motionless form on to the stretcher. Numbly he watched as the precious bundle was wheeled through the door.

Thus he sat as night waned and day began to creep in through the drawn shutters. But Pete was not aware of the passing hours. One thought alone was chasing through his mind, and he kept repeating it to himself: "The poor kid never got a break."

As a shadow fell across the floor, he rose tensely to his feet. The doctor stood before him. To Pete his face was inscrutable, but in the doctor's eyes was registered the look that accompanies a task well done.

"Will the kid get better?" Pete ventured. At the reassuring nod, Pete felt he must get into the open air.

He groped his way along the corridors already alive with the thousand activities of a great institution. As he passed through the outer office a morning paper, discarded by one of the incoming doctors, lay open on the table.

Something in the headlines attracted Pete's attention. "Four East Side Bandits Captured! Gang Falls Into Police Net!" Pete read no further. As he passed through the hospital gates, his shoulders squared.

Through the morning mists he seemed to see the old farmhouse beckoning in the distance. He raised his head and spoke aloud, "Gee, the kid and me are sure getting some break!"



Drama

THE "JOURNEY'S END" OF R. C. SHERRIFF

By John Hastings

In Paris, the English Players, under Edward Stirling, have been performing this remarkable drama for several months. Welcomed with riotous acclaim upon its appearance in both London and New York, a year ago, "Journey's End" proceeded to take the remarkable position it deserves. In the extraordinary and rather erratic progress of the modern drama, this document should be set on a triumphant pinnacle.

"The action passes in a dug-out near St. Quentin in those fateful days preceding the great German offensive, of March, 1918.

"Every type of officer is presented with extraordinary perception and sympathy.

"Stanhope, the company commander has been out since '15. He has seen all his fellow officers killed, one by one, and has reached a pitch of nerve strain that only one thing can solace and subdue—whisky.

"Osborne, the senior lieutenant, is an ex-schoolmaster, kindly, tolerant, and strong of will, keeping a sense of proportion in the squalid monotony of his surroundings by adapting present conditions to the old sane ideas.

"Trotter, the junior subaltern, is another fortunate being, comparatively untouched by trench life, but Hibbert is suffering from acute nerve strain and has obviously reached the end of his tether.

"Then Raleigh arrives from England, a keen young fellow straight from the public school O. T. C., and a brief training at home. It happens that Stanhope was his idol at school, and the

youngster is horrified to see the change that has taken place.

"Stanhope, in his turn, resents the intrusion of someone from the old life, and so the tension in the atmosphere grows.

"A raid on the Boche lines is fixed for the day before the offensive, and Osborne is killed.

"Stanhope, driven to hysterical frenzy at losing the only man who understood him, lashes himself to the breaking point, and blazes at Raleigh for not joining in the drunken celebrations that night.

"How can you, with poor Osborne lying dead out there?" asks the young fellow, overwhelmed by his first contact with the reality of the war.

"To forget, you bloody young fool, to forget!" screams the man who has been out since '15.

"Next morning the attack begins and Raleigh is hit in the spine by a fragment of shell. He is carried into the dug-out and dies in Stanhope's arms, and, as the final curtain falls, Stanhope goes out into the raging inferno of death to face odds that he knows only too well must prove invincible."

Thus the plot: and during its course every man is killed. . .

One is at a loss for words to find a basis for comparison of the piece. During both performances which he attended, the writer sat enthralled by and transferred into the very depths of that profound human drama, war. "Journey's End" is one of the very few plays in which the audience is allowed to be present at the action of the play,

not merely to be expected to reflect upon and perceive it. In other dramas one is mentally, as well as physically, set apart from the atmosphere and the occurrences enacted before him. In other dramas one merely looks upon the scenes as they come, as one would regard the motion picture visualizing and imagining, but not assisting at it. In this play the audience realizes that it is in the very dug-out, itself, watching the action as one, hiding behind an arras, might be the spectator of the action in any room. This is accomplished by the masterful touch of naturalness and realistic simplicity.

Recalling Shakespeare, one remembers that his power rested chiefly on the introspective philosophy of his characters, and his magic, poetic form. As with Shakespeare and Ibsen, O'Neill's power rests on his philosophy, however awkwardly and ultra-emotionally conveyed, added to the profound poignancy of his drama. But in Sherriff's drama there is the forceful, impulsive speech of the soldier, wholly devoid of speculative philosophy. And because of this lack of any enormous introspection or philosophy—and the lack is fairly justifiable—"Journey's End" may never go down in history as a masterpiece. It is a noble play, but very recent war documents seem doomed to the door-knob adjectives of "fine", "noble," and perhaps "great". This is probably because the style of masterpieces would appear absurd if there employed. This proves, therefore, that absolutely simple and natural technique, combined with nothing else but a snapshot of the life around us, will never effect works of genius. But this justifies, however, not any gushing effusion of sentimentality, lyric description, and cheap overstatements intended as wit, but a well-phrased and well adjusted pattern of harmonizing philosophy, beauty, and genuine human drama.

The distinct and different effects of the war upon the minds of his characters Sherriff develops with realism. The tragic fear of Hibbert is biting real and dramatic, and the scene between Hibbert and Stanhope is one of the most remarkable of the entire drama. The psychology of fear is accurate in its manifestations of Hibbert's character as chiselled by the playwright, and it is penetrating and moving. Thus the war has, at once, the same effect and different effects upon the men. Stanhope, petrified, beyond self-control, seeks liquor to steady him. Raleigh, curious and excited, possesses a wistfully timid wonder at the tumult crashing about his ears, but also an admirable courage, although inexperienced in the art of destroying men's minds and souls. Mason, surging with care-freedom and humor, is the most optimistic of fellows, and his grit, though not displayed emotionally, is apparent. And Osborne, an "understander" and a schoolmaster, possesses a great tragic fear, that is superseded only by his invincible courage and belief in life.

The English players is a praiseworthy organization, and the members are most admirable actors. Stanhope is vividly and dramatically portrayed by Edward Stirling. Into his character he charges a fire and humanness that are true. To the character of Raleigh, Philip Clowes brings youth and wistfulness, a tinge of inexperience and a quantity of credible courage. And in the emotional scene towards the end with Stanhope, Mr. Clowes puts forth a fervor and an agony that is vibrating and genuine. Although no emotional scene comes to the lot of Osborne, Bernard Merefeld proves himself to be an actor conscious of the duties of his part. He plays the character of the kindly, middle aged schoolmaster with a tenderness and a broad view of life, a man in sympathy

with the terror and tragedy that surround him.

Here is the stuff to cause any spectator to marvel. The play is powerful, above all. It is impossible, one almost regrets, to call it a masterpiece. But I

believe the thing is remarkable, and I am willing to wager that it will live long after three-fourths of its contemporaries have gone to rather obscure graves.



Before



After

"All, Soon or Late, are Doomed that Path to Tread"

By Nathan Learner

A cheerful warmth radiated throughout the homes of all. The atmosphere within was one of homely joy. An effervescent merriness exhibited by the children made a fitting climax to this manifestation of joy and thanks. For it was the eve of Thanksgiving.

Outside the wind was moaning. A cold and death-like stillness pervaded the air. The street was deserted save for one lone figure, whose disconsolateness was surprisingly congruous with his surroundings.

Upon nearer approach, it could be seen that the figure was that of a man. His clothes were in tatters, his shoes worn through. His shoulders were hunched as if to keep his scantily-clad body from the penetrating cold. In his eyes was the blank look of the man who has lost all hope and who has arrived at that tortuous stage even beyond despair. A worn hat, pulled down carelessly over his brow, as if to shield the betraying eye from the stranger's hostile glare, completed the picture of utter dejection.

Suddenly a faint look of bitterness flashed from his eye as the circus procession is reflected for a moment in the eye. Before him the events of his swift downfall passed quickly and registered on his benumbed brain. He saw his proud, aristocratic father ordering him from the house; he recalled his persistent but unsuccessful efforts to secure work; the pawning of his possessions; the dwindling of his originally meagre resources. Too proud to ask his rich friends for aid, he was starving and freezing to death.

Submerged in this bitter reminiscence,

he unconsciously moved his hand toward his pocket. Immediately a look of hope flashed across his face, to disappear almost at the same moment. His hand had closed upon a jack-knife long since forgotten in a deep pocket. Still, he could get a quarter for it from even the most miserly pawnbroker.

At that moment a nefarious scheme broke into the train of his thoughts. "A quarter would pay for only one meal. Why not why not. . . ." He did not finish his muttering. Grimly silent, knife in hand, he glided stealthily away.

A door opened and a man passed out. In the doorway was framed the figure of a woman. "Please be careful, dear," she admonished her husband. With a grunt for answer, the man was off.

It was late and the night was dark. Down the street tramped a man, evidently fearful of the lurking denizens of the night. As he passed the entrance of a house, the door suddenly opened, and a man bounded out, a knife in his hand. Just before he could reach his intended victim, he tripped over a brick on the sidewalk. As he fell, he quickly stretched his arms forward, thinking to catch hold of the other man and thus impede his fall. At that very moment, the assaulted man, seeing the knife flashing toward him in an arc, quickly bent his body to the side, as if to dodge the descending blade. But he was not quick enough. The knife struck him a fierce blow, and down he went. The would-be highwayman, although partially stunned by his fall, quickly arose from the ground. As his glance fell upon the body on the ground, he

became horrified. As immobile as marble stood the surprised man.

Then, knife forgotten, money forgotten, he turned and fled. Through sleet and mire he raced—on and on. There was no time to pause. In his wake raged the vengeful Furies. Uphill, down-hill, through street and alley, he flew, fear lending wings to his feet.

It was not long before he reached the outskirts of the city. To the man's tortured mind, it seemed that he had but to cross the river before him to escape the Angels of Vengeance. Hope lent him strength. Within a minute he had reached the bridge, and, with a sob, bounded over.

There, overcome finally by this excessive burst of energy, he leaned upon the farthest post of the fence along the side of the bridge. Head bowed down, his glazed eye fell upon the water. The monotonously-regular lapping of the black waters held for his distorted mind a powerful fascination. It was impossible for him to shift his gaze from the ominous blackness.

Automatically, without making any evident decision, he climbed upon the rail, his gaze still fastened on the water. With a sob he leaped. There was a commotion in the water: then peace, but for the eternal lapping—oblivion. . .

* * *

A twist of the dial, and the silence was shattered by a sonorous voice saying in a monotone:

"Millionaire, upon death, leaves possessions to son whose whereabouts are unknown. Information leading to. . ."

Another twist, this time savage, of the dial silenced the offending radio.

"Those things give me a pain: let's look at the paper."

After a great deal of folding and re-folding of the newspaper, and after several condemnations of both radios and newspapers in general, something of interest was finally found.

"Body of Man Found in River—Probably Suicide," read the man aloud, and then added to himself, "Almost as bad as the radio." And once more ensued a rustling of paper.

Soon, however, the man's zealous search was rewarded. "Ah, this is more like it," he grunted, and read the following:

"Dead Man Returns to Life."

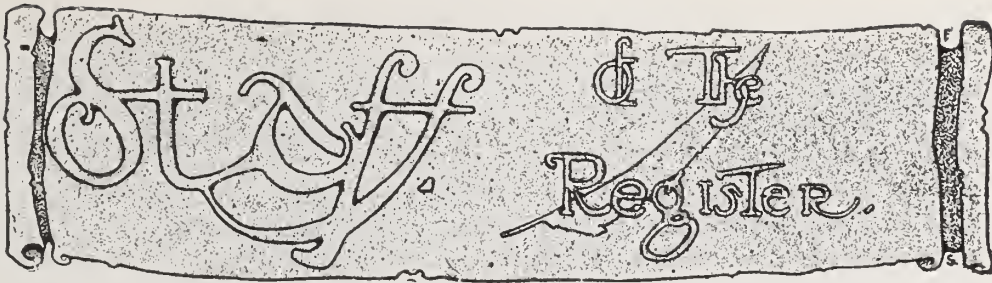
"At 12.15, early this morning, Officer Kelly, while patrolling his beat, nearly tripped over a body lying in the street. The handle of a knife protruded from the side of the body. Officer Kelly, suspecting murder, made as if to summon aid. Scarcely had he placed his whistle to his lips, when the body, a man, suddenly began to move, and his eyes opened. The officer quickly bent down hoping that the dying man might mutter in his ear some clue regarding his murderer. The man attempted to rise, and, when gently ordered not to do so, protested that he was "all right." Without further ado, the man stood up, much to the surprise of Officer Kelly. The patrolman then began to question the man, a Mr. McDonough.

"Mr. McDonough had a strange and interesting tale to tell. He had been waylaid by several thugs, and, his weak heart overcome by the shock, had fainted.

"But, as the officer pointed out, that did not explain the knife in his side. At mention of a dagger, Mr. McDonough turned his head and, much to his mystification, espied the knife. Slowly he moved his hand toward it and quickly jerked it out. Not a single stain of blood could be seen on the blade. Upon further investigation, it was found that the short blade of the knife had penetrated only to Mr. McDonough's shirt, for he wore a heavy and thick overcoat.

"There is at least one man now in this world who treasures a. . ."

And thus the reader droned on.



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(Class III Editors to be appointed in November)

This is the first issue of the *Register* of the 1929-30 school year. With the indispensable assistance of our readers as well as the work of the staff, the *Register* will, we trust, be rich in quantity and in quality. Each department will be edited as accurately and as satisfactorily as possible, and there will, in every way, be an increasing attempt to make this year one of the fullest and most beneficial the *Register* has ever known.

It is most necessary that the fellow with journalistic aspirations contribute as much as possible, for, besides the satisfaction of viewing one's own composition in print, there is that added reward of the possibility of a staff appointment for the leading contributor.

—*The Editor*

* * * * *

BISMARCK II

About two weeks ago the world was astonished and greatly grieved by the announcement of the death of Herr Gustav Stresemann. Ten years ago he first came into international prominence. Since that time he has done much to bring himself great credit. It is remarkable that within less than ten years one man could bring about a reconciliation between two nations which had been bitter enemies for more than a century. Ever since the time of Napoleon and his invasion of Germany, there had existed a keen jealousy between France and Germany. This broke into actual fighting in the Franco-Prussian War and later in the World War. Great credit is due Herr Stresemann for having not only realized the need of such a reconciliation but for having brought it to pass. He is indeed worthy of the title of "Germany's Greatest Statesman since Bismarck."

On the evening of October 9, 1929, this great man left the Foreign Office in Berlin and turned his steps towards the Reichstag. An important question which concerned indirectly the whole world was coming up that evening. Would Germany ratify the Young Plan? This man had the power to influence German leaders and it was up to him whether Germany would act as the world hoped she would. The man was Herr Gustav Stresemann. At the Reichstag that evening he turned the minds of the opposition, and the result was the ratification of the Young Plan. Content with his work, Herr Stresemann returned home. He was preparing for bed when he was stricken and fell. The next morning one of the most brilliant statesmen in the history of the world died. The cause as stated by the doctors was thrombosis, a sort of apoplexy. He died contented in the fact that Germany would "carry on".

Gustav Stresemann's life was not especially dramatic. Born in Berlin in 1878, the son of a beer merchant, he attended the Universities of Berlin and Leipzig. There he specialized in economics and industry. After a short business career, he entered upon his public life. That is divided into three sections. Before the World War, he was an Economist and Industrialist, following his field of concentration in college. During the war, Stresemann was a faithful follower of the Kaiser and a great Nationalist. The Treaty of Versailles changed him entirely and brought about in his life what may be called the climax. He first realized at this time, that Germany must make friends with her enemies. Since then he has been a great leader of peace movements and no name can stand higher in this respect than that of Gustav Stresemann. With his staunch friend, Premier Briand, Stresemann worked for five years for pan-European good will. He will be sorely missed by his friends.

Stresemann was not a handsome man. He was stocky, bullnecked, shaven-headed, pig-eyed, and had a rasping voice, which was unpleasant to listen to. His beauty lay in his character. Prime Minister MacDonald says of him, "He was a quiet, steady, heroic man, surrounded by enmity, but determined to play a perfectly straight game, and to carry into practice the proverb that he who does not respect himself, is respected by nobody else." What more can be said?

With the passing of this great man Germany is in danger. If the policy of Stresemann is not adhered to, the nation is apt to die. Who is there to take his place as Foreign Minister? President von Hindenberg has for the moment stepped in and commissioned Julius Curtius to that office, but that is only temporary. Perhaps Curtius will be the man for the position but he will never do as much as Stresemann has done. Germany has a great problem on her hands and all Europe, in fact the whole world, is waiting anxiously to see what the solution will be. Who will take the place of Stresemann, "The Greatest Statesman in Germany since Bismarck"? —A. L.

THOUGHTS ON READING

It would be interesting to know the exact number of people who absorb nothing of what they read or come in contact with. In connection with absorption in reading, one may discover that the popular and merely interesting book is read by the man in the elevator, the woman in the cage, and the multiple pragmatic individual continually about

us in this work-a-day world. The woman, in a great many cases, has a passion for poetry, and the globular and bespectacled gentleman at your elbow is invariably perusing Freud or Adler. Here and there are those erratic beings with souls for philosophy, Shavian witticisms, or profundity in dramatic form. And, suspended over this vast and dis-

similar assemblage of reading addicts, is the bold and unavoidable question: "Do you absorb what you read?"

The average reader is neither interested in nor concerned with profundity. With style he will become, perhaps, considerably acquainted, but only by the constant repetitions of its nuggets of distinction. Psychology will become tedious to him. The drama, artistically presented as life is presented, will strike in him neither a tone of any great appreciation nor even a passing interest. The novels of a more distinct modernity—particularly those of Dreiser, Joyce, and Hemingway,—he will peruse merely from a curiosity aroused by censorship and suppression. At poetry he will throw up his hands in disgust.

Comprehension in reading is a rare acquisition, and those who attain not even the slightest element of it compose the majority of readers. They are the

ones who can read such works as "Jean Christophe," "The Brothers Karamazoff", and "An American Tragedy," and have the very audacity to deny their function in the development of their characters.

The reader of any worth is that one who believes in self-comparison and self-examination: who, in perusing any character-study, will enter the very depths of his own mentality and nature, with an eye judicious for his faults and virtues: who will make the object of his attentions a factor or example in his progress, an element in the construction of his character, and a power that will remain unforgotten in the mazes of his memory: and who will, throughout his existence, revere the power of comprehension which assisted him in the choice of his path, and in the determination of his goal.

—J. H.

Two Men

"War is outlawed!" This was the message which recently reverberated around the world.

"Yeah-h-h?" came the usual sneer of the skeptics.

The attention of the entire universe had been focused on that rustic camp on the Rapidan whence this report had issued. A few weeks ago, J. Ramsay MacDonald came to these United States to discuss the naval armament question. As soon as he arrived in Washington, he was invited to spend the following week-end with President Hoover. Deep into the Blue Ridge Mountains and far away from the hubbub of the city, he was taken. There, in the cool, crisp air of a beautiful autumnal night, before a glowing campfire, these two men sat. In genial intimacy, they discussed a problem which, six months ago, had had the potentiality to threaten to dis-

rupt the peace and concord existing between their nations.

The question of naval armament which they considered, has become one of vital importance to the world. It resolves itself to the point of deciding whether England and the United States shall conduct a race in the construction of cruisers. The issue came to a climax last January, when the two nations realized the strain on their political relations, due to failure to settle the question of armaments satisfactorily. Both countries knew that drastic action was necessary; that there would always be the possibility that the two countries might be plunged into war. Imagine the possibility of sacrificing thousands of our young men in a mighty war to settle a question, which, if handled correctly, could be, according to no less an authority than Ambassador

Dawes, settled with ease. It was to prevent such a possibility as this that the English Prime Minister visited the United States to make a personal endeavor to straighten out the tangle.

At present, however, it appears certain that action will soon be taken to effect a lasting agreement, for at the end of his recent visit, the Premier announced that a tentative date had been set in January, 1930, to consider terms. Moreover, the world is beginning to realize that a suitable agreement can, and must be brought about without resort to war. Year by year, political barriers which existed before the Great War are being gradually broken down. Not only that, but President Hoover and Premier MacDonald are far too astute to allow quibbling to hinder them in their efforts to find a solution to the problem. They are both practical men, who have proved their right to represent their respective countries: the Prime Minister, by his plucky emergence from the abyss of political oblivion on

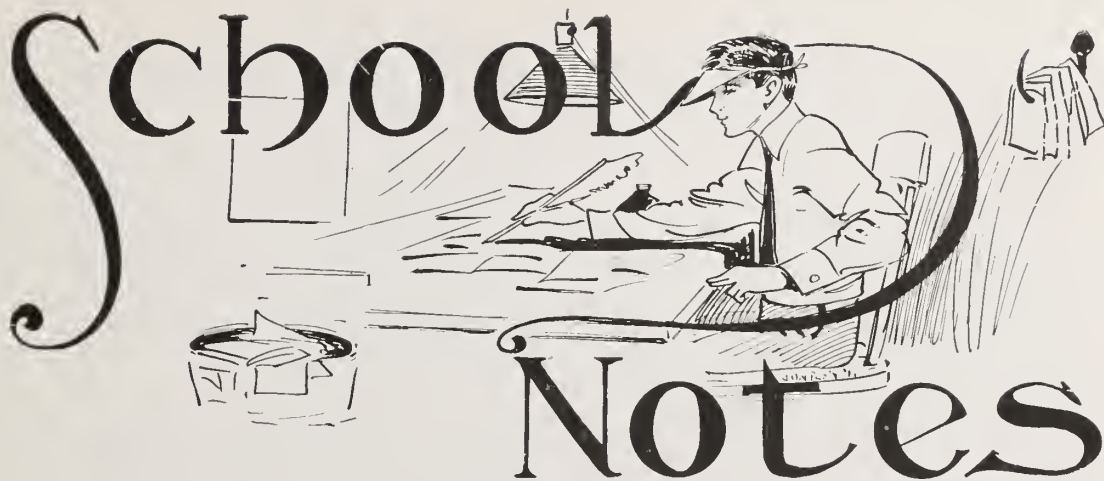
no less than two occasions: the President by a lifetime of high endeavor and accomplishment. Two men, such as these, surely would not allow themselves to miss the opportunity of solving a problem, which is crying for solution.

Nor would either country ever have reason to regret having entered into the treaty. The ratification of any bill which had the hearty approval of both nations, and which established a minimum of warship tonnage for the two, together with stating definitely the size of guns to be used, would forever wipe out the dread and threat of war. It would mean that economic plans could be laid out years in advance, without the grim shadow of war stalking in the background, ready to step in and cause an upheaval. With all these thoughts in mind, it is to be hoped that when the conference is called to order next January, the delegates will draw up a treaty, suitable to both nations, one which will outlaw war forever.

—C. H.



School Notes



Latin School, through the columns of the *Register*, welcomes the following new masters:

Mr. Joseph W. Hopkinson, who taught last year at the Brooklyn Preparatory School, Brooklyn, N. Y. He graduated from B. L. S. in '23.

Mr. S. A. Nemzoff, who taught last year at Dorchester High School for Boys. He left the portals of Latin School in '21.

Mr. John J. Doyle, B. L. S. '12, comes from Hyde Park High School.

Mr. Aaron Gordon comes from Memorial High School. He graduated from B. L. S. in '23.

Mr. Martin Kane taught last year in Commerce.

Mr. Richard L. E. McGuffin, who comes from the Foyer de Garçons, Tunis.

Mr. Joseph Weinert, formerly of Providence Commercial High School.

Mr. Robert W. Wales comes from Chelsea High School.

Mr. John M. Falvey, who taught last year at the New Haven High School, New Haven, Conn.

Mr. Francis P. Hennessey comes from a high school in New York State.

* * *

A special treat was in store for Classes I and II at the assembly on Tuesday morning, October 1. After the cus-

tomary reading of the Bible and the pledge to the flag, Mr. Powers introduced Dave Rubinoff, special feature violinist at the Metropolitan Theater, and his accompanist, Sam Liner.

The program was especially interesting because it consisted chiefly of Mr. Rubinoff's own compositions, "The Dance of the Russian Peasant," which he had dedicated to Fritz Kreisler, a personal friend, brought forth an enthusiastic round of applause. As a companion to Brown's ever-popular "Doll Dance", for the piano and Weid-oft's "Saxophobia" for the saxophone, he has written "Fiddling the Fiddle," a violin novelty which he next played.

The connection of jazz to classical was clearly brought out by Mr. Rubinoff when he rendered "The Blue Danube Waltz" in its true form and then added a chorus of "Hallelujah," its jazz derivant. The reverse of this process, namely, jazz into classical, is a study in which the violinist is especially interested. A concert version of "Yes, Sir! That's My Baby!" was Mr. Rubinoff's fourth number. Last on the program came the popular melody, "Lover Come Back to Me." The rendition of this number is one of the many reasons for the musician's popularity among Boston's theater-goers.

In behalf of the School, the *Register*

extends to Mr. Rubinoﬀ and Mr. Liner, its sincere thanks and the hope that their visit to Latin School brought them as much pleasure as it did us!

* * *

Mr. Sordillo called a first meeting of candidates for the band on Monday, September 16, in the hall. About seventy-five aspirants were in attendance. This number has already dwindled down to fifty. No definite rankings have yet been assigned. Rehearsals are held every Monday and Wednesday afternoon, at 2.30.

* * *

THE LITERARY CLUB

The Literary Club held its first meeting in the library on October 7. Mr. Marson opened the season's activities with a brief talk on the connection between the work of the club and that of the school. President Callaghan appointed a committee, consisting of Weiner, Malenbaum, Anderson, and Leader, to aid the officers of the club in making out a program for the year's work.

* * *

We hope that the Glee Club, which convened for its first rehearsal on Thursday, September 26, in the assembly hall, will have as much success as it did last year. Mr. Hamblin was very much pleased with the attendance of forty-five. Several seniors were noticed among the members. Election of officers has been deferred until a later date.

* * *

Are you popular as a dancing partner? If not, hurry up and become so! Why? Well, rumor has it that the First Class-ics, the only one and original Latin School jazz orchestra, are being re-organized! And so, should you hear strains of wi'd music issuing from behind the barred doors of the assembly hall, be wise,—

hasten home, turn on the radio, and brush up on the latest steps!

* * *

The orchestra meets every Tuesday in the assembly hall. Mr. Wagner held the first rehearsal on September 24. A good number of would-be musicians turned out. Several of the older players are back, along with quite a few of the boys from the lower classes.

* * *

A new club has been launched this year under the direction of Mr. Pennypacker and Mr. Henderson. It is known as the Radio Club, and the purpose of its organization is to further the knowledge of wireless telegraphy among the boys.

The first meeting was held in Room 303, Tuesday, October 1. There, to an audience of almost a hundred boys, Mr. Henderson outlined the work of the club and explained its schedule. It was learned that one of the boys is a licensed operator and that several have applied for licenses.

At the second meeting Mr. Henderson explained the workings of the telephone and its cousins, the radio transmitter and receiver. The following boys were chosen for officers;

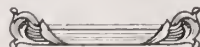
President—Munroe

Vice-President—Flynn

Secretary—Rodman

* * *

The Chess and Checker Club held its first meeting Friday, September 27, in Room 203. It was decided that the officers elected at the end of last year would remain at the head of the club until after the tournament which starts during the first week in October. Any one is eligible to play in the tournament if he joins the club at once. The faculty advisors this year will be Mr. Drummey and Mr. Gretsche.



Memorabilia

A Latin School Victory

1888—1929?

B. L. S. vs. E. H. S.—Our fourth championship game was played at Franklin Park on Monday, November 19, in a drizzling rain. The ground was muddy and the footing was insecure. E. H. S. started with the ball and lost it on four downs. Broughton made the first touchdown for B. L. S. and the ball was punted out. It went over the heads of the rush line and B. L. S. got it down. Mackie made the next touchdown, and kicked a goal. Waters made the next, touchdown, from which no goal was kicked. B. L. S.

14, E. H. S. 0. In the second half Quigley made the first touchdown. No goal was kicked. Waters made the next and again no goal was kicked. Gallivan made the next and Mackie kicked a goal. Another touchdown was soon made by Mackie and a goal was kicked, and Anthony finished the scoring for the game by a touchdown. B. L. S. 38, E. H. S. 0.

The above report of a B. L. S. vs. E. H. S. football game appeared in the November 1888 issue of the *Register*.

—P. N. D.

Alumni Notes

Sydney A. Aisner of Mattapan, Leon Bayard of Dorchester, and Bertram A. Petkun of Dorchester, have been enrolled as first-year students in the Harvard Law School.

* * *

Mr. Henry M. Williams of Boston is now a director of the Harvard Alumni Association.

* * *

Mr. Henry M. Williams of Boston is the president of the Associated Harvard Clubs.

* * *

Mr. Louis W. Hickey of Dallas, Tex., 's a vice-president of that Association.

* * *

Mr. John C. L. Dowling of Boston has been appointed by Ex-Governor Fuller of Massachusetts, chairman of the Boston Finance Commission.

* * *

A son, Constantine Hutchins, Jr., was born, November 30, to Mr. and Mrs. Constantine Hutchins.

* * *

From export service manager of the White Co. motor trucks, Mr. J. A. Kiggen, Jr., has been promoted to the

assistancy to the vice-president of the export and Eastern region of the company.

* * *

On Sunday, January 20, Dr. J. P. O'Hare, instructor in medicine at Harvard College, gave a lecture at the Harvard Medical School on "Chronic Bright's Disease and High Blood Pressure."

* * *

On January 23 the Vatican announced a long list of new knights of the Order of Malta, included in which was the name of Gen. Edward L. Logan of the Y. D.

* * *

Mr. P. J. Eaton was one of the many guests invited to the sixth dinner of the New York members of the Class of 1883 of Harvard College.

* * *

Mr. Edward S. Munro has become a general partner in the firm of Jackson & Curtis, stock brokers, Boston.

* * *

The engagement of Mr. Merrill C. Patten to Miss Mary Potter has been recently announced.

Mr. Henry O. Wendt is office manager for a group of public utilities, consisting of the Salem Electric Light Co., Salem Gas Light Co., and the Eastern Massachusetts Electric Co.

* * *

OBITUARIES

It is with great grief that we announce the decease of Dr. Jabez Edward Giles at Northampton, Mass., December 23, 1928.

We regret to announce that funeral services for Mr. J. Kenneth Godkin, who expired suddenly at Tupper Lake, N. Y., were held at the home of his parents at Dorchester, Mass.

* * *

With profound sorrow we announce the passing away of Mr. William Badger Lawrence at Medford, Mass., December 13, 1928. His death resulted from an automobile accident.

Back Pay

By Joseph Carter

"I don't know, Mr. Reynolds. I'll have to see my husband about it. Of course, I can see that fifty dollars back pay might mean something to you, but you see, I'm strapped myself, and besides, you really can't prove that you weren't incompetent. I shall be ready to leave for town in five minutes, and I'll see Mr. Burre then."

The chauffeur left the room grumbling. And no wonder! Here he was, on the verge of being fired, and his employer would give him only half of his back pay because of incompetence. Oh, they had him, all right. He couldn't prove that he hadn't neglected his duty, and since the Burres were "new-rich," they wouldn't pity him at all. He would be lucky if they didn't blacklist him. He went out to the garage, started the car with a fierce grinding of gears, and brought it smartly to the front door, accompanied by the z-r-r-r-r-r of wheels on gravel and the e-e-e-e-e of noisy brakes. His mistress got in.

"It's really too bad, Reynolds, but what can I do about it? We're in a tight fix ourselves now, and Mr. Burre is cutting down on his employees. You know that yourself."

The chauffeur made a noise which might have meant anything at all. She

needn't try to make it easy. He knew that Mr. Burre was going to do what she told him. He always did. Oh, well!

She hadn't been in Burre's office ten minutes when she came out.

"I'm sorry Mr. Reynolds, but Mr. Burre is cutting down, and you'll have to go. I'm sending John, here, up to the house with you, and he'll get you your pay when you get there. Good-bye."

Reynolds, in spite of his early training, had an impulse to slap her arrogant face. But there was no use making a fool of himself. He sighed resignedly as John, a hulking footman, got in beside him.

"Tough luck, mate," offered John. Reynolds grunted, and John lapsed into silence. Reynolds was trying to figure a way out of his difficulties. One of his children had just been ill, and he still owed the doctor fifty dollars. He owed the local hospital another fifty for two operations, one on his wife and one on his child. Mrs. Burre knew all that, and she could have lent him a hundred dollars to tide him over. But, no, she was "strapped." Well she might be, after buying a fifteen-hundred dollar dress and donating another fifteen-hundred to the Society for Prevention of Noise.

Reynolds was rapidly becoming more and more enraged at the thought of it. His driving was none too constant. John was becoming alarmed. He alternately looked at Reynolds and at the road in front of him. Reynolds felt a desire to turn the car into the side of the nearest building. He steadied himself with an effort. He mustn't get like that. People who were like that went crazy. But crazy people didn't have to think of bills.

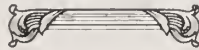
Traffic was thinning out, but he had missed that last fellow by a narrow margin. He felt dopey. . . Ahead was the bank in which Burre worked. He would like to drive the automobile right through the side of Burre's bank. Suddenly two men ran out of the bank and into a waiting automobile. The auto lurched ahead, swerving out. Somebody yelled. John cursed. Reynolds looked up stupidly. Suddenly, he was

awake. Say, that car was altogether too near. He hadn't realized he was making forty miles an hour. He swung the wheel over, applied the brakes. He shot into the other car with a sickening crash, and jolted to a stop. . .

* * *

The room was perfectly bare. Slowly, he realized he was in a hospital. It must have been an awful accident, to send him to the hospital. He turned his head. His wife was sitting by his bed, sniffing. A police-captain on the farther side of the room turned and saw he was awake. He came over to the bed.

"Say, old man, that was a brave thing to do, crash into that bandit car. And the bandit who was driving it is worth one thousand dollars to the police department. And you get half of it. Yes, sir, it was a mighty brave thing to do, and I'm glad to know you, sir."



The Literary Corner

POETRY

Bliss Carman's last delicate poems have recently been published in "Wild Garden," by Dodd, Mead and Company. The "Bookman" says; "In this last volume, published not long before his sudden death, the Canadian poet laureate reaffirms the faith he has so often sung in the regenerative power of woods and waters, in the earth, which he loved so much that he dreamed the angels in heaven sang of it. His "Wild Garden" is a closed-in and mirage-like refuge, which city dwellers in these days of endless suburbs must travel far to find."

Carman, the eternal and beloved vagabond, lived intimately with nature and nature's creator. His poems are the cool, fresh evidences of a life encased amid the beauty of rain-drenched earth and the pine-sprinkled thickets that surround him. He is somewhat of a religious writer, but never allows his religion to cause his words to overflow with sentimentality towards life.

* * *

In MacKnight Black's "Machinery," a unique poetic subject is offered in an equally unique manner. As did O'Neill in the dramatist's latest offering, "Dyn-

amo," Black, fascinated by the movement and the rhythm and the noise of his subject, emotionalizes it. Here, in the field of poetry, MacKnight Black has founded a school all his own.

* * *

Vachel Lindsay, dynamic and vigorous author of that great poem, "The Congo," and also of "In Praise of Johnny Appleseed," "Handy Guide For Beggars," "The Litany of Washington Street," and numerous others, has now published his latest volume, "Every Soul Is a Circus." Lindsay is advertised as "endeavoring to rescue poetry from the library and restore the art to its early dignity as a social exercise." His latest offering is embellished by many illustrative sketches by the author—as is his "Collected Poems"—and also by those of George M. Richards.

* * *

This seems to be a season much favored with the appearances of "Collected Poems" of writers of recognized ability. Early in July the "Collected Poems of D. H. Lawrence," was published. In the *New York Times Book Review*, Percy Hutchison said, "These poems, seen in their entirety, give one a new respect for D. H. Lawrence. And although they force one to the conclusion that the novel is really his metier, they so illuminate the background of his fictions that they, too, gain in stature."

More recently the "Collected Poems of Edwin Arlington Robinson" has appeared. Herein are contained his complete poetical works, including both "Tristram" and "Cavender's House."

Likewise Mr. Masefield. His "Collected Poems" contain his every poem, from "The Widow in Bye Street," "The Everlasting Mercy," and "Dauber" to "Midsummer Night."

"Selected Poems of Conrad Aiken" is due to be published this month. This will include selections from "Earth Triumphant," "Punch: The Immortal

Liar," "Nocturne of Remembered Spring," and his other volumes of rich, delicate, and delicious verse.

* * *

"Indian Earth," is a pleasant and slender addition to the work of Witter Bynner. Herewith he has included interpretations of distinct phases of Mexican and Chinese life. His imagery is delicate and well-patterned, and, among the other volumes of poetry concerned with Oriental and Occidental life, Mr. Bynner's recent production stands rather incomparable.

* * *

FICTION

Indubitably the most remarkable novel that has appeared on the horizon of literature of 1929 is John Cowper Powys' "Wolf Solent." It has been acclaimed and even given an ovation by such writers of recognized talent as Theodore Dreiser, who compares him to Dostoevsky and Emily Bronte; Will Durant, who says, "I feel I am in the presence of genius. I have not read any book so well written since Anatole France and Thomas Hardy. Poet and philosopher, pagan and saint, have come together to make it;" Edgar Lee Masters, who says, "Drama like the Oedipus of Sophocles;" Edward Garnett, who says, "Challenges comparison with Thomas Hardy's great novels;" Conrad Aiken, who says, "Brilliantly and persuasively done. Forthright, cumulative, massive, crammed with excellent detail of every sort."

We, not having finished reading it as yet, can give no justifiable criticism of the book. To the point where we have read, however, we have discovered the texture of a masterpiece. Psychological as it is, it cannot sensibly be compared to the works of Joyce, because the reactions and tragic impulses and vague mementos of Solent's mind are not put into words that the mind, had it the faculty of speech, would possibly have

employed. That it is greatly objective, and not subjective is the great fault of the book. It is also poetic. The description often rises to amazing heights, from where it may shatter incensed and delicately shaped petals of beauty over one's face. It is pure realistic drama, and true to the dramatic form. It is never unfeeling, nor is it, therefore, maudlin. Powys has widened the scope of the novel to an astonishing degree. And in connection with vocabulary, that of Powys is nothing short of incredible.

(The *Register* hopes to have a review of this book in the Book Review columns of the next issue.)

* * *

The American novel which is arousing the most controversy this fall is Ernest Hemingway's "A Farewell to Arms." Undeniably it is an applaudable improvement over the stupidly staccato dialogue and mediocrity of description, actions, characterization, drama, poetry, and philosophy of "The Sun Also Rises." But to go so absurdly mad over it as

did Heywood Broun when he said, "I want to go on record as thinking that 'A Farewell to Arms' is the best novel which has been written by any living American," is childish, and he who does so merely shows that he has not become able to cope sensibly with unending emotional beliefs. Other critics, such as the steadfast and ever-applaudable Percy Hutchison, have been more sensibly reserved.

There is a great deal in "A Farewell to Arms." Beauty there is unquestionably. There are innumerable things to be said for and against it. Henry Seidel Canby's review of it in *The Saturday Review of Literature* is very convincing, if not accurate and wholly true.

(Once again we must say that we hope, next month, to publish a review of justifiable length of "A Farewell to Arms.")

(Next month news of works of philosophy, psychology, drama, biography, and miscellaneous will be included in this department).

—J. H.



Booke Reviews



J.C.M.

"ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT"

By Erich Maria Remarque

The period commencing with November, 1928, to the present period will be marked in history as the greatest period of war literature, both in quantity and in quality. Begun by the considerable successes of Zweig's "The Case of Sergeant Grischa," and Sherriff's drama, "Journey's End," it was continued by the appearances of "All Quiet On the Western Front," "The Wave" by Evelyn Scott, "War" by Ludwig Renn, "Class of 1902" by Ernest Glaeser, "Schlump," the posthumous "Field of Honor" of Donn Byrne, "Zero Hour" by Georg Grabenhorst, Richard Aldington's "Death of a Hero," and recently Ernest Hemingway's "A Farewell to Arms." All but two of these are books dealing with the World War. Such an aggregation of war books, all essentially distinct and different, is rather startling.

Perhaps "All Quiet" is the most terrific of all of them. Dealing with the destruction of the body as well as the destruction of the soul, Remarque builds up a tremendous argument against war.

His, however, is not, primarily, sensation. Life is not a sensation when experienced, however much may it so be moulded by human emotions. Vividness, simplicity, and absolute candor are Remarque's implements. When one has finished, one feels as if some monstrous bomb had crashed his ear-drum, and some mortal wail had faded away into its own tragedy. The thing is, above all, a blend of pity and horror and futility, a last admonition from a destroyed generation.

In the following the vividness is strikingly apparent.

"Suddenly in the pursuit we reach the enemy line.

"We are so close on the heels of our retreating enemies that we reach it almost at the same time as they. In this way we suffer few casualties. A machine-gun barks, but is silenced with a bomb. Nevertheless, the couple of seconds has sufficed to give us five stomach wounds. With the butt of his rifle Kat smashes to pulp the face of one of the unwounded machine-gunners. We bayonet the others before they have time to get out their bombs. Then

thirstily we drink the water they have for cooling the gun.

"Everywhere wire-cutters are snapping, planks are thrown across the entanglements, we jump through the narrow entrances into the trenches. Kat strikes his spade into the neck of a gigantic Frenchman and throws the first hand-grenade: we duck behind a breastwork for a few seconds, then the whole section of trench before us is empty. The next throw whizzes obliquely over the corner and clears a passage: as we run past we toss handfuls down into the dug-outs: the earth shudders, it crashes: dully and stifled, we stumble over slippery lumps of flesh, over yielding bodies: I fall into an open belly on which lies a clean, new officer's cap."

And so it continues. The style is laconic and somewhat staccato. His is the most fitting style to employ in such a thing. But it is not an enduring style, however true is it that the power and vividness of the book would be lost in any other.

"All Quiet" is the greatest book of the war, because it is the war itself, reeking with sweat and bloody hands and filthy vulgarity. It is poignancy and despairing acidity and tragedy. It is inconceivable that any reader of it should be left unmoved.

* * *

"MOLINOFF"

By Maurice Bedel

Here, at last, is a humorist with an eye equally attentive to the comedy and tragedy of his subject. But this sensitiveness to life that discerns between the truly comical and the truly tragic is not erratic. It is an ability that is constant in its manifestations, and never irritating or monotonous.

Bedel views life with that rare sagacity that divests it of pretenses and presents it with meticulous clairvoyance. He writes with no nebulosity. His prose

is clear and delicate, distinctive in the simple, cleanly pattern that he weaves. And the pattern is never shaggy and uncouth.

He is not aggravatingly witty, nor is he given to sudden bursts of dazzling subtlety or flippant satire. He views his characters with a sympathy carefully humored and exquisitely tendered.

To Bedel comes the faculty of designing a tapestry or composing a piece of music. He does it charmingly and delectably. His tapestry is not excessively brilliant or gaudy. It is much like the paintings of Manet. His music, cool as a tinkle from a bell, may be classed with the school of Ravel.

The plot is not rich. Its thinness and amateurishness are apparent. The incidents are all invariably susceptible to flaw-spotting vultures. "The count in the kitchen" chases about with the elite of Loire society, under the very nose of his employer's wife, and then takes up his duties as cook within earshot of his lorgnetted and bespangled acquaintances. And never is he caught, through all his escapades and suave boldness, until. . .

"Molinoff was a Russian count by birth, and a pastry-cook by the force of destiny. But even a pastry-cook can love, and a stray tennis ball can lead to unexpected entanglements. The count who was a cook became a count again in his spare time and had his day in court. He found himself the idol of the gentry in a little town on the Loire. A plot for restoring the monarchy enlisted his services: the old people of the neighborhood called him in to make a fourth at cards, the younger set claimed him for tennis, and he won favor with the ladies of all ages. At home among his pots and pans he dreamed of love, and gave it expression, as a poet might, in marvelous confections of paste and sugar. But all vacations have an end, and his master finally returned from Biarritz. . .

The awakening was rude, though not without its compensations."

Last year considerable applause broke forth for Bedel with the publication of "Jerome; or The Latitude of Love," and upon its being given the Goncourt Prize Novel Award. However inapplicable to "Molinoff" are most of the criticisms of "Jerome"—particularly Christopher Morley's "the pure ether of comedy"—and however untrue are any references to this as something remarkable and unusual (for it is neither), Maurice Bedel's latest offering is well-tempered, bright, and delectable. —J. II.

* * *

"ELIZABETH AND ESSEX"

By Lytton Strachey

Not many years ago the literary world was pleasantly surprised by the appearance of a collection of short biographical studies, which their author, Gamaliel Bradford, correctly called "psycho-graphs". These were a radical departure from the then-prevalent notion that a biography should be like an extended obituary notice, full of extravagant praise and free from criticism. The salient characteristics of this new literary form were conciseness and frank, point-blank characterization.

These "psycho-graphs" were soon followed by several other biographies of the same type, most noteworthy among which was probably "Queen Victoria," by Lytton Strachey. Recently another book has been published by the same author, "Elizabeth and Essex."

Many people believe that the so-called modern school of "interpretative biography", far as it has proceeded, has culminated in this biography, "Elizabeth and Essex." At no time, while reading the book, is one subjected to any tiresome unnecessary detail; only those events and deeds which convey the subject's real character have been presented. As for style, it is difficult to find a match for Mr. Strachey. He has

conveyed his impressions with such a delightful ironic wit, with such a perfect concentration of idea into appropriate phrase, that we have an impression of something new and vigorous and stimulating. His pertinent inquisitiveness, which is the talk of hundreds of readers and reviewers, is a piquant stimulus to the reader's mind. Be the reader "on his toes" for the subtleties of Elizabeth's or Essex's character or not, he is continually gathering up relevant details; for the able Mr. Strachey is inquisitive and informative at the same time.

Yet there are two other reasons for the book's popularity. Queen Elizabeth and Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex. Essex is not so remarkable, but the facets of Elizabeth's personality are as many and as brilliant as are those of Samuel Johnson's. To be the virgin-queen of England for seventy years, and so loved, feared, and able a queen, to have one's name given to probably the greatest age in the history of the world, both for commercial enterprise and intellectual activity, are undoubtedly enough to make a biography interesting; but it is in the characters, of Elizabeth and Essex, especially that of Elizabeth that Mr. Strachey arouses most interest. Elizabeth is perhaps the most unusual feminine character in history. Immersed in the bewildering state of political affairs of the time, her fickle fancies and opinions fluctuated from one extreme to the other, so that at times neither the Catholic nor Protestant powers had sufficient cause to attack her. So unstable was the time, that her pusillanimity and procrastination rescued her many times from embarrassing decisions. Yet at times she could be as dignified and as great a queen as ever ruled a nation. Her flirtations with the opposite sex were common gossip at the court and usually passed the stage of decorum.

Essex was her greatest and most esteemed admirer. Elizabeth honored him more than any of his rivals. Yet her deliberate shrewdness and common sense may be seen in the fact that she chose Sir Cecil for her minister instead of Essex, for she knew that the bold, though cautious mind of Cecil, was far superior to the impetuous nature of Essex in the way of diplomacy and politics. In 1599, when the Irish revolution broke out, Essex was sent against the rebels. His policy in Ireland was severely criticized by the people and Elizabeth, and against the wishes of the Queen, he returned to England. At court, upon hearing himself criticized by Elizabeth, he deliberately turned his back upon her. She, incensed at this, slapped him in the face. With an execration, Essex placed his hand upon his sword, but was literally dragged from the presence of the Queen by several friends, before further mischief could be done. In consequence of this act, he was tried before a tribunal, and it was with the greatest difficulty that Francis Bacon, his friend, had his liberty returned to him. In 1601, Essex led a mob into the streets of London, thinking that he would thus compel Elizabeth to eject his enemies from the council. He was captured, tried, and convicted. Elizabeth delayed his execution, hoping that he would beg her pardon: but Essex was adamant and was finally beheaded. From then on Elizabeth's health failed her. Remorse for her severity and longing for Essex probably brought on her death. One of England's greatest rulers passed away two years later, in 1603. — *N. L.*

* * *

"THE LIFE AND TIMES OF PIETER
STUYVESANT"

Hendrick Van Loon

We have had experience with biographers who insist that a perfect knowl-

edge of the man's ancestry, cultural background, and family idiosyncrasies are essential to the study of the man's life. No doubt Mr. Van Loon originally intended to write a "Life of Pieter Stuyvesant," but the honorable Pieter does not appear until two hundred and fourteen pages have been trustfully turned. There were times when we began to fear that the biography was in two volumes, that we had by mistake secured the "Times," and that the "Life" would be found in the second volume. However, our patient search was rewarded, for Chapter XV is headed "The Grand-Duke of Muscovy on Manhattan."

This is how it begins;

"In the month of May of the year 1647 the new "Lord General," as the new Director preferred to call himself, stumped down the gangplank . . . and was solemnly rowed to his realm.

"His kingdom consisted of one vast stretch of wilderness (exact extent unknown), a certain number of farms, a dozen villages, the beginning of a small town somewhere in the north, and a capital city which boasted one fortress (slightly shopworn), two windmills, one large brick hotel (roof leaky), two score store-houses, and about one hundred and fifty private dwellings with seven hundred inhabitants, among whom fewer than one hundred were capable of bearing arms, the others being women, children and slaves.

"Those among his new subjects who were supposed to belong to the better classes were at the dock ready to await His Excellency's pleasure. His pleasure was a disdainful frown, followed during the next few days by a concrete and low-rumbling expression of his political faith."

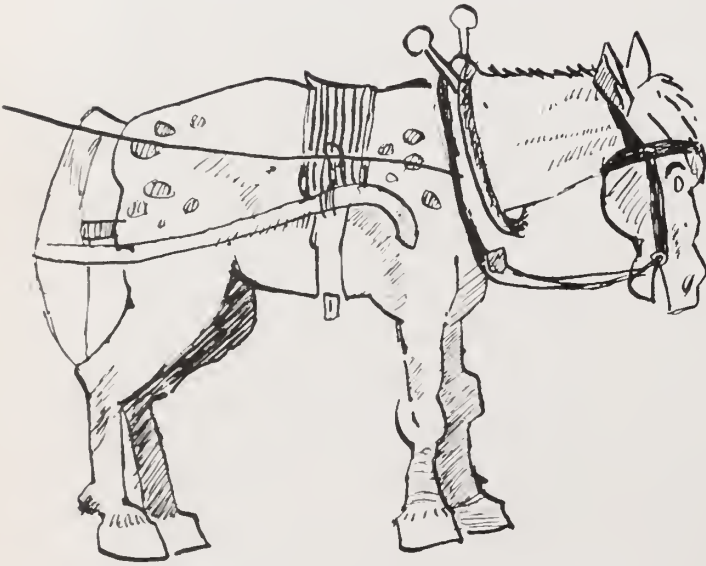
We must commend Van Loon's judgment on his choice of such a fruitful subject, one that even Washington Irving could not exhaust. How pictures-

que "Stubborn Pete" must have been, standing on one sound leg on the platform in the Stadhoo, giving the outraged populace tit for tat (and how he could swear!), assuring the petitioners for a public assembly that all men are not born free and equal. The author then adroitly alters his mood and depicts the pathos of the governor's

obduracy succumbing to fresh demands.

The whole volume is just that; a succession of swift changes from the ludicrous to the serious—first he playfully pokes you in the ribs, the next moment he discusses the economic status of the Netherlands and its relation to world exploration.

—H. S.



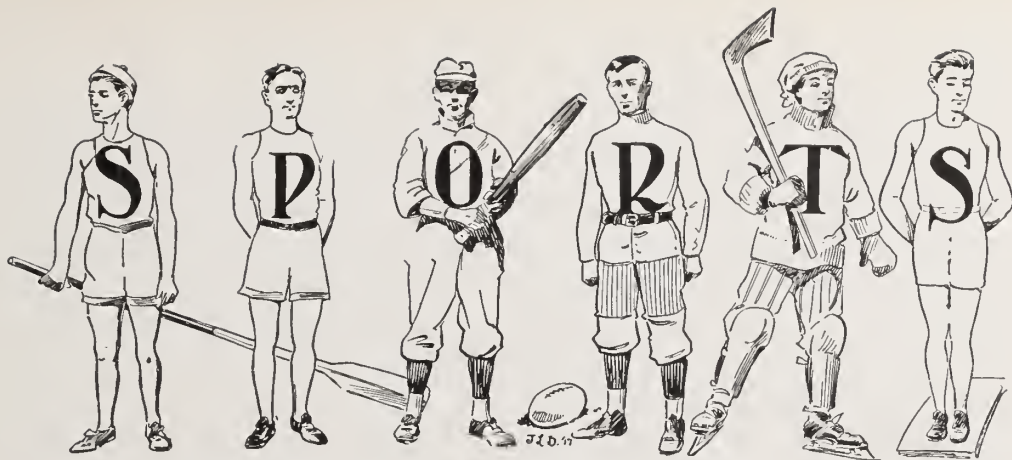
Berman 108

How many horse power?



And the truant officer will
get you if you don't look out

Berman, N.M. 108



FOOTBALL

It was an enthusiastic gathering of hopefuls that responded to Coach Fitzgerald's call for candidates on Friday, the thirteenth of September, despite the legend associated with the aforementioned date. The coach addressed the meeting of over one hundred and twenty-five boys with a brief talk. He emphasized the necessity of thorough knowledge of the rules and perseverance in training.

The first week of practice was devoted to grass drill, tackling, punting, and passing. After one week of practice, the squad was cut to eighty, which, if memory serves us correctly, has never before been done to a Latin School squad. Now in a workable sized group, the boys were divided into teams for charging practice and running plays. The squad has been working hard in preparation for the first game on September 28th, when it will go to Groton and clash with the team of that school.

The outlook is fairly bright. Seven letter men return. They are Captain Kopans, tackle: "Babe" Shea, guard: Steve Downes, center: Russell Lynch, end: and Lichenstein, Rabinovitz, and Muller, backs. Besides these veterans, Gould, of last year's squad, Joe Gordon, Tom Callahan, Bill Higgins, Arkey Weiner, and George Goodwin shape up well in the backfield. Captain Kopans is leading for a tackle berth and Shea, Gould, Weddleton, Wilson, O'Hare, Murphy, Gavin, Canavan, Dierauf, Cullen, and Eagan are all linesmen, fight-

ing for positions. Lynch, Kelleher, Bryant, Bilodeau, and Housen are the best of the ends. Downes is the leading candidate for center, with FitzGerald Casey, and Moore able substitutes.

These players will form the nucleus of this year's team, and judging by their spirit and enthusiasm we predict a successful season for them.

* * *

The official Latin School football schedule for 1929 is as follows:

Sept. 28—Groton at Groton

Oct. 3—Jamaica Plain at Billings Field

10—Harvard Class Team at Cambridge

18—B. C. High at Fenway Park

25—Commerce at Braves' F'd

Nov. 5—Trade at Braves' Field

11—Dorchester at Braves' F'd

18—Mechanic Arts at Braves' Field

28—English at Braves' Field

* * *

Lawrence J. Stellar is the manager of this year's team. His assistants are;
Class II—M. Radlo and K. C. Stewart
Class III—J. Percival and M. J. O'Brien
Class IV—R. J. Dennison C. Timmins

* * *

No longer can we complain of too few students in the school. There are now 1655 boys eligible for athletic competition. Let us this year take our place among the leaders of the city schools in athletics. Do your part!

THE GROTON GAME

On Saturday, September 28, a Latin School football team triumphed over a Groton eleven for the second time in the last twenty years. The score was 13-6.

Captain Kopans won the toss and elected to receive the kickoff, which Rabinovitz received on his 25-yd. line and returned 15 yards. The first play, a line buck, failed to gain and Gould kicked to Groton's 20-yd. line. After an unsuccessful attempt to rush, Groton kicked to midfield and in return we booted the pigskin deep into our opponent's territory. Groton tried a centre rush which netted them six yards, but as another attempt was promptly squelched by "Steve" Downes, they kicked to Gordon who returned the ball 15 yards to their 40-yd. line. On the next play, Gould got off a high twisting spiral which bounced from the arms of a Groton halfback to the waiting "Babe" Shea.

A pass, Lichtenstein to "Russ" Lynch netted six yards. Two line plunges brought the ball within five yards of the goal-line and then Rabinovitz shownaround left end for the touchdown. Gould kicked a pretty drop to annex the extra point.

The opening of the second period saw a determined and fighting Groton team march down the field only to come to grief on the 5-yd. line, when they fumbled, and an alert Latin linesman fell on the ball. Gould kicked out of danger to the 40-yd. line, from which point, Groton, aided by a 15-yd. penalty and a well-executed forward pass, advanced the ball to within two yards of our goal. Captain Whitney, of our opponents, plunged over the remaining distance for a touchdown. The try for the extra point failed. The remainder of the period consisted of an exchange of punts, neither side gaining an advantage.

The second half opened with Latin's kicking to the Groton 33-yd. line, where

the receiver was downed in his tracks by "Russ" Lynch. Our opponents tried a lateral pass, but a fumble resulted, and about five Latin forwards fell on the ball. Callahan, who had replaced Rabinovitz, started for left end and then cut back through tackle for three yards. A flat pass from Lichtenstein to Gould advanced the ball to the 1-yd. line whence Lichtenstein plunged over for the touchdown. The remainder of the game consisted of an exchange of punts, with Gould consistently keeping the ball deep in Groton territory. —S. S. Lurie '31

The game had many encouraging features. The kicking of Gould, the fast work of all the ends, and the fine defensive game played by Downes are all worthy of note. "Lefty" Lichtenstein played well, both on the offense and the defense. The formation used for protection from a forward passing attack, was very effective, as can be seen in the fact that Groton completed but one of five attempted forward passes. Last but not least, we wish to congratulate the team on its fight and drive. Outweighed in almost every department of the game, the team played hard, straight, and clean football to fight its way to a clean-cut victory.

* * *

The Summary:

<i>Latin</i>	<i>Groton</i>
Kelleher, Bryant, le	re, Turner
Kopans (Capt.), lt	rt, Greenfell
Shea, lg	rg, Frelingheuvsan
Downes, c	c, Thorpe
Weddleton, Dierauf, rg	lg, Bross
Wilson, Murphy, rt	lt, Chaute
Lynch, Bilodeau, Housen, re	le, Cheever
Gould, qb	qb, Whitney
Rabinovitz, Callaghan, lhb	rhb, Potter
Lichtenstein, rhb	lhb, Barnes
Gordon, fb	fb, Pease

Score; Latin 13, Groton 6. Touchdowns; Rabinovitz, Lichtenstein, Whitney. Point after touchdown; Gould.

DROPS FROM THE SHOWERS

Dave Kopans, this year's captain, is one of the hardest working players in the city, besides being one of the best, and although it is a bit early to talk of the English game, we sincerely hope "Pansy" will be rewarded for his efforts by having the honor to captain a team that English will bow to.

* * *

Big George Goodwin sprained his ankle badly during the first week of practice. He will be out for three weeks.

* * *

The cider in Groton is for drinking purposes only, Canavan, please note!

* * *

"Moon" Mullen sat on the bench at Groton due to an injured leg.

* * *

Membership pins to the school athletic association are now on sale. If you have not as yet purchased one, do so immediately.

* * *

"Bucky" Warren, a star of last year's team, now at Boston College, acted as linesman's assistant.

* * *

Steve Downes showed Groton a great exhibition of tackling. He is very effective as a roving center. His passing was all that could be desired.

* * *

"Chuck" Kelleher is small, but—oh my!

* * *

The tackles, Captain Kopans and "Swede" Wilson were quite troublesome to the opposition.

* * *

"Babe" Shea and Weddleton proved a very capable pair of guards. We predict a great year for both of these boys.

* * *

Gould was a good quarterback. He punted well also.

JOLTING JAMAICA

Though the day was overcast, and rain threatened continually, the spirits of the team and its followers were not dampened. The game was played at Billing's Field, on October 3, against Jamaica Plain. The score, 18—0, is not a true indication of the unquestionable superiority of our team.

Jamaica opened the game by kicking off to Lichtenstein, who ran the ball back to our 28-yd. line. After an exchange of punts, a line plunge, coupled with a forward pass, Lichtenstein to Kelleher, placed the ball on the opposition's 15-yd. stripe. Here, we lost the ball on downs because of a penalty. J. P. immediately kicked to Gould, who was downed on their 40-yd. mark. Callaghan gained ten yards off tackle, but, on the next play, we lost the ball on a fumble. They punted again, and, after two successful forward passes, Lichtenstein to Bilodeau, the quarter ended with the ball in our possession on Jamaica Plain's 7-yd. line.

At the start of the second period, the Jamaica line stiffened, and it took five line plunges, the last a center buck by Callaghan, to score the touchdown. We missed the try for the point.

Jamaica again kicked off to Lichtenstein, and "Lefty" made a pretty run of twenty yards and was finally downed on his own 48-yd. stripe. We failed to gain on the next play, whereupon Gould kicked to J. P.'s quarter back, who signalled for a fair catch, only to fumble the ball. The alert "Babe" Shea pounced upon the elusive pigskin on their 28-yd. mark. Lichtenstein tossed a pass to Bilodeau for twenty yards. A lateral pass, Lichtenstein to Gould, was good for the remaining eight yards and the subsequent touchdown. The try for the extra point again failed.

Our opponents again elected to kick off. Weiner, who was substituted in the

backfield, secured the ball and was downed on his 25-yd. line after a short run. Several line plunges brought the ball to midfield, where we fumbled. J. P. recovered and punted to Gordon, who was thrown out of bounds on his own 20-yd. line. Again we fumbled, and Jamaica again recovered. Our opponents then tossed a forward pass, which "Tom" Callaghan, our fleet full-back, intercepted and, behind good interference, raced eighty yards for the touchdown. A third attempt at the extra point also failed. This ended the scoring for the half and the game.

The second half was a hard battle between our substitutes and the Jamaica Plain team. Weiner, Sheehan, and Fitzgerald were outstanding for our second team. Our eleven had the ball in the opposition's territory throughout the half, and, but for the fact that J. P. capitalized the breaks it received, the score would have been larger.

The play of the team is gradually becoming smoother and faster. The team shows power, and a strong line and a shifty fighting backfield are in sight. The passing combination of Lichtenstein to Bilodeau should gain us many yards and should be a thorn in the sides of our opponents. All in all, trouble looms for the City League teams.

The summary;

<i>Jamaica Plain</i>	<i>Boston Latin</i>
Haverty, Stirling, Sennott, re	
le, Lynch, Sullivan, Housen	
O'Connell, Resser, Corosella, rt	
lt, Kopans (Capt.), Housen, Murphy	
McKenney, Holmstrom, rg	
lg, O'Hare, Murphy, Lynch	
Rheinhardt (Capt.) c	
c, Downes, Fitzgerald	
Dever, Meehan, lg	
rg, Shea, Eagan, Moore	
Moore, McGillicuddy, lt	
rt, Wilson, Carr, Bryant	
Robertson, McLeod, le	

	re, Kelleher, Bilodeau, Hoye
Harvey, qb	qb, Gould, Gordon
J. Walsh, Edstrom, rhb	
	lhb, Lichtenstein, Weiner
Wightman, Doyle, lhb	
	rhb, Gordon, Higgins
P. Walsh, fb	fb, Callaghan, Sheehan

Score by periods;

	1	2	3	4	Total
Boston Latin	0	18	0	0	18

Touchdowns, made by Callaghan 2, Gould. Referee, J. W. Mooney. Umpire, Ralph Colson. Linesman, A. J. Woodlock. Time, two 10 min. and two 8 min. periods. —A. J. Gold '31

* * *

The cripples: Mullen, Rabinovitz, Weddleton, and Goodwin viewed the game from the sidelines.

* * *

George Weddleton dislocated his shoulder in practice recently. He will not be back for a month. Tough luck, "Weddie"!

* * *

Famous last words: "But coach, we figured that out"—Lefty Lichtenstein.

* * *

"Bootsie" Callaghan led the cheers at the Jamaica game.

* * *

Rabinovitz was unable to play against Jamaica Plain. "Rabby" at present is tormented by a charley-horse. We hope he'll be all right soon.

* * *

Joe Gordon was quarterback most of the game. He played well.

* * *

Lichtenstein to Bilodeau is a forward passing combination that should prove very valuable to us this year.

* * *

The fall tennis tournament is now in full swing under the direction of Mr. G. B. Cleary.

* * *

Our sole Pansy is in full bloom.

Let us begin now to prepare for the first city league game, that with Commerce at Brave's Field, October 25.

* * *

LETTERMEN

To the following were awarded athletic insignia for the 1928-1929 season;

(Alphabetically arranged)

HOCKEY

F. P. Campana, Captain 1928-1929: P. B. Donnellan, E. L. Doyle, E. H. Hickey, Manager: R. H. Kelly, R. J. Lynch, F. J. Moore, J. F. Mullen, W. J. Parks, J. W. Warren, G. F. Weddleton, Captain, 1929-1930.

* * *

FOOTBALL

W. A. Adler, Captain 1928: H. Balkan, F. P. Campana, H. W. Cohen, S. S. Downes, B. Feins, E. H. Horovitz, N. S. Ingalls, D. E. Kopans, Captain 1929: A. R. Lachacz, J. D. Lawlor, C. Lichtenstein, W. J. Loughran, R. J. Lynch, J. J. Mellen, J. F. Mullen, W. S. Murmes, I. W. Rabinovitz, C. J. Shea, E. A. Tracy, J. W. Warren, A. Zanditon, Manager.

* * *

TRACK

S. Abramson, P. F. Brabazon, J. Brody, G. A. Burns, J. Cohen, R. J. Coleman, P. G. Curley, B. David, J. W. Dolan, H. W. Eagan, S. Feldstein, S. B. Friedman, R. Gould, H. Gross, E. H. Horovitz, J. E. Joyce, A. A. Mednis, J. F. Moynahan, Manager: W. S. Murmes, E. J. Olans, W. Owen, Captain 1929-1930: W. J. Parks, L. Rains, R. M. Rodman, S. S. Rudofsky, D. M. Sullivan, Captain 1928-1929: B. H. Tarplin, H. C. Titus, A. Weiner.

* * *

SWIMMING

A. J. Degutis, W. C. Feinberg,

Captain 1929-1930: T. J. Fitzgerald, Captain 1928-1929: R. B. Grossman, J. B. Hickey, R. Hogan, R. A. Keating, I. C. Levenson, W. McGreenery, H. E. Sanford, Manager: B. F. Skresoski.

* * *

BASEBALL

T. H. Bilodeau, T. P. Callaghan, F. P. Campana, S. S. Downes, Captain 1930: J. Gordon, W. J. Higgins, J. D. Lawlor, C. Lichtenstein, R. J. Lynch, P. L. Page, K. C. Stewart, A. J. Torrielli, Manager: E. A. Tracy, Captain 1929: J. W. Warren, G. F. Weddleton, P. L. Wilson.

* * *

TENNIS

S. Goldman, Captain 1929: L. Kaplan, F. X. McCarthy, S. Rodman, P. Tasker, Captain 1930: A. J. Walper.

* * *

CONTRIBUTIONS

Contributions of all sorts to this section are hereby solicited from undergraduates, subject to the following conditions;

1. *All contributions must be signed by the contributor.*
2. *Contributions must be delivered personally to this editor.*
3. *Accounts of athletic contests must be arranged for beforehand.*

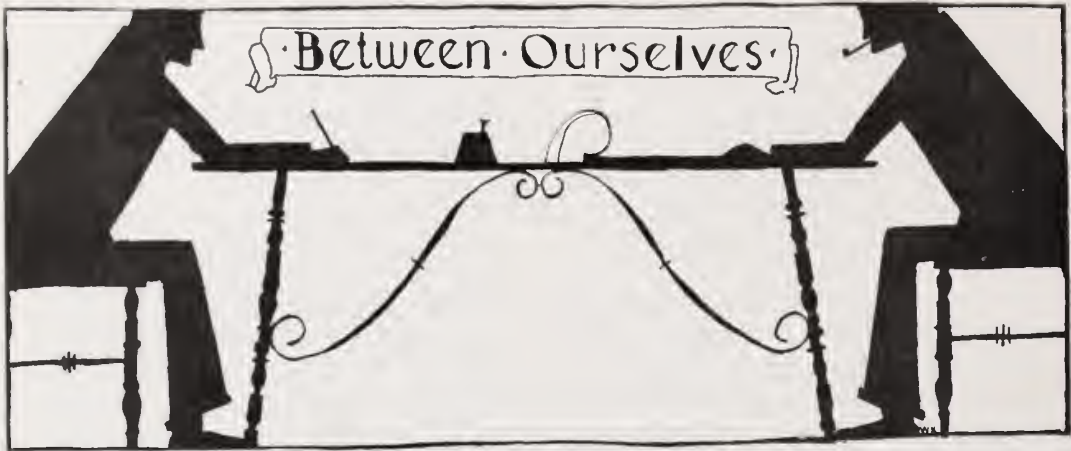
All anonymous material herein printed will be understood to be the work of this editor.

—The Sports Editor

* * *

The Sports Editor extends his thanks to S. S. Lurie '31, and A. J. Gold '31, for their accounts on the Groton and Jamaica Plain games, respectively.





Burglar (to wife): "I've tried blasting and I've tried a sledge-hammer, but I still can't get this safe open."

Wife: "Don't give up: let the baby play with it."

* * *

How the pastor talked to the highwaymen who sought the cash that he did not have: "Ah, gentlemen, I might, indeed, have something to give you if I only had such energetic fellows as you to pass the plate now and then."

* * *

A lady was entertaining the small son of her married friend.

"Are you quite sure you can cut your meat, Willy?" she asked after watching him a moment.

"Oh, yessum," he replied without looking up. "We often have it as tough as this at home."

* * *

She: "Jack, dear, am I the first girl you ever kissed?"

He: "Yes, indeed. I learned to do that from a radio lecture I heard the other night."

* * *

"Daddy," said his little daughter, as they watched an airplane, "do you think they will ever get to heaven flying away up like that?"

"Not by going away up, my dear,"

was his reply. "They are more likely to do it by coming down."

* * *

"Sarah, did I see you kissing some one in the morning—the milkman or the postman?"

"Er—excuse me, ma'am—was it about half-past seven or was it after eight?"

* * *

She (in a whisper): "Georgie, dear, it's a burglar!"

He: "Sh-h, don't move, maybe he can get that window up: it's the one we haven't been able to open since the painters left."

* * *

"Can you recommend the company with which you are insured against accidents?"

"Rather! I have been insured ten years and never had an accident."

* * *

"When are Joan and Ed to be married?"

"Never, I'm afraid."

"Why, how's that?"

"Well, she won't marry him until he pays his debts, and he can't pay his debts until she marries him."

* * *

"Fifty years of happy married life! How have you managed it?"

"Well, for one thing, son, I've always admitted I was wrong."

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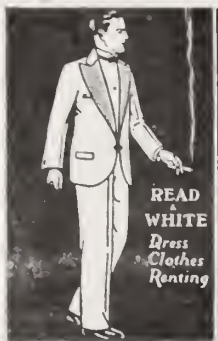
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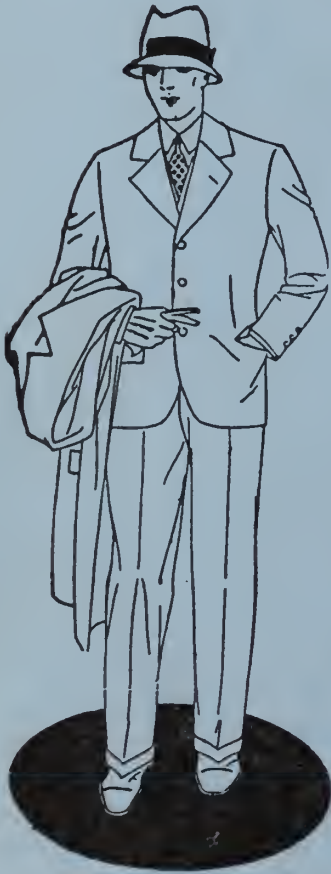
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The Register

VOL. XLIX

No. 2



1929

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Latin School Register

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THE LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER

There are Two Sides

R. B. Lichtenstein

John Brice, feeling certain that his companion had been duly impressed, motioned him to a chair on the other side of the table. Selecting a cigar from the elaborate chest before him, he offered one to the man opposite, with the remark that it was a brand made especially for him. Then, settling himself comfortably, he said with an encouraging smile: "And now, Mr. Reporter, I am ready for the interview."

The reporter produced a notebook and pencil, and hesitatingly began his questioning. It was one of his first assignments and the other's affability almost overwhelmed him. He had been told that the great man might be difficult to interview and he had approached his task with considerable trepidation. Instead he had been cordially greeted and had just been shown through the grand mansion that housed the financier.

His gaze wandered about the room, designed manifestly as the great man's study. On the walls were several valuable paintings: a Corot landscape, a watercolor by Matisse, two sketches by Rembrandt, an etching by Whistler, and a well-executed portrait of Mr. Brice. Add to this a Flemish tapestry, a Persian rug, and a handsome, ornate desk and you have the complete setting,—complete except for the silent, withdrawn woman, sitting with folded hands in one of the further corners.

Something had flashed through the

reporter's mind as the wife of the financier had acknowledged the introduction with a faint nod. Old Tom Gibbs, who had been with the paper so long no one could recall when he had started, had chuckled to him as he started out: "So you're going to tackle John Brice, eh? Well, there's a great story there but I bet you don't see it." Could he have meant. . . ?

But John Brice was stirring impatiently and the reporter hurriedly resumed his questioning. He led the great man step by step from his home in the small Middle Western town to his present high estate in the big city. The story was finished except for the one question which the reporter rather hesitatingly put forward: "And now, Mr. Brice, would you say that luck had anything to do with your success?"

The great man drew himself up and his voice came strong and, it seemed, overemphatic: "None whatever. It was foresight, hard work and plenty of it." Rising from his chair he motioned the reporter to follow, saying: "This has been dry work. I believe we both deserve a cocktail."

* * * * *

The woman, Hannah Brice, stirred in her chair. She unfolded her hands: hands from which no amount of daily manicuring could remove the strong, gnarled appearance. As she heard the tinkling of glass in the next room, she

leaned back with closed eyes and resumed the thread of her thoughts.

They were once again in their single room on the West Side. The letter to the folks at home lay on the table. How the writing of those few lines had wrung her heart. To acknowledge defeat, to be obliged to request the necessary funds for their return to the old town. John had been so insistent that they break away from home ties, so confident that he would get an opening. And now, after three short months, this. Her glance rested on John, and seeing there a vanquished look, she wearily arose and taking the letter, went out.

The mail box was on the other side of the square. She stumbled into the street with the letter which seemed to burn her hand. A raucous blast of a horn at her side, a shrill cry in her ears, a jar, and then,—quiet. She was almost glad when upon waking, a white-clad nurse informed her that she must remain many days. Here was rest and time to think.

The next day, following closely a floral offering and a huge basket of fruit, came Peter Mills. It had been his car which had been slowly turning into the Square. At the end of his visit he drew from his pocket a torn, soiled letter, shamefacedly telling her he had read it. He then tore the letter into scraps and left, assuring her that her troubles were over. The nurse whispered to her: "Why, my dear, he is one of the richest men in the city."

She had accepted the position offered in the large brokerage office of Peter Mills and in a short while a place was found for John also. Grasping the de-

tails of the business quickly, she was shortly appointed secretary to Peter Mills. She seemed to fit in so perfectly that soon most of the intricate problems were left to her to adjust. John was still plodding along in the outer office, seemingly content.

Then Mills had died and the business was wound up by his partners. Hannah Brice recognized this as the crucial point of their lives. Determined to benefit by her knowledge of the concern, she had prevailed upon John to venture their little savings in an office of their own.

The business flourished from the start. Gradually Hannah had withdrawn from active participation, but for years she maintained her desk in one of the inner rooms. Here she continued to direct the concern until the very momentum of the business itself had lifted the burden from her shoulders.

As the wife of John Brice she was little known to the outside world. At first she had ventured out to a few social gatherings, but she had been ill at ease. When she overheard a remark: "Isn't it tragic how some women can't keep pace with their husband's success?" she had withdrawn entirely.

* * * * *

Now she sat, as she had sat many hours each day, thinking back through the years. She heard her husband at the door bidding farewell to his guest. His voice boomed down the corridor and echoed through the room. "Luck, my boy, forget it. Foresight and hard work, and plenty of it. That's the ticket." A faint smile wreathed Hannah Brice's lips.



The Venerable In The Seventies

Rev. H. Leonard Sargent, O.S.B.

As this sketch goes back a half century and more, it will not be strange if some points "of affection's recollections" are forgotten or given inexactly. I start out with a forgetting: I don't remember when, in order to enter into Harvard, I understood I must first pass through some incidental years at The Latin School. My impression is that at fourteen, when I found this a factor in my pre-university life, I awoke to see that I couldn't jump across the Charles, as it were, automatically. So on a day in September, 1872, I found myself at the doors of the Bedford Street schoolhouse, along with other boys of about fifteen, and together we solemnly mounted the staircase that led to the large hall and to the awful presence of the Head Master. Presenting whatever credentials we possessed, we were shortly converted into Latinians. A certain group was informed that it had come three years too late, but cheered by the assurance that with a twelve-month of good, hard work, chiefly under the Head, we might hope to catch up and make our proper standing. To do three years in one would have appeared a big undertaking, I suppose, but we must have realized our high intellectual competency, and also have recognized the discernment of judgment in Dr. Gardner as he scanned our faces. In modern terms, he, presumably, discovered in each a superiority complex.

And so in our first year we occupied the large hall for a good part of the day and recited to the old Doctor. We were his academia and he was our Plato. Dr. Gardner would have been in his sixties, for he is catalogued with the Class of 1827, but though in face and in an old-fashioned manner he seemed elderly, in his speech and alertness of action he did not show signs of decrepitude or at least of his nearness to the, supposedly,

archaic period of three score and ten. I shall return to him later.

And now, once enrolled in the society of the academicians, we forthwith set out on the first lap of a journey that meant the pursuit of a liberal education. The less noble, though necessary, three R's were finished. That chapter was closed; this was the opening of another, of the *Literae Humaniores*, the Humanities. Harkness, Goodwin, Ovid, Virgil, Homer, and some others, were to lead us on to join the Immortals. Naturally, we felt a pride in our destiny, perhaps in one another, and chiefly in ourselves. I can recall the use of a word on the part of a boy whom I came to know well as a friend, and who now is a distinguished librarian. The word was *opaque*. I saw at once that it was a great word, to be remembered and introduced to my associates upstairs. I think I brought out the stranger very soon—this way, perhaps; The day is rather opaque. And again that word *liberal*, in its scientific, literarily scientific sense. Our education was to be liberal; why not say, let us be liberal? Thus, words and phrases and ideas flew about, to be caught, lodged in the brain, and put to service. Like the old lady whose heart was thrilled when she heard her parson speak the blessed word, Mesopotamia, these newly-acquired treasures were stored in the chambers of memory.

But, though not belonging to Letters, there was another influence that was inspiring to me and that thrilled my heart also. It was the immediate presence of those eminent persons who towered above us in the upper Forms. There was, not only the person who, it was thought, could converse in Latin, *e. g.*, *Quomodo est hoc per altum*, but a right-down, regular Colonel of the regiment, a Major of a battalion, and even

the Captain of one's company, these we might elbow as we ascended or descended the stairs, yet only touch with a fearful reverence. Later in my school-life, when I figured in a *Bent and Bush* outfit as a First Lieutenant, and on one memorable day for the country and ourselves, 17 June, 1875, I commanded in the absence of my superior officer—then I understood better that even a man in epaulettes is mortal. "So close is glory to our dust." But in the earlier days, to be so near to and yet so far from greatness was chastening. How our kind Colonel Moore, who trained us at Boylston Hall, must have smiled in an aside as he viewed our—if I may dare to say so in the presence of my readers of the Louis Pasteur period—our somewhat grandiose efforts! But, on the other hand, we made a good show at soldiering. People said so—and we knew they were right.

There were other soldiers, the silent and the yet speaking sons of our ancient Mother, whose names were enrolled on a tablet placed in the upper hall, those who fought for the Union in the Civil War. We looked, read, and were proud to have them as our companions in Latin School history. I used to look at the inscription, as I began in the language of the scholars, and congratulated myself that I could construe it. With one exception. It read—

Alma Mater Filios Gratatur Reduces

The fourth word for a long time was, to me, *Gratatur*, and untranslatable. Oddly enough, I never asked anybody its meaning, nor did I use it with the familiarity I had acquired in the case of *opaque* and *liberal*. And oddly, too, because I kept, at home on my study-table, an English dictionary, having made a compact with my conscience to look up every word I met and could not define. I recommend this practice as a serviceable one to the Louis Pasteurians.

However, about this time I fell upon

a second "inscription" in this same learned language, the Latin, which I translated at sight. On our bi-weekly walk to Boylston Hall we had to pass, but not enter, a cellar-restaurant, a kind of rathskeller, which, as I say, we passed by in spite of the highly alluring and also assuring character of the sign.

Pax intrantibus. Salus exeuntibus

In a free translation—No trouble to serve you. Going out as easy as coming in if you are moderate. I hope I may mention this circumstance—as well as assure my readers of my early mastery of Latin—without being called to order by the *We See To You*. My readers will note that I was *not* one of the "*intrantibus*."

Of our Masters I can testify that, although we sometimes complained we believed them to be sincerely interested in us as boys, to whom they would give their best. The school-boy has been described as the Perfect Grumbler. We did complain and grumble. They were "cruel only to be kind." The Upper Formers might look down on us, the pyramids or the parvenues; not so our instructor. Now I look up to them in retrospect and I am grateful. Of the two Masters whom I knew only slightly, as not having classes with them, Mr. Gay and Mr. Chadwich, the latter, after a lapse of twenty-five years, said to me, "We are forming American citizens," out of many races or nationalities. I could have told him, and perhaps did, that they had made them in our time out of, chiefly, one nation and race. Scholars and citizens make up the stuff a nation needs, if well-made. With regard to the attitude I have just spoken of Professor Child of Harvard—and before Harvard, of the Latin School—once said, "This would be a great university if it had no student-body." It was a *façon de parler* of this witty man, but it expresses a point of view. So much depends on a point of view,

doesn't it? The big man sees from every point. "Let us be liberal."

Dr. Gardner will ever be remembered as a quaint, sometimes severe, sometimes most kind and almost affectionate personage. I once failed to post an urgent letter he had given me as I left the school-house, asking if he could trust to my memory. Having assured him that he could I posted it late in the day. Next morning I told the Doctor of my failure, and of course got a sound scolding. And of course I was offended and showed this in a grand and distant manner when I had to address him. In about twenty-four hours I received a message through one of my friends: "Dr. Gardner asks if you have the *Mussigrubs*; says you have." Upon this I went to the Head Master's desk and inquired about this diagnosis, thinking myself to be very magnanimous in doing so. Then he forgave me and promised to try me once more on occasion. This conclusion of our estrangement was much more to the credit of the Head than of the pupil. But I am afraid I felt self-congratulatory and proved myself to be rather proud than generous. The Head was like this at times and mingled sweetness in the cup of austerity that he put to our lips.

I can't remember if I had any classes with Mr. Merrill. I think I had not. This may have been because he took, as is likely, higher Latin, and as my proficiency in this language has already been intimated I may have been excused from his course. Or it may be that the course came at an hour for which I had made a previous engagement. For while at the school I had the honor, with a few others, of forming a *Dramatic Association*, at the old Mercantile Library, and this naturally made demands on our time. If my readers have not heard of this Association, I shall be greatly surprised. A number of boys and girls put themselves under the training of a nice

old bachelor, who knew the stage from the wings, as we were to adorn it at the footlights. But as to Mr. Merrill, I have always kept him in my memory as a most kind, gentle and efficient school-master.

It will not be out of place, I think, if, in speaking of this dramatic society I tell of another that kept it company, in that it had about the same clientele—the famous *Parliamentary Society*—you will have read of. It had a short life, and perhaps this was hastened in part by the fact that we had no parliamentarians in its membership—but it died not ingloriously. The ladies, too, were admitted and were not silent, and, as ladies will do, asked questions, like Miss Rosa Sartle, "only for information". When they asked too many questions and for too much information, the chair met the embarrassment by declaring them "out of order".

But to our Master again. No old or new boy will probably need to be told who "Cudjo" was, though all may not know of Mr. Capen. Why he was called by this sobriquet I am unable to say, for he certainly did not live in a cave. He was an efficient teacher of mathematics and entered the classroom briskly, bursting with energy, hastened to the blackboard, and gave his pupils a good morning with "*Factor*"! He was musical also,—a curious conjunction of gifts, this implies, and is often found in mathematicians, as was notably the case with Prof. James Mills Pierce of Harvard. To my ears the proper science of Mr. Capen never sounded lyrical, for my "reaction" to that useful feature of education was similar to Byron's, in regard to Horace—"whom I hated so", he wrote. This was not a Horace of ours, of course, but, as Bostonians might say, the Oliver Wendell Holmes of the Sabine farm. Mr. Capen has gone from earth and as he was good and painstaking in his life we may hope he is now with the

beati. Their City, we know, is laid out with geometrical precision, and this will please him. I wonder if he has told his companions how zealously he strove to teach us his science, tuning our hearts with his lyre, the pointer, and marking the notation with his crayon?

Arthur Irving Fiske is too recent in our time to be described in particular. In the seventies he was a Master only but I think he will have made his name as Head. He was a man to stamp his mark on every boy, reserved, shy, firm, and eminently qualified to govern his young barbarians as he taught them the refinements of Greek literature. He had discovered for us a stimulating method of learning and gave it out with his fine intelligence. In his independence of thought he could say, when a point of objection based on Goodwin's was proposed, "But may we not here, perhaps, think ourselves superior to the grammar?" A man of prodigious memory, native or cultivated, you gave him only your family name, if you met him after a quarter of a century, and he could tell you the remainder with exactness. "I remember you as if it were yesterday," he once wrote to an Old Boy, "do you still recite, 'Ring Out Wild Bells'?"

And finally, Mr. Minns. He will probably be remembered only by a few, those who had him in Shakespeare. He was elderly, gentle in heart and address, and retiring in habits. To those of us who gave him our attention, for his discipline was somewhat unobtrusive, he could teach a love of Letters. He acted out the play and tried to make it real. Hamlet, retiring into the "wings", namely, behind a movable blackboard, and reappearing from his exile, received a rousing *vale* and a still more pronounced *salve*. To pay homage to the royal Dane, three figures in the seats would sometimes rise simultaneously, and perform a well-rehearsed serpentine movement of body, at last stand erect,

and then slowly repeat the performance inversely as they resumed their places.

But I am afraid of taxing the patience of Latinians, old or young, who may read these pages. I might sketch the Shop of Temptations, as it should have been called, across the street, a bakery, in which the most intriguing buns, jumbles, cream-puffs, and homely but seductive doughnuts—the larger the hole, the better for the stomach, Dr. Holmes has said—were sold fresh and appetizing; the Punch and Judy on the Common; the Parades; the hurried run to the play-ground, in the twenty-minute recess, and the frantic speeding back to bounds and books—how the old scenes and faces come back! *Haec et forsitan olim meminisse juvabit*. One word, in conclusion, may be allowed the writer of these recollections in speaking to the hearts of the younger members of our *Venerabile*: They are living in an area of life in which old standards have changed. The simplicity of the older days has gone, and necessarily so. There is more exterior energy in action and probably less depth of thinking, now than in earlier years of the Republic. There is more progress and less contentment, more wealth and prosperity and less that is high, strong and enduring in ideals. For the moment—and it may not last always—the material view of life has captured the world. The world has, in other ages, been captured by this, and then recaptured by something finer, more lovely, more substantial and satisfying. So it may come about that this great and amazing county of ours will somehow be brought to see that prosperity is not necessarily progress, and that a nation gains more from its men than from what their wealth produces. The influences of education and culture, of moral goodness and spiritual achievement, have always counted most in the development of a people. The gifts of civilization are bestowed and trans-

mitted through the centuries by those
who think deeply and act unselfishly.
It is to be hoped that this ancient and
truly venerable school will never for-
sake those principles which some of her

eminent sons have bequeathed to her,
but will ever be—

Strong with the strength of the race
To command, to obey, to endure.

THE DESERTED ABBEY

Edward Martin

The abbey rests in solitude,
No wind disturbs the air,
The walls in somber strength surround
An atmosphere of prayer.

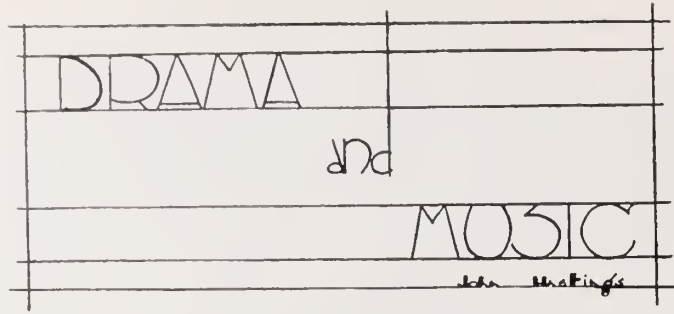
It stands like an abandoned world
Deserted by the day
But when the twilight heralds dusk
The monks come back to pray.

The walls o'ergrown with moss and
weeds,
A shrine stands 'neath some trees,
The stone before the altar rail
Is worn by humble knees.

The abbots sleep within their graves,
They sleep contented there,
But when the evening vespers ring
Their ghosts come back for prayer.

And here since the last abbot died
No human foot has trod
No mortal eye has seen this place
So sanctified by God.





John Hastings

Sunday evening, November 3, 1929, Joseph Wood Krutch, author of "Edgar Allan Poe; A Psychological Study," and "The Modern Temper," noted dramatic critic of "The Nation," and one of the judges of the Literary Guild, spoke in Ford Hall Forum on "The History of the Drama from Ibsen to O'Neill." At least one-half of his lecture was devoted to the life and dramatic theories of Henrik Ibsen, although he gave some attention to Eugene O'Neill, whom he attempted to compare to Shakespeare.

The title of Mr. Krutch's talk is rather misleading. It might have been more appropriate to have entitled it "The Drama of Ibsen and O'Neill," for, outside of these two dramatists, he barely mentioned any others. Outside of slight references to Shakespeare and Shaw, all others were neglected. No word of Tchekov, Andreyev, Hauptmann, Strindberg, Schnitzler, Tolstoi, Sudermann, Wilde, Dunsany, Hardy, Barrie, Galsworthy, Drinkwater, Milne, Maeterlinck, Fitch, Belasco, Mackaye, Kelly, Rice, or any of the innumerable others. And with such a title as that given, no lecturer could afford to omit any of these listed.

Mr. Krutch was a pleasing speaker. He is younger, perhaps, than his writings indicate. He said a great many things during his lecture that might well be questioned, but, generally, any intelligent audience would have applauded him.

He, in part, discussed "Strange Interlude," comparing it to Shakespeare, particularly "Hamlet". One of the questions that he was asked during the open forum was "Isn't 'Strange Interlude' a psychological study of an abnormal character?" Mr. Krutch's answer was direct, quick, and to the point. "You would have to go a long distance to find a normal character."

* * * * *

It might not be irrelevant at this time to list, perhaps cursorily, the recent events in the theatre—and elsewhere—that have been connected rather closely with the activities of the above dramatists. Last Spring—and even now, I believe—Eva Le Gallienne and her Civic Repertory Company gave several performances of Tchekov's, "The Cherry Orchard," both at New York and other cities, Boston included. With the same company Alla Nazimova played the title rôle in Andreyev's "Katerina." A run of some weeks of Hauptmann's "The Weavers", at the 55th Street playhouse in New York, has just ended. Last year, at the Metropolitan Opera House, "La Campana Sommersa," of the composer Respighi, was performed by the able artists Elisabeth Rethberg, Giovanni Martinelli, and Giuseppe de Luca. It is an opera based on Hauptmann's play, "The Sunken Bell."

In the Modern Library there are Strindberg's "Married," Schnitzler's "Anatol," and "Bertha Garlan," Tolstoi's "Redemption," Sudermann's

"Dame Care," and "The Song of Songs," most of Wilde's works, two works of Dunsany, and many others. (Many of these, as you will notice, are not dramas.) All of Barrie's plays have been collected into one volume, also Galsworthy's dramatic works—outside of his "Exiled", which, according to Rebecca West, is a quite terrible play.

John Drinkwater's "Bird in Hand" is having a considerable run in New York—and the critics seem to be in favor of it. A. A. Milne's plays are always in evidence, and his "The Perfect Alibi" is, at the time of writing, in Boston. Maeterlinck's "Pelleas and Melisande," made into an opera by Debussy, is a great favorite among the opera-goers, particularly at the Chicago Civic and the Metropolitan. Belasco's "The Girl of the Golden West," has also been transformed into an opera, by Puccini, and is, at present, being revived at the Metropolitan by Jeritza, Martinelli, and Lawrence Tibbett. Percy Mackaye has produced, this fall, a book of short stories in his inimitable mountain dialect, under the title of "Weathergoose—Woo!"

George Kelly stated recently that he was disgusted with the modern American drama, and didn't intend to write a play any too soon. Elmer Rice has two plays in New York now—in fact both are on the same street. "Street Scene"—the opera of which was to be produced at the Metropolitan next winter, music by Deems Taylor—and "See Naples and Die."

* * * * *

At last we may be able to proudly applaud Boston. It has an opera company of its own! And, with such artists of proved ability as Pasquale Amato, Margarete Matzenauer, Sophie Braslau, Sigurd Nilssen, Anne Roselle, and Dorothy Speare, it may well be a competitor with New York and Chicago.

Boston has at last, "got going". Before, the Boston Symphony Orchestra was our only cause to hold up our heads.

* * * * *

The Boston Symphony concerts this Fall have been among the most admirable the present writer has ever heard. Under the able leadership of Mr. Koussevitzky, the orchestra, which has remained this year without a single change in its personnel, played compositions of Beethoven, Debussy, Handel, Strauss, Stravinsky, Sibelius, Vivaldi, Josten, Tchaikovsky, and a newcomer—that is, to Boston—Pick-Mangiagalli. (He was born in Bohemia, July 10, 1882, of a Czech father and an Italian mother. He took lessons in composition under Vincenzo Ferroni and piano lessons of Vincenzo Appiani at the Milan Conservatory. He gave concerts in Germany and Austria, the German publishers first recognizing his great talent.)

On the program of the first concert was Beethoven's "Overture to Goethe's 'Egmont'." The orchestra played with great feeling, under Koussevitzky's direction, and its technique was as faultless as ever.

Beethoven and Goethe had great admiration for each other, and Beethoven once said, "Goethe and Schiller are my favorite poets, as also Ossian and Homer, the latter of whom, unfortunately, I can read only in translation."

Debussy's "La Mer" was also on the first program, and was little short of magnificent. Debussy was a great lover of nature, perhaps a W. H. Hudson of music. His "L'Après—Midi d'un Faune" gives the slow wanderings and perhaps even the thoughts of a faun cropping at the green growth in the forest or gamboling behind trees and racing with himself. One may hear the dusty leaves of trees rustle as he brushes past over twigs and stones, and the

shrill calls of birds to mates. Similarly in "La Mer," Debussy has caught the enchantment of waves breaking on sandy shores, and the ominous fascination of swelling water farther out toward the horizon. From the cold splashes of water on cold rocks to the sullen murmurings of a sullen deep, Debussy captures all.

After Handel's masterful "Concerto Grosso for String Orchestra, Opus 6, No. 10," the greatest thing on the second program, indubitably, was Stravinsky's suite from "L'Oiseau de Feu." Its movements are:

- I. Introduction; Katschei's Enchanted Garden and Dance of the Fire Bird.
- II. Supplication of the Fire-Bird.
- III. The Princesses play with the Golden Apples.
- IV. Dance of the Princess.
- V. Infernal Dance of all the Subjects of Katschei.

This is an exquisite masterpiece, a composition of indubitable and triumphant genius.

In the first movement the Enchanted Garden is displayed before one's very eyes—that is, before the eyes of the imaginative and the artistic. (To the pragmatic Stravinsky is but a very dull and stupid person, and his compositions are merely noises.) One may see the great clusters of succulent plants, green in gold pots, fountains of water tinkling onto pavements. Then the dance of the Fire-Bird begins—a series of strange phrasings, spirited and emotional, and at the same time mournful and ominous.

Through the second, third, and fourth movements Stravinsky's scintillating and gorgeous music unfolds itself.

The fifth movement starts with a thunderous crash, and the subjects of Katschei are off in a mad whirl of

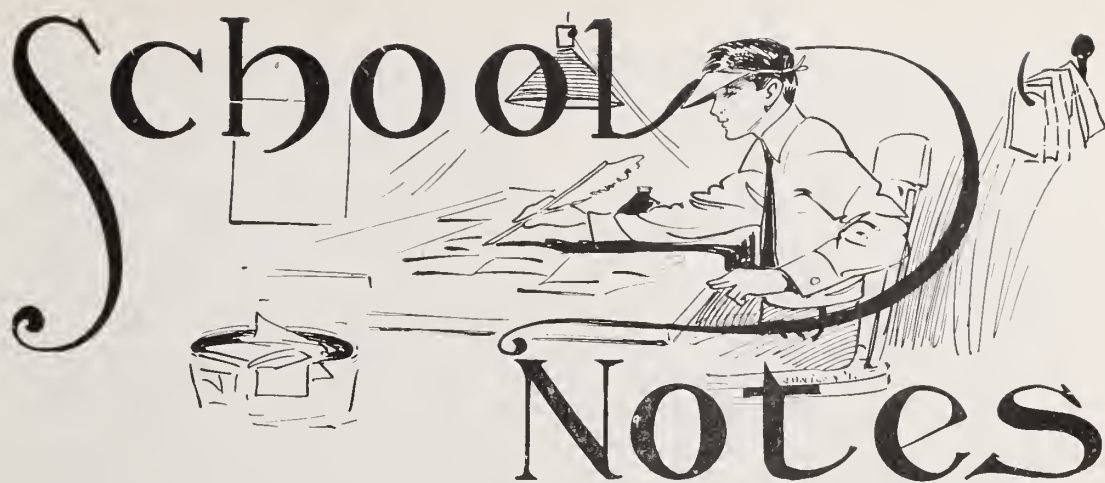
ecstasy and madness and wild savagery. The subjects have spirit, and they show it by their shrieking and prancing and mad expression of emotion and violent living. It comes to an end—and thus ending the entire suite—with an emotional and shrieking crash. The Boston Symphony Orchestra played the suite so magnificently and so masterfully that the audience was wild in its enthusiasm, and Koussevitzky was compelled to return for many encores. Without any great hesitation Stravinsky might well be called "the James Joyce of music."

The third program consisted of compositions of Vivaldi, Josten, and Tchaikovsky.

The Vivaldi Concerto was splendidly composed, and splendidly played by our orchestra. Josten's "Jungle" is a symphonic poem, and attempts "to portray the emotions and sensations which assail a white man entering the jungle, with its lures, terrors, primitive love, and ferocious death." Josten did a very good piece of work, but has not yet learned how to make his modernistic tones and discords beautiful—(discords may be made amazingly beautiful. Stravinsky has proved this to us.) He undoubtedly portrayed a picture of "the emotions and sensations which assail a white man entering a jungle," but his music seemed too wild, distorted, and probably a bit too ferocious. "Jungle" is a step forward in American music, but Josten is no Stravinsky, nor Debussy, nor Taylor.

Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic" Symphony is, of course, an old favorite. Peter Ilich Tchaikovsky, dead thirty-six years, esteemed this his greatest work. In it some people believe Tchaikovsky attempted to portray man's existence, his illusions, desires, loves, struggles, victories, and end. Above all it is a colossal masterpiece, tragic as life is tragic.

School Notes



The Junior Debating Society of Class V has been established to afford those interested an opportunity for training in the debate. The objectives contemplate two fields; the theory of the debate, in which fundamental notions of argumentation and form are discussed; the practice, in which regularly assigned and prepared debates afford the opportunity of the application of the debate principles both in composition and in oral expression. The meetings are held every Friday, and while no invitations have been accepted for inter-school debates, because of the post-school character of the Society and the consequent limitation of time, still, it is hoped that such an activity can be undertaken in the future. The following officers have been chosen for the year: President, Walter Epstein; Vice-President, Roderick Davis; Secretary, Elliot Rosenblatt; Treasurer, Charles Lindsay; Executive Committee, Robert Wernick, chairman; John Sullivan and Sidney Kibrick. Mr. Kane is Faculty Adviser.

* * *

THE LITERARY CLUB

On October 18, the Literary Club was especially fortunate in having Dr. Franklin, of Boston University, as its speaker. The subject of his talk was "The Miltonic Period of English Literature," and he

drew several interesting and instructive verbal pictures which illustrated different phases of the life and character of Milton and of the times in which the blind poet lived. The most interesting part, perhaps, of Dr. Franklin's informal talk was the one in which he described Milton as a "foursquare" man. The top of the square is reason, distinguishing good from evil; the right side is conscience, differentiating between right and wrong; the bottom is emotion, struggling between sympathy with man and discord; the left side is the appreciation of beauty. Surrounding this square is the circle of the imagination, which, if functioning correctly, will tend to keep the sides of the square in proper proportion and perspective. Dr. Franklin urged that his listeners watch for these points in their study of Milton and his works.

* * *

THE FRENCH CLUB

Over seventy boys were present in room 206 on Monday, November 25, when the French Club elected its officers for the coming year. The results of the election were as follows:

President—A. D. Rogers '30

Vice-President—E. Rollins '30

Secretary—I. Levenson '30

With such an enthusiastic gathering, it seems likely that this year's club will

enjoy a very successful season, a fitting reward for the efforts of Mr. Henderson.

* * *

THE SECOND PUBLIC DECLAMATION

On Friday, November 22, the members of Class III filed to the Hall to attend the Second Public Declamation.

The program deviated little from those of generations past. That well-known author Mr. Anonymous led all others with three selections to his credit. Victor Hugo managed to get two, while the old favorites, Service, Henry, and Poe, were also present.

To break the monotony of fiery, oratorical efforts, the story of a football coach inspiring his team to victory and a humorous selection, concerning an unemployed ghost, were vigorously rendered.

Visitors were conspicuous by their absence. Pupils should make it a point to tell friends of the school about the declamation and thus augment our audience.

* * *

THE DEBATING CLUB

Prospects for this year's debating team seem excellent, with over twenty-five candidates reporting, four of whom are veterans of last year's team.

Elections were held on Thursday, October 24, 1929. The following boys will hold office for the coming year:

President—Irvin C. Levenson '30

Vice-Pres.—Bertram H. Loewenberg '30

Secretary—Benjamin Kadish '31

Treasurer—Bernard Rottenberg '30

Several other minor offices were filled and the club appears to be set for a successful season.

On November 7, a debate was held in room 102. The question concerned the increasing of the armaments of the United States. The negative, upheld by J. Lewis '30, and I. Levenson '30, defeated the affirmative team of P. Ratz-

koff and B. Tarplin, both members of Class I.

At this meeting, Mr. Roland announced that a debate had been arranged with the Brown University Freshmen. Trials were held the following week on the subject: "Resolved—That the American Jury System be Abolished."

Two teams were chosen, the first consisting of P. Ratzkoff '30, S. Freedberg '32 and G. Ryan '31. The members of the second team were B. Tarplin '30, N. Learner '31 and I. Levenson '30. The team to face Brown will be selected from these six boys. The debate will be held on Friday, December 20, at 8 P. M. in the Latin School Hall. The subject will be the same one used in the trials and Latin School will uphold the negative. Further notices concerning the debate will be posted soon.

* * *

THE CLASS ELECTION

In the latter part of October, after an exciting campaign, the Class of 1930 elected its officers.

There were two candidates for president, five for vice-president, five for secretary-treasurer, and sixteen for the four positions on the class committee. Originally, more than the above number filed papers for the various offices, but on account of failure to have a sufficient number of signatures, or for various other reasons, their names did not appear on the ballot.

On election day, candidates rushed to and fro, promising everyone a place on some committee, if elected. The ballots were given out, marked, and when the results were tabulated, the following boys had been elected:

David Eli Kopans, captain of the football team, was elected president with a plurality of forty-four votes over Canavan.

In the race for vice-president, Carl Lichtenstein, the inimitable "Lefty" squeezed in with a margin of eleven

votes over George Goodwin, who was followed closely by Bryant and Gordon.

George Perkins, of the *Register* Staff, was pressed hard in the contest for secretary-treasurer, his plurality being thirteen votes. Malenbaum, Shershevsky, and Addelson afforded him stiff opposition.

The class committee election had a "footballistic" tinge. Downes with one hundred and one votes, Callaghan with eighty-six, Eagan with seventy-nine, and Shea with seventy-seven, are all members in good standing of our valiant football squad.

All in all, the results of the election were very satisfactory and the affairs of Class I should be handled efficiently this year. —B. H. L. '30

* * *

The school orchestra has been progressing rapidly. There are so many old members, that only a few new ones could be admitted this year. Mr. Wagner has made the suggestion that if the orchestra played well enough it might be allowed to broadcast on the radio.

* * *

THE LATIN CLUB

A Latin Club has been formed by the members of Class V under the direction of Mr. Hartigan. The membership at present includes fifty boys. The purpose of the Latin Club is to familiarize its members with the leading personages of Ancient Rome and Greece, some of the customs of the peoples of these two countries and something of the events worthy of note, thus furnishing a realistic background to the work carried on in the classroom.

Each member selects a topic that he thinks he can best present to the other members. Some, too, are especially articulate in the manual project. Civic and geographic subjects are developed in clay thus lending a visual objective to the oral studies of the other members.

The officers have been elected as follows:

President—H. Sherman

Vice-President—M. Rudy

Secretary—P. L. Isenstein.

Sergt. at Arms—G. L. Archer, Jr.

* * *

Timothy Smith Company, the large Roxbury department store, has just announced the final results in their Poster Contest for High School students. Joseph Wixon, of our school, has been given Honorable Mention. As the competition was open to all High Schools and a great many fine designs were entered, it is quite an honor for a student from our school to have been so prominently mentioned. Timothy Smith Company wishes to publicly congratulate Mr. Wixon and the Boston Latin School for the fine work they have done in this event, and predicts more fine work from the Latin School in next year's contest.

* * *

The Radio Club has held several successful meetings under its officers and two faculty advisers. Mr. Penny-packer, who was formerly a professional radio operator, has undertaken to teach code to the inexperienced boys and to enable some to build powerful sets for both receiving and transmitting. Monroe, the president of the organization, gave a brief talk on the vacuum tube and its functions.

* * *

The Chess and Checker Club has half completed the tournament for the selection of a team. At the second meeting, Mr. Gretsche gave a brief explanation of how to become proficient in the art of playing chess. Arrangements for entering the city league are going on.

* * *

The First Public Declamation was held in the assembly hall, Friday, October 25. There, long-suffering Seniors

and Juniors were compelled to listen again to those pieces that they had heard so many times before. They were reminded that Benedict Arnold had died in Paris, they again heard Hugo describe the man horribly caught in a bed of quicksand, and they listened to the Baron's Last Banquet. Romans and Carthaginians were addressed and re-addressed; Warren dedicated Bunker Hill; John Adams expatiated on the Declaration of Independence. An unexpected courtroom scene was staged when two budding orators recited in turn the Prosecution and Defence of Haywood. To climax all this two favorites were recited, namely, "Bells" and "Boots".

* * *

The Silent Accomplice

By C. L. Higgins

"But," objected a quiet voice, "the man is dead, shot to death."

"Yes, but how was he? How? I ask you," came the voice of the irritated district attorney. The latter was a short, fat man, by the name of Stone. He looked a trifle disturbed.

"Well, that's what we've got to find out," this from the same, soft voiced, quietly dressed man of about thirty, who stood at his elbow. Were he to be seen on Broadway he would not have attracted more than the usual casual glances from frequenters of the Great White Way, for Irving Parker was a very unobtrusive looking gentleman. However, he possessed those remarkable qualities which had enabled him to attain the position of detective sergeant on the New York Police Detective Bureau.

About two hours before, nine-thirty to be exact, he had been lounging around in the lobby of Station V, when a messenger told him to report to number 17 Harrison Drive, in upper New York. He made his way to that street and found his destination to be an ordinary

two story house, in a thickly populated residential section. On the ground floor there were great French windows, which looked out over a fresh green lawn in front, and which were half hidden by bushes and thickets on the side. Framed in one of these windows in front, he saw the portly form of the district attorney. He immediately surmised that something was not as it should be. His suspicions were further aroused when he noticed two policemen standing guard at the front entrance.

As soon as he stepped inside, he was met by Mr. Stone, who had seen him enter the vestibule. Greetings were exchanged, and without further ceremony he was led into a well-lighted sittingroom, two windows of which were on the side and two on the front. But what attracted Parker's eyes was a drawing on the floor, the chalk outline of the body of a man with arms outflung. Disregarding the reporters and officials in the room at the time, the attorney explained very briefly that the prosperous broker known as John D. Walsh

On Friday, November 8, Dr. Scannell addressed the first and second classes in the assembly hall during the third and fourth periods. Instead of talking of the "glorious" side of war, as some speakers are wont, he told of the rot and hideousness of it all. He related his experiences on both sides of the Atlantic and the horrible sights with which he met in France. Then the speaker told of the armistice and the mad rush for home. As a gift to the school he presented the librarian with a series of French, English and A. E. F. newspapers dating November, 1918, the period of the Armistice.

had been found lying dead in just that position, indicated by the chalk marks. The body had been found by his private secretary, who boarded at the home of the deceased. She had found the body when she descended to breakfast in the morning. According to the medical examiner, who had already rendered his decision and removed the corpse, the victim had been shot to death about 11:00 P. M. the previous evening.

The facts which had been garnered thus far were very few, and unfortunately, somewhat contradictory. The secretary, whose name was Miss Doris Cornell, was the only one to whom the prosecution could turn for reliable information. She had stated that she regularly used to retire at 10:30 P. M. and had done so the preceding night. Under questioning, she had denied that she had heard shots and had indignantly rebuked the district attorney for insinuating that she had descended from upstairs before morning. Indeed, she turned out to be more or less of a minus quantity in the way of help. Moreover, no one had reported hearing a shot or a disturbance of any kind. The district patrolman, upon being questioned, had declared that he had passed by at 11:10 to ring his box and had not seen nor heard anything to arouse his suspicions. The neighbors claimed to have been up until well after eleven and had positively announced that no shot could have been fired without their hearing it. A practical test just before the arrival of Parker had proved their contention to be true. Another most peculiar issue was the fact that the huge chandelier in the room was in full light when the police arrived in the morning. This about summed up the case, and just now Detective Parker was walking around the room, deep in thought. When he suddenly turned to the district attorney and suggested a case of suicide, that worthy demanded to be convinced.

In fact he disgustedly asked to be shown how any logical claim might be based on so slight a foundation.

While they were so engaged, Stone's eyes happened to fall upon one of the men who was talking to the reporters. He signalled him to come over, and introduced him to Parker as Mr. W. J. Darling of Baltimore, friend of the deceased. The detective recognized the fellow as the noted race track plunger who had been recently reported to have lost heavily. According to Mr. Stone, he was, by his own admission the last man who had seen the murdered man alive, so far as the police knew. Darling related how he and the deceased had gone out to a play the evening before and how he had driven the latter home at about 11:45. He said he then went to the Montmartre, a club, and remained there until 2:00 A. M. When Parker asked casually if he had noticed any lights in the house, the reply, almost eagerly, came that there had been a room lit up directly above the entrance. That room, it was ascertained belonged to the secretary. Parker, dismissing Mr. Darling with a nod, sent for Miss Cornell.

"Ah-h, would you tell me, Miss," he began, "just what you were doing at 11:45 last evening?"

"Why, what do you mean?"

"Just this, my dear, you weren't in bed at 11:30 last evening, nor were you fifteen minutes later, because your room was lighted about 11:45."

"Oh!" came the confused reply. "I was reading. I forgot to tell you."

"What were you reading?" asked the detective quickly.

"Oh-ah-ah—The Ladies' Home Journal," faltered the girl, now, apparently, extremely confused.

Parker sent a policeman up to her room to look for the magazine. The report came immediately that there was no such magazine around, in fact, no

reading matter except a few books. The detective looked at the secretary and was surprised to find her silently crying.

"Well," he said in that quiet way of his, "perhaps you had better tell me just what happened last night."

"I have nothing to tell you," flashed that young lady angrily, "except that Mr. Walsh told me to wait up for him, and at about quarter of twelve, I put out my light to lie down, because I was very tired. I fell asleep immediately, I think, and when I came downstairs this morning and found him dead, I made up my mind to say nothing about his request."

"Hm," agreed her questioner, "and did your employer tell you why he wanted you to wait up?"

"Yes," came the reply, "he said that it suddenly had become necessary for him to balance his holdings and cash."

After a short pause, Parker turned and dismissed the men standing about. The district attorney also decided to leave.

When they had left, the sergeant addressed the girl again. After fifteen minutes of confidential talk Parker found that the deceased had told her to take home some \$7,500 in cash and valuable stocks and bonds from the office the evening before. She had placed it in a small wall safe in that very room. Upon examination, the contents were found safe.

"Now, just one more thing," said Parker, "could you tell me whether your employer used to come into this room or not when he entered?"

"Well," she said with a smile, "when-ever he came in late at night, he had a habit of going down cellar for a drink. You see, the door leads down from the hall."

"That's fine," replied the detective, "I guess you may go now. I'd suggest that you take a walk."

"Yes, I think I will," and she departed.

As soon as she had left the house, Parker quickly walked to the telephone and lifted the receiver.

That evening the cold rays of a clear moon shone through the windows of number 17 Harrison Drive. A few blocks off, a great bell solemnly sounded the hour of 1:00 A. M. Suddenly at the farther window on the side of the house, there came a sharp click, and by the light of the moon, a crouching shadow could be seen to scramble over the low sill. Then the shadow resolved itself into the figure of a man who walked boldly to the opposite wall, raised a small picture, and laid bare the wall-safe. So absorbed the figure was, that it did not notice the hand of a man slide out from behind the portieres toward the wall switch.

Suddenly the great chandelier burst into light and the voice of Detective Parker came.

"Please don't oblige me to shoot, Mr. Darling."

White as a sheet, that worthy stood cowering by the safe, looking into the pistols of two policemen and Detective Parker. At a curt nod from their leader one of the policemen approached Darling and searched him. In his pocket was found a wicked-looking blue-steel automatic and—there was a patent silencer attached to its muzzle. At the sight of it, the district attorney, who had just arisen from behind a divan, looked at Parker and said somewhat abashed:

"Right as usual, I guess, Serg!"

"Perfectly O. K.," the detective replied laughingly, "but," turning to Darling, "really I must chide you for your impetuosity. You should have realized that I would look up the reason why you were with Mr. Walsh, also, you know, the Montmartre always closes at twelve. But," he continued,

"I am curious to know how you found out so much about the money and the safe, and how you timed the action so closely."

"Well," and the gambler sighed heavily, "I guess you've got me, thumbs down, so I might as well tell everything. Guess it's best anyway. You see, I waited outside his office last night to go to dinner with him and I heard him give his secretary orders about the cash and bonds and his little safe in the sitting-room. Last night when he asked me to come in for a drink, I refused, because I believed it to be my chance. You know, I'm pretty handy around safes and the chances were that he'd go down cellar and stay there a little while. So I parked my car and took the gun. I waited only about two minutes because I saw no light on the first floor. And

I'd have done it too if I hadn't stumbled over that — chair. He must have heard me because he came up and snapped on the lights just like you did and I shot him. But I never meant to kill him. Honest!" he added cringingly.

"Well," said Parker, "I guess that's the missing link in this case. What do you say, Mr. Thompson?"

"That's it," announced the latter crisply.

Two days later, comfortably situated in her new quarters, Miss Cornell got a ring. Answering it, she found it to be Sergeant Parker, who said,

"Gee, I thought for a little while that I'd lost you. Say, let's go see the Follies tonight," he added.

"Well," she answered, feigning hesitancy, "if you don't ask me any more embarrassing questions."

Memorabilia

CULINARY CULLINGS, OR JACK AND THE BEAN POT

During the past month the Genial Janitor was so unfortunate as to be again waylaid by two members of the great and glorious class of 1901.

"So you want another story, do you? Let me see," and he jangled his keys reflectively.

"If you do, you'll earn our eternal gratitude. The Register goes to press Saturday, and we need your story before we can comfortably sit down to enjoy our evening meal of beans and brown bread."

"Beans! Speaking of beans, did I ever tell you how we first baked beans in the army?" and the Genial Janitor looked up inquiringly.

"No? Well, we did. In 1862, when we boys of the Thirteenth Massachusetts were encamped at Darnstown, Maryland, a few days before the Ball's Bluff fight, none of the men who were detailed to do the cooking for our company knew much about kitchen work, and for that reason didn't know how to cook beans as they ought to be cooked. They would boil them,

of course—a bushel at a time—and when the beans were soft, the boys would eat them with hard tack. We stood this as long as we could, till I made up my mind that I would try to make some real Boston baked beans, as we always had plenty of pork. So some of the boys dug a big hole in the ground, filled it full of wood, and made a fire. We kept the fire going all day, and in the evening put in about a bushel of beans and plenty of pork in a big boiler. Then we covered them over with wood and kept the fire going all night. My! didn't we have beans on that Sunday morning! They were delicious. I can taste them yet. Our beans became so popular that we used to make them regularly, and we called ourselves Gilson's Boston Beanery, after Gilson's famous place in Boston."

Here the Genial Janitor, thinking that he had been taxed enough, fled, and escaped by one of the numerous secret passages known to him alone.

—J. N. C. '01, C. L. '01

The Literary Corner

M. Georges Clemenceau declared in a recent review with reporters, "America will be surprised to learn I am better, eh? Heh, heh, I am reserving still greater surprises for America in my book. . ." He referred to a volume which Houghton Mifflin Company of New York and Boston, have published. The title is "In the Evening of My Thought," and the book itself gives an interesting insight into the ideas of life and death which the eighty-eight-year old patriarch of France has formed.

* * *

Thirty years ago Cyrano de Bergerac came out from obscurity into the lime-light of publicity. He appears as the leading character of the play bearing his name by Rostand. He has been made famous by Walter Hampden's and other well-known actors' representation of him. Now Mr. Cameron Rogers has produced a biography of "Cyrano de Bergerac, Swordsman, Libertine, and Man of Letters." In this biography the weak points as well as the strong points of Cyrano's character are brought out.

* * *

Mr. Coolidge, ever a practical adviser, has put into his autobiography a touch of practical idealism. The book is in form a chronological review of the chief events in the life of the author, but great stress is laid upon the early years of preparation through which he passed. He says very little, comparatively, concerning his administration as President. This chronicle has appeared monthly in one of the popular magazines but can now be obtained in book form, published by the Cosmopolitan Book Corporation.

* * *

The literary world is mourning the decease of the Edinburgh Review. That publication has lived for one hundred and twenty-seven years and has the distinction of being the first magazine to recognize Macaulay. It has also had as

contributors such men as Milton, Scott Thackeray and Carlyle. There now remains, according to a statement in the New York "Times", only one important quarterly of a general nature, the Quarterly Review, which was started seven years after the Edinburgh Review.

* * *

A supplement to "Whither Mankind" which was reviewed by the *Register* last year, is to appear in the Spring. It will also be edited by Charles A. Beard, and will contain contributions from the leading scientists, specialists, and engineers of today.

* * *

Harper & Bros. are publishing now what will be called the Stormfield Edition of Mark Twain. Besides his writings, letters, speeches and autobiography and a biography by Albert Bigelow Paine, this edition will contain a series of appreciations by such writers as Hugh Walpole, G. K. Chesterton, Stephen Leacock and Hamlin Garland.

* * *

George Bernard Shaw defends "Mother India" in the following terms: "When a hard-headed Scot like William Archer or a frank sensible American like Miss Mayo looks at India with western eyes and without literary spectacles on them and flatly denounces Indians as idolaters with rings through their noses like English bulls and boars—he or she is doing India a very real service and for this I defend and applaud Miss Mayo as I defended and applauded William Archer."

* * *

"All Quiet Along the Western Front" is still at the head of the latest list of best-selling fiction. "Roper's Row" by Warwick Deeping comes next on the list and following that come "The Galaxy" by Susan Ertz and "They Stood to Folly" by Ellen Glasgow.

—A. B. L.

Robert Nathan's "There Is Another Heaven" has appeared. It is expected that the redolent wistfulness and fragility that so distinguished those poignant and, at the same time, satirical novels, "The Woodcutter's House" and "The Bishop's Wife" will be renewed. Nathan is a sentimental writer, but not maudlin. And between these two there is a great difference.

Nathan brings the slender beauty of his poetry into every word of his prose. He is a musician in words as well as otherwise. He has composed sonatas and other pieces of music, both for the orchestra and the piano. He is a satirist of high degree.

* * *

"War," by Ludwig Renn, and "Class of 1902" by Ernst Glaeser, are two German novels concerning the war. They are both receiving much praise, particularly the latter, which, although not lavishly acclaimed, is welcomed with well-tempered criticism by Louis Kronenberger, Remarque, author of "All Quiet," Zweig of "Grischa" fame, and Thomas Mann. Perhaps with the perusing of all the war documents of all nations which have recently appeared, to which may be added Tolstoi's "War and Peace," Henri Barbusse's "Le Feu," and Stephen Crane's books on war, particularly "The Red Badge of Courage," the world may become fairly well acquainted with what war actually is.

* * *

Astonishing statements have been written of "Ultima Thule," by Henry Handel Richardson. In England it is received as a masterpiece. Such worthy journals as "The Saturday Review," and "The New York Times Book Review" have been generous in their praise of it.

* * *

Hugh Walpole's irregularly perennial novel has appeared—"Hans Frost."

The most interesting thing to notice about our receptions of Walpole's work is that we invariably greet it with a "What now?" The inquiry is quite sensible, for what else can we say of an assemblage of works so infinitely dissimilar as the Jeremy books and "The Portrait of a Man With Red Hair," "Wintersmoon," and "The Dark Forest," "The Duchess of Wrexhe" and "The Old Ladies"?

* * *

A new and, of course, massive, novel has come from the master hand of Jacob Wassermann. It is "The Maurizius Case." Immediately the principal critics of every country into the language of which it has been printed tumbled pell-mell over each other in the effort to be the first one to call it a masterpiece. Wassermann's masterpiece, or, at least, his greatest work, it has generally been agreed is "The World's Illusion." Carl Van Doren says, however, of "The Maurizius Case"; "The best of Wassermann's novels since 'The World's Illusion'."

* * *

Other commendable fictional productions of this Fall are: Stark Young's "River House," a rich tale of Southern life by one of America's chief novelists and short-story tellers; Mazo de la Roche's "Whiteoaks of Jalna," which continues the precedent set by "Jalna" and the interesting and well-told chronicle of the Whiteoak family; "The Uncertain Trumpet," by A. S. M. Hutchinson; "The Death of a Hero," by Richard Aldington, a life of a soldier, which has been well received by Joseph Wood Krutch, and Lee Wilson Dodd in "The Saturday Review"; "The Dark Journey," by Julian Green, which was written first in French as "Leviathan" (for Green is an American born in France, and one who has grown up to French speech, customs, and ideas);

Donn Byrne's "Field of Honor," a story of the Napoleonic wars; "Atmosphere of Love" by André Maurois, a novel by a man of accepted biographical abilities; "The Good Companions" by J. B. Priestley, a long novel of English life, chosen by the Book-of-the-Month-Club; "The Man Within" by Graham Greene, a dramatic story of cowardice, well received; "Weather-goose—Wool!" by Percy Mackaye, which continues Mackaye's chronicle of a mountain people, and their folk-lore and legends, told in the characteristic mountain dialect; "The Sun Cure," the first novel of the poet, Alfred Noyes; and, lastly, Ellen Glasgow's satire of modes, manners, and morals, "They Stooped To Folly."

* * *

DRAMA, BIOGRAPHY, PHILOSOPHY, AND MISCELLANEOUS

Although it has been on the stage for some months, Eugene O'Neill's latest drama, "Dynamo", has just reached book form. In the course of the action O'Neill once more employs the asides, which so characterized "Strange Interlude." Through emotional and dramatic scenes the hero is taken through major crises in his life—those of metaphysics and the pursuit of God. The verdicts of the critics have been amusingly dissimilar, mostly skeptical and somewhat despairing. Joseph Wood Krutch believes in it, and welcomes it with well-reasoned praise.

* * *

No particularly startling drama has been presented this season. "Street Scene" still continues its surprising course. Next winter it was to be produced as an opera at the Metropolitan Opera House, with music by Deems Taylor, composer of the music for Edna

St. Vincent Millay's "The King's Henchman," and of the music for the song cycle of Alfred Noyes' "The Highwayman." "Porgy," when this appears, will have left Boston. Ditto for "The Age of Innocence," with the capable Katharine Cornell, "Holiday" of Philip Barry, and Noel Coward's operetta "Bitter Sweet." "Strange Interlude," also, will have left Quincy.

* * *

A great biography has been printed this season. It is "Beethoven, the Creator," by Romain Rolland. Here, the author of "Jean-Christophe" has returned to his favorite composer. Rolland may be said to be the official biographer of Beethoven. Surely he knows every aspect of the subject. Even in "Jean-Christophe" he followed his love for that strange giant of music.

* * *

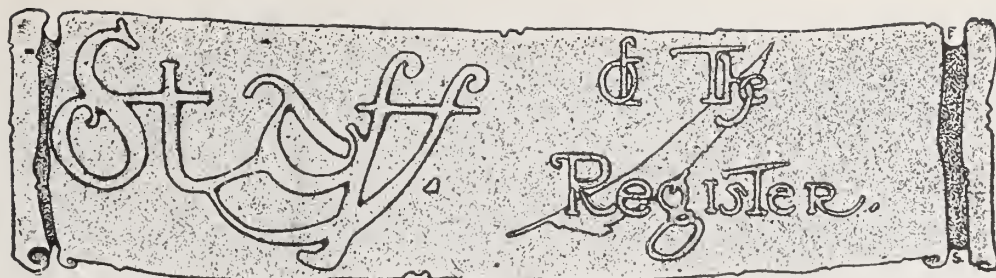
"Don Juan" by André Maurois, now being serialized in the "Forum Magazine," is soon to appear. It is the biography of Lord Byron.

* * *

Will Durant's massive book, "The Mansions of Philosophy," continues its majestic way. Here Durant has forsaken the expounding of the philosophical beliefs of other masters, such as Plato, Socrates, Aristotle, Spinoza, Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, Russell, Ellis, and Dewey, and turns philosopher himself, and an able, subtle, and witty one.

* * *

Bertrand Russell's "Marriage and Morals" has just been published. Herein Russell strikes at the roots of sex, love, and marriage, exposing prejudices and discoursing sensibly and philosophically on serious subjects. He is not a liberalist with a flare for sensation, but a liberal thinker on the crises of human relationships.



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(Class III Editors to be Appointed)

THE TRUE AMERICAN

Few people realize how much we owe the Indian, or appreciate the highly important part he has played in our history. As a matter of fact we owe him everything, even our country, which was taken from him by theft and treachery. Nearly all of the early settlers and discoverers owed their lives, their success, and their wealth to the Indians. The Puritans could never have survived their first winter in Massachusetts had it not been for aid given by friendly Indians. The settlements of Pennsylvania, Virginia, and countless others were made possible by the kindness of Indians.

Despite the way in which they have been treated, when the United States was drawn into the great European war the Indians responded nobly to the call to arms. At the close of the conflict, they returned wounded, perhaps maimed, to again become reservation Indians and to be forgotten by the government they had served.

Once in possession of the entire continent, they are now scattered in reservations in our western States, namely Arizona, Oklahoma, Montana, and South Dakota. Among the most famous reservations are the Rosebud, Cheyenne River, Pine Ridge, and the lower Brule. The number of Indians in North America in the year 1492 has been estimated at 1,115,000, now there are only 354,735—a vanishing race if there ever was one.

However, the Indian has left his stamp deep on the pages of American history and can never be forgotten. The names and exploits of Pontiac, Tecumseh, Capt. Joseph Brant, and Sitting Bull will always be remembered. Dr. Carlos Monte-

zuma and Mark Arthur are two shining examples of the modern Indian. The former, after receiving a good education, served the government as physician at several Indian agencies, and in 1908 was practising his profession in Chicago and teaching in the College of Physicians and Surgeons and the Post-Graduate Medical School. The latter has been the successful pastor since 1900 of the church at Lapwai, Idaho, the oldest Presbyterian church west of the Rocky Mountains. Undoubtedly many others if given the opportunity, can develop into men of as great ability as those mentioned and can be of valuable service to this country.

—P. S. R.

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WHAT PRICE RACKETEERS

The words "racket" and Chicago have, for the past ten years, become so closely associated that one no sooner hears mention of either than the other springs into mind. And yet "racket" is a word of comparatively recent coinage, created by the pen of a very imaginative journalist. He defined a racket as the process of organizing any business or trade by violence; that means in plain language, the extinction by violence of all men of a certain trade, who will not join what the "organizers" term an association. One can hardly be expected to believe the report that at present there are no fewer than ninety-one different rackets in Chicago, and that sixty-two of these are doing business. The other nineteen are dormant because the organizers have found a more profitable racket, but they soon will be taken up again, for it has been found that the best business is to be obtained by playing more than one racket. Thus an "association," so called, of probably twenty gunmen sometimes control five or six rackets, and when one or the other fails to produce the desired results, it is dropped for about six months for the purpose of enticing unwary business men into entering that line. Then, when enough have opened up places of business the racket is resumed. It is an amazing fact, but, nevertheless, true that over one and one-half million people in Chicago are paying tribute to a band of about six-hundred gunmen.

A racket is organized much the same as any legitimate business would be. A group of gunmen, governed by a "committee," select a business which flourishes in the city, being very careful not to transgress into another company's rackets. Let us say they choose the laundry business as their field of endeavor. First they send around to each and every laundry shop, a gunman, the fiercer he looks, the better he suits the purpose. The gunman goes into the shop and asks for the proprietor. He tells him that a protective association is being formed by a group of business men. He says that their desire is to stabilize prices and eliminate competition. But for all this, of course, the members must pay dues monthly. Twenty dollars will suffice as a start. Perhaps the owner is so foolish as to refuse. More likely, however, he pays, for he has heard what has happened to men not paying. If he refuses the tribute, his windows are smashed, his workers slugged, his place bombed and set on fire, and any number of unpleasant things can happen to him personally. If the man proves to be unusually obstinate, he is "eliminated" by a "contractor". There is another quaint custom in Chicago by which a racket may be founded by only two or three individuals. The method employed is very simple. It is known as "muscling in" on a trade. For graphic example, let us take a small stationery store in the North Side of the city. Its owner is a peaceful Canadian named Jock,

who earns a comfortable living from the proceeds of his business. He has a good wife, and is father to two children, who enjoy some of life's pleasures. But one morning Jock sees in front of his window a forbidding looking man, who has his right hand in his pocket. The man gazes at the window display and then walks in, and up to Jock and asks gruffly for twenty dollars for "protection". Jock does not ask any questions, for he knows from the experiences of others that it is useless to resist. He pays the money and the man departs. About a month later, the same man, or perhaps another, enters the store. But this time, the man demands forty dollars. Jock pays, but he does not know why. He merely knows that if he does not pay, his whole life and hope will be destroyed. This he realizes, and so, he mutely passes over the money. Then, about two months later, the store is visited by a gunman who boldly walks into the store. He acts as though he were sure of his ground. He looks at Jock, at his frightened wife and children, walks in behind the counter, takes off his coat and announces "I'm in". So, from thence on, the gunman or men are "in" on Jock's business. If this is "pulled" on four or five storekeepers, a racket is founded. The victims do not call the police, for it happens more often than not, that the police are in the pay of the racketeers, and, whether they are or not, there is always the threat of the "organizers," which is forcibly backed up by the example of others who tried to buck the rackets and failed.

It has been estimated by experts, that each man and woman in Chicago indirectly pays a yearly tribute of no less than forty-five dollars each to a small group of about six-hundred daring gunmen. It seems incredible, but it has been proved true. It is only when one realizes that every food-supplying agency, every clothes-supplying agency, and, indeed, every necessity of life is in the hands of racketeers, that it begins to become apparent. Take the laundry business. When the owner pays about thirty dollars a month tribute, he has to raise his prices accordingly, to clear any profits. The situation is just the same in the distribution of milk, bread, clothes, shoes, and any number of indispensable commodities. It even affects the price of a haricot. So when a person has to pay a couple of cents more for everything, those pennies form a tidy total at the end of a year.

Of course, it is apparent to every person in the United States, that proceedings such as these, can eventually lead only to anarchy. Witness the fact that, so far this year in Chicago, there have been 176 murders. No one has been executed for them, and in most cases, no effort has been made to apprehend the murderers. This is partially due to the fact that the people of Chicago no longer demand the apprehension of criminals. They look on the situation and deaths much as the French looked upon the results of the World War; they nonchalantly shrugged their shoulders and said, "*C'est la guerre.*" So it is with the average Chicagoan. He has become so accustomed to bombings, murders, etc., that they have come to take them as a matter of course.

It is also interesting to review the attitude of the Chicago press. Recently in Chicago, a certain man was murdered. Now this man was very well known in Chicago circles, because, a few years ago, part of the loot from a big mail robbery was found in his possession. He was immediately given a pass, gratis, which entitled him to a sojourn at the famous Federal resort in Atlanta. However, much to the surprise of his comrades, he reappeared in Chicago last year. Just then a

very lucrative racket was in progress, and the gentleman expressed an avid desire to become a member of the governing committee. No one would resign, only a certain number could be admitted to the board, and it became evident that some one would have to be "eliminated". Very coolly, they looked around for a suitable member to be deposed, but no one was willing. Finally it was decided to eliminate the gentleman himself. And why not, they argued; he was asking to come in, not they. Then ways and means were discussed. They spoke to a "contractor". He demanded ten thousand dollars, because, he insisted, it was dangerous job. The committee wanted to use a machine gun, but the contractor declared that an automatic would serve the purpose much better. However, there being keen competition in Chicago, another club offered its services for fifteen-hundred less. It was immediately agreed upon. Meanwhile, the newspapers had got hold of the rumor and sent photographers and interviewers to the prospective victim to get his "last words". He smilingly acquiesced to all the reporters' requests and the next day, partially due to his own carelessness, was found shot to death in his office. The newspapers, thoroughly prepared, printed great headlines and long articles on his stormy career. They advertised the great scoop they had made, and asserted it as a factor in the wide circulation of their sheets. But not a single effort was ever made to arrest the murderers, who must have been very well known. The papers never even mentioned suspects in their review of the murder. As long as such an attitude as this is prevalent in the press, the voice of the people, what can ever be accomplished in the way of breaking the anarchistic super-government of one of our greatest American cities?

—C. L. H.

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HONOR ROLL FOR '29

Close upon the heels of the recent article from Cleveland, comes the annual report of the makeup of the honor roll of Harvard's Freshman Class. It contains the names of those students admitted to Harvard in September with an average of eighty percent or better in the C. E. E. B. exams. As usual, Boston Latin School headed the list. Of 157 honor students, the bulletin informs us, 46 were graduates of Boston Latin School the preceding June. Following is the list of the Alumni who so distinguished our school and helped "carry on":

A. L. Abrams, Manuel A. Benson, B. C. Bowker, Leon Brooks, Abraham Brown, A. E. Cleorg, S. L. Cohen, William Dworetzky, Aleck Freed, I. H. Freedberg, E. W. Fuller, Jr., A. J. Gilligan, Joseph Goldring, Herman Gross, N. Z. Grover, A. M. Halpern, C. E. Herlihy, B. A. Herman, H. O. Horblit, J. F. Joseph, Leonard Kaplan, C. B. Kenney, M. J. Klainer, Edward Landsberg, J. D. Lawlor, Phillip Lipkin, W. J. Loughran, J. R. Lowrie, I. H. Magnet, G. M. Moss, Sidney Olans, R. F. Pickarski, W. C. Quigley, C. B. Radlo, H. M. Rosen, A. H. Rosenthal, Robert Shapiro, Samuel Silverman, Norman Smith, Donal Mark Sullivan, Myer Swartz, A. T. Torielli, J. D. Wassersug, J. M. Wilfand.

It is also interesting to note the records of the other three leaders. Boston Latin, coming first, with forty-six students, was followed next in line by Exeter with twenty-two, St. Mark's with nine, and Brookline High with seven. The remaining honor students represented schools scattered all over the country. Such a record needs little comment. It speaks volumes for the school and its efficient faculty.

Another item issued at the same time contained news that we know will be of

interest to many. Benjamin Alexander, graduate of this institution, who has been honored with membership in the Phi Beta Kappa Society, was presented his symbol by President Lowell at the annual dinner in November. But, after all, this information does not come to us in way of a surprise. Reports, such as these, are as old as the school and do not create more than passing interest each recurring year. Let the graduating class of '30 take care that such reports be issued of their efforts when, next September, Harvard sends out her yearly bulletins. —C. L. H.

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NEWS FROM '29

In the Year of Our Lord 1635, the Public Latin School was founded for the express purpose of supplying the newly-established Harvard College with students. Throughout the long years which have since rolled by Latin School has been ever faithful to that trust. She has long been famed as the greatest single source from which Harvard yearly draws her cosmopolitan student body. So great has this school's representation at Harvard been in the past that these two old institutions are invariably associated with each other in everyday speech.

Therefore it will not come in the nature of a surprise to the reader to learn that once more the famous Boston Latin School led all other prep schools in supplying students to Harvard this Fall. Out of the total number of graduates last year; which was 250, 106 gained admission in Cambridge. Following us, far in the rear, was the omnipresent Exeter Academy, which supplied 62. In third place, came the St. Paul School, 25 of whose pupils gained admission; after which came Phillips Academy with 22; Brookline High with 19; St. Mark's 19; Groton 18; Thayer Academy 12; Somerville High 11; Kent School 11; Browne and Nichols and Noble and Greenough both with 9; Worcester Academy 6; Horace Mann School 6; Lynn Classical High 5; Roxbury Latin 5; Medford High 5; and last, but not least, our honored rival, English High, with 5.

From this list, which contains the names of only those prep schools which supplied more than five students, it is apparent that Boston Latin School comes pretty close to being the best, if indeed it is not the best, prep school in the country. It also appears that the graduates of '29 carried on nobly the work begun by the first graduating class of the school, and so finely continued thus far by their successors. I know the task and duty of the class of '30 to maintain the high standard set by their predecessors, and we are all certain that the class will. To accomplish such a duty, hard work is necessary, steady work on studies is imperative. With the members of Class I doing this, it is a foregone conclusion that the famous Boston Latin School will be just as far in front in the list next year, and that the school will be accomplishing the purpose of its founders. —C. L. H.

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FOOTBALL—FRANKENSTEIN OF SCHOOL SPORTS

So much has already been written on the subject of over-emphasis of college football that it seems like harping upon the issue to add even a few lines. However, it is difficult to resist calling attention to a few more clouds on the collegiate football horizon.

The intercollegiate football world has been shaken recently by three major earthquakes. The first of these came from the mouth of no less a luminary than

Chief Justice Taft of the United States Supreme Court. His Honor declared that the situation in most major colleges is abominable. He stated that the students, instead of bending every effort to secure a diploma or degree, were rather risking their necks on the football award. "And why?" he demanded dramatically. Simply because it has become a recognized fact that the football player can "get by" and secure his diploma much easier than the ordinary student. He said that the football season has become a million dollar industry and announced that when any sport reaches that proportion in college circles it should be done away with. But perhaps Mr. Taft was merely vexed because of some personal grievance brought to his attention. At any rate, it is the writer's humble opinion, that matters pertaining to intercollegiate football should be left to men whose business it is to attend to such trivial affairs.

The next matter to attract nation-wide attention was the statement issued by Bob Zuppke, coach of Illinois, to the general effect that the success of his team was endangered because some of his star players "got filled up with applesauce" whenever they visited the city. He said they generally returned to him with pockets stuffed with clippings and begged newspapermen to "lay off" his individual stars. What he says of his men, is true of all football players. It has never added to the efficiency of any player, to have everybody tell him he is a world-beater. The nation-wide publicity which football stars of the present era receive is enough to turn the head of the scarred veteran, much more the young fellow, who, unfortunately is very susceptible to flattery. Take the case of Albie Booth of Yale. There is hardly a person in the country today who does not recognize the name. This is due to the amazing publicity accorded him for his phenomenal playing in the Yale-Army game. Unless Booth was practical in life as he is brilliant on the gridiron, his future may be ruined. This is the hoodoo which coaches all over the country must fight in order to produce a winning combination. They must teach their players to have confidence in their ability, but they must carefully guard against over-confidence fostered and nourished by unstinted praise from so called experts. May we humbly advance the opinion that teamwork, rather than individual brilliance, should be applauded, though we do realize that the achievement of ideals in this troubled world is not to be hoped for.

The third and, by far the most important development along the football front has been the issuance of the now famous "Bulletin 43" by the Carnegie Foundation, on the status of football in all major colleges in America. After three and one-half years of intensive study, they have come to the conclusion that nearly every college in the land has been subsidizing athletics on a large or small scale. That is to say, they are making a practice of giving pecuniary assistance to major stars, either before or after they have entered college. Now, on the subject of subsidizing, there is much to be said, both "pro" and "con". Taking the word in its less evil sense, doesn't it seem only fair that a man in college, who is able to enhance the name of his Alma Mater through his prowess on the field of play, should be favored with jobs to help defray his college expenses? It would seem, to an unbiased mind, that a valuable athlete should be given a slightly better than even "break" to earn his tuition.

But there is another way to interpret the word subsidize. That is, in its more

evil sense, the sense at which the Carnegie Foundation aims its criticism. The Foundation has substantiated the rumor which has been travelling the length and breadth of this land; namely, that most major colleges are making a practice of approaching prominent scholastic athletes while they are still in high school, and practically placing them under contract to go to such-and-such a college in return for that college's paying the athlete's tuition through prep school and college. That practice is despicable in all respects, for it lowers college sport to a purely commercial status. It is ruinous to the young man himself, for it gives him the impression not only that he is "good", but that money is king and with money anything can be accomplished. The situation which the Bulletin has revealed is painful, it is true, to colleges which practised subsidizing but seldom. The object of the investigating committee to expose all and hide nothing, was rigidly adhered to, and it is interesting to note that not a single college accused has flatly denied the charge. Perhaps, the other two incidents, and the Bulletin in particular, will serve to drive off the fog at present surrounding intercollegiate football.

—C. L. H.

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OUR SCHOOL

At a recent assembly of Classes I and II, our Head Master seized upon the occasion to remark that many of us, indeed most of us, took entirely "too much for granted" in our daily contact with Boston Latin School; that we did not,—perhaps we are unable to at present,—realize the wonderful advantages we hold over former pupils of this school. He said that we do not appreciate the advantages of being able to attend such a mellow institution as ours, and went on to read an article from a periodical called "School Topics," published in Cleveland, Ohio. It seems that at present in Cleveland there is much agitation over the prospect of erecting a school similar to ours, which would allow families in ordinary circumstances to have their children prepared for admittance to college. With pardonable pride, Mr. Powers read the section in which the writer cited our school, referring to it specifically as the famous Boston Latin School, as an outstanding example of the finer type of college preparatory school. The writer then goes on to explain the marvelous chance such an institution would afford many boys and girls preparing for college, boys and girls who otherwise might never have an opportunity of acquiring the requisite preparation.

If we pause for but a moment and consider this little article, written in the hope that Cleveland may obtain some day what we Boston boys already enjoy, it becomes very clear that, after all, we are not so unlucky as some of us appear to feel, in attending this school. Here is the case of a great city's recognizing the excellent advantages we hold in being able to attend this institution. We have a group of excellent men serving as teachers. They maintain the high standard of which this school is so justly proud. A boy of any race, color, or creed may enter The Boston Latin School and at the end of four or six years, as the case may be, be eligible for college entrance, as he surely will be if he performs his daily task of preparing a carefully selected home lesson. After four years of the intense training one receives in this school, the College Entrance Examination Board questions are a mere formality. Of course we cannot fully recognize such issues as these until we are

ready to assume our place in life, but the fact that there are people, many of them at that, who envy us our position should bring home the idea with some force.

Then, there is another side to the question, a side which, if non-existent, would abolish for many of us, the chance of attending college. We refer to the money question. It is said that a person's most tender spot is his pocket book. When one is forced to pay heavily for a privilege it is then that he fully appreciates the privilege's worth. A student of Boston Latin School does not pay one cent for his invaluable tuition and incidentally, for his supply of books. In most other cities and towns, it is imperative, in order to be in any manner certain of passing the Board of Exams, not only to send a boy or girl to prep school, but in most cases, to hire a tutor. Tuition, even the cheapest, is extremely expensive and it is to reduce the cost of a student's going to college, and his preparation for college, that the fight—and fight it is—is being waged in Cleveland. The citizens of Cleveland recognize the advantage we hold over them.

Let us do likewise.

—C. L. H.

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Old Boston

by A. B. Lord

Introduction

Almost three hundred years have rolled by since the founding of Boston. It is fitting at this time that the "*Register*," the official paper of this country's oldest school recognize editorially its heritage of history and legend. Our purpose is not to give a cut and dried history of the city, but to take some of the more interesting features of its not inglorious past and relate the little known facts and legends connected with them.

* * *

THE COMMON

People rushing hurriedly across the Common to work scarcely ever think of the fact that they are walking (or running, as the case may be) over most historic ground. They would in fact be somewhat shocked if they knew, as indeed they might if they read the tablet near Park Street Subway Station, that the Common was first intended as a military "training field" and as a pasture for "cattell." Boston Neck, as the land was then called, was purchased from William Blackstone in 1634 and a certain

part of it was to be used for the purpose spoken of. The Common originally stretched as far as Mason Street; Park Street and the Granary Burying Ground being taken from it.

The first of the malls was the one on Tremont Street which was constructed in 1740, after the pattern of part of St. James Square in England. The sea at that time came up almost to Tremont Street. So with the sea on one side and the country on the other it must have been very delightful to walk down the half mile stretch between rows of stately sycamore, elm, and poplar. Later this mall was called the Lafayette Mall, because that famous Frenchman passed along it on his way to Bunker Hill, where he was to lay the cornerstone of the present monument. The Beacon Street Mall was next added and was paid for from a sum which had been raised to defend Boston from the British in 1814. Still later the Charles and Park Street Malls were built.

So much for the history of the construction of the Common. Let us consider some of the interesting events

which have taken place within its boundaries.

Every October in the early days came the so-called Muster Day. The training bands gathered on the Common to demonstrate their manoeuvres, the whole of the inside of the great square being used for this purpose. The day before, the women prepared refreshments and superintended the building of booths and tables. On Muster Day these were loaded down with egg-nogs, rum punch, and spruce beer. The men went through their military evolutions and after refreshments met their wives or sweethearts and had long strolls and chats with them. Needless to say, "a good time was had by all."

Many tragic scenes have been enacted on Boston's famous stamping ground. History is not certain, but finds it probable that Quakers and witches were hanged from the limbs of some of the Common's beautiful old trees. The Old Elm, whose age like that of many old ladies, is doubtful, was only blown down fifty years ago, and it is possible that from its boughs Rachel White was hanged for highway robbery. She, in fact, snatched a bonnet from the head of its owner and ran away. Perhaps the Ancient and Honorable Artillery march over her grave and the graves of others who were executed on the Common, for it is said that the criminals were buried in the gravel beneath the old trees on which they died. During the siege of Boston the British soldiers took part of the fence which surrounded the Common and used it for kindling

wood until they were stopped by their general because of the pleas and threats of the citizens.

Not very often do we see lovers strolling around on the Common, but both before and after the siege of Boston that was not true. Under the pretense of going to sew or knit in the park many a young lady of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries has had a very enjoyable seance with some young gallant. There is at least one story worth repeating for its quaintness. The Autocrat and the Schoolmistress arrived one day at the Joy Street end of the Path known now by the name of Oliver Wendell Holmes's Walk. The two young people had been walking for some time together and were about to enter the long stretch when the poet turned to his companion with the words, "If you go down the long path with me now, we shall never separate." Naturally the young lady hesitated and, probably a bit disappointed, Holmes pointed to a bench under a nearby Gingho tree and asked if she would rather sit down. For an answer she took his hand and joyfully they started down the long path together. This is undoubtedly typical in part of numerous other romantic incidents which have taken place on the Common.

The Duke of Wellington once said, "Waterloo was won on Eton's playgrounds," and he was probably correct. In like manner, many of the battles of Boston life, both public and private, have been fought and won in its historic park, the Common.

* * *

Destiny

P. N. Dangel

London, fog, midnight. Were any three words ever so sinister? Inky blackness. Hold your hands before your eyes and you cannot see them. Ghastly lights. The lantern of a Bobby occasionally throws a feeble, sickening,

vague, gleam to the eyes. With that exception, only darkness. It is impossible to see the street-lamps; they are too far distant. The only way to move in safety is to hold to the wall of a house or other building.

It was on such a night that Grimm found himself lost and alone. He had, however, one consolation, his cigarettes. When he was a corporal in the army, he had learned their worth. He took one and lit it nervously. Then for the first time he stopped and rested.

He had been going to the station to take a train out of town when the fog poured forth upon him and enveloped all. His life had been threatened by an organization of thieves because he had threatened to turn informer. He was caught between two fires; the police wanted him and his enemies were out to "get" him. He was lost, it is true, but the mantle of obscurity afforded him temporary safety.

Presently, the sound of measured footsteps made itself audible. Instinctively Grimm retreated into a door-way and crouched in a corner. The steps became louder and finally reached a spot within a few feet of him. There they ceased entirely and two voices strong and gruff, broke the silence.

"We haven't had a night like this for years. Lord! If I didn't know this section so perfectly I should have been lost long ago!"

"This is a fine night for thieves and murderers!"

Grimm shuddered.

"We part here now. If you meet any people, take a good look at them. We may pick up some plunderers to-night."

"I will. Goodnight."

"Goodnight."

The footsteps died away in either direction. Grimm rose and walked onto the street. All sense of reality had dis-

appeared entirely now. The ground beneath him seemed no longer solid; the air was like a liquid; his eyes deceived him; his ears rang. The cold penetrated into every corner of his soul; he felt like a dying man.

Aimlessly he started to walk, feeling his way along the edges of the buildings. His brain whirled in his head; he could no longer think. On he went until he could walk not another step.

Suddenly a pair of cold, icy hands wrapped themselves about his neck. Life awoke in him again; he turned, seized, struggled. For fifteen minutes two figures rolled over and over on the ground. Grimm planted his nails in the face of his adversary and beat the head against the stone. Then he rose in triumph.

Triumph? There is a doubt. He was not a man now; he was a beast. He had tasted blood! He laughed. Not an ordinary laugh but that of a maniac who has performed some atrocity. The soul of a monster ruled him.

He saw a thousand hands reach out of the darkness toward him. He tried to avoid them; they followed him. He started to run; he dashed headlong into a wall and the hands started to close on his prostrate form. No! That could not be! He sprang to his feet and started in another direction.

He passed unexpectedly over some rough planking, tripped, and fell. The ground was not beneath him! He seemed to fall for hours, down and down.

There was a splash; ripples, bubbles, silence.



The First Dime Novel

by C. L. Higgins

After a lapse of about seventy years, "Malaeska," first of the dime novels and forerunner of the Merriwells, Strongs, and the like, is to be republished just as it appeared back in 1860, when it made its debut, fresh from the pen of Mrs. Ann S. Stephens. It will be reprinted under the direction of Doctor O'Brien of Americana fame, who, after extensive research in private collections, finally has unearthed this now-prized "yellow back."

The foreword of the novel, which so innocently started a deluge of cheap literature, is a most interesting paragraph to read. Among other things it boldly states that the book was designed "to reach all classes, young and old, male and female, in a manner at once to captivate and enliven; not only to

answer a popular demand for works of romance, but also to instill a pure and uplifting sentiment in the hearts and minds of the people." How well it succeeded, teachers can testify. They have never been certain whether Johnny is studying his geography, as he innocently seems to be, or reading a blood and thunder story, concealed in its ample depths.

The book itself concerns the heart-rending trials of a young Indian wife, Malaeska, and her white husband. Many critics believe that this book, and a few others, are responsible for the immense popularity accorded later works dealing with frontier life. There appears to be little doubt, since it was widely read in its day, that it at least helped to arouse interest in tales of the frontier.

A Night of Horror

by S. W. Dobransky

Near the region of the Black Forest in Southern Germany there stands a decaying medieval castle. It is situated on the border of a ravine at the bottom of which flows a rapid river. Gruesome tales are connected with this ancient stronghold. Certain villagers claimed to have heard strange, mysterious sounds and to have seen apparitions there. The people, in passing, never venture to walk too close. At night they dared not pass it at all, lest some evil befall them. The old fortress with its dilapidated walls its closed shutters, and its silent halls, was dreaded by all, save one, the caretaker.

An American, while touring Germany, happened to stop at this village late one afternoon. As he approached, he noticed the forlorn castle standing high and lonely on a dominant crag. He entered the village inn and there made inquiries concerning the stronghold. The innkeeper, a short, stout man of a ruddy complexion, in reply to the many inter-

rogations, said: "Well, sir, that castle belonged to a duke at one time. The duke, a man of fierce temper, had only one daughter whom he greatly loved. His wife, whom he also loved dearly, had died a few years before. Since he had been deprived of one of his two treasures the duke resolved to guard the other with all his life.

"Now it happened that in the village there lived a poor young shepherd whom the duke's daughter loved. Each night, as the huge bell tolled the hour of midnight, the youth would go as near to the edge of the precipice as he could, without running any great risk, grasp the vines which grew thickly about the castle, and climb up to her window. One night, as the duke was on his way to his room, having remained up very late debating with his counsellors on affairs of state, he heard low voices in the balcony outside his daughter's room. Silently he stepped to the door and listened a while to assure himself of the

discovery. With the intent to catch the intruder, he knocked on the door. The young couple were panic-stricken; they were caught! The shepherd, intending to return at the departure of the duke, suspended himself from the balcony rail, holding on as firmly as he could. On entering, the duke demanded to know who was there. He received an answer that did not fully satisfy him, but he left the room. The youth hearing the duke's receding footsteps was about to return when the door was thrown open and in rushed the duke. So bewildered was the poor shepherd that he unconsciously released his hold and fell into the angry waters below. The girl, seeing her lover meet so violent a death, emitted a shriek and rushed to the rail. Before the duke could restrain her, she followed her lover into the ravine. It was not long after that the duke came to an untimely end—from brooding and pining, the people said. His daughter's death had broken his heart.

"And, sir," continued the inn-keeper, "they say that at midnight a pair of hands are seen on the balcony rail, and then the scream of the maiden is heard. Oh 'tis a very sad story," lamented the publican. The American listened attentively throughout the tale. At the conclusion he remarked:

"Nonsense, there are no ghosts. You people are superstitious." He smiled, then added, "And to prove what I have said is true, I will go into the castle and sleep there tonight."

"B—but, sir," stammered the inn-keeper, "you may never return alive."

"No matter," the American jested, "there's someone back home to collect the insurance."

After a moment he added, "Besides, it will take a good sized ghost to frighten me."

He went up to his room, took his revolver out of the drawer and selected a

book which he thought might interest him. As he left the inn in search of the caretaker, he muttered to himself: "If I smoked a pipe, I'll bet that these people would mistake me for Sherlock Holmes."

The caretaker, the son of the duke's most trusted servant, was found in his cabin, sitting peacefully by the fire, smoking. His dog pricked up its ears and made for the door at the approach of the stranger, but at a sign from its master, resumed its former position by the fire. The American did not delay in making known his purpose and concluded by asking for the key. The old man observed the stranger carefully before he drawled: "We'll, sir, it's all right with me, but you know that no one has ever tried that before. If you've got your mind set—we'll, it's all right with me. I'll tell you how to get up to the room. First, when you go in, you will see a staircase leading up to the second story. At the top of the stairs you will notice a long corridor. Walk down this corridor until you reach the fourth door on your right—that's the place. Here's a few candles; you'll need them. The castle is at the very end of this path."

The American slowly made his way up this dark path, and as he drew near, contemplated the surroundings as far as the light permitted. Birds had built their nests in the balconies, the locks and bolts were quite rusted, weeds had grown between the cracks of the steps, the stone walls had large crevices in places. All was depressing and still. A harrowing mysterious atmosphere reigned supreme!

The American, nevertheless, summoned his courage, stepped to the door, turned the key in the squeaking lock, pushed the door back on its hinges, and entered. Lighting one of the candles, which the caretaker had given him, he slowly and steadily went forward. He

walked until he reached the staircase, ascended, walked down the long corridor, and stopped in front of the fourth door on his right. And there was the ill-fated room in which he was to spend the night!

Silence greeted him as he pushed the door open. The small flame which he held in his hand did not reach the other end of the vast room. Cautiously he entered, closing the door behind him. He walked up to a small table, placed the candle on it, and looked about him. The candle offered enough light to discern an antique bed and chair.

The tourist spent considerable time dusting the bed. When he was satisfied that it was reasonably clean for a night's repose, he climbed in. The bed squeaked and heaved as though it resented this unwelcome, unsolicited intrusion into the peaceful gloom of the room, so long undisturbed.

On second thought there might be traps, or the bed might be in the proper position for some death-dealing apparatus. So the adventurer got out and pushed the bed close up to the window which opened to the balcony.

In the meantime, it had become considerably colder outside. Assuring himself once again that he had placed his revolvers under the pillow, the dauntless one opened his book. But he could not concentrate on his reading; his thoughts were elsewhere; nevertheless, he made another brave attempt. Occasionally a draught of air sweeping through the loose stones in the wall, caused the light to flicker. Somewhere in the distance he heard the tolling of the hour—ten o'clock. Two hours seemed a long while, considering the predicament in which he found himself. At length, after an eternity, another hour elapsed—eleven o'clock. How the time crept!

His intrepidity was weakening perceptibly. The howling of the wind, the flickering of the candle-light, in fact the slightest noise, wrought havoc with his nerves. Horrible thoughts ran through his head. He glanced at his watch. It was 11:40. He determined to extinguish the light and go to sleep. But he soon discovered that that too was quite impossible. He thought he heard footsteps—no, that was only his imagination—voices—only the wind. The phosphorescent hands on his watch indicated midnight. In the distance he heard the tolling of the hour of midnight, followed almost immediately by a rustle from the balcony. Suddenly there appeared beyond the window two white figures. On the window sill were the hands of the youth, ghostly in the moonlight! The American reached for his pistol and fired at the objects. A shriek broke the silence of the room!!!

The next morning the villagers found a prone figure in the antique bed. They stood frozen, at the door—gibbering—conjecturing as to the fate of the wilful American. Only the aged caretaker stepped forward. He found the sheets clotted with blood.

Gently the peasant-folk carried the stricken stranger to the inn. With a tenderness that was difficult to believe in these rough villagers, they revived him.

Shamefully the American told them how the hands he had fired at in the wan light were only his own feet against the sill, and the shriek following the report of the pistol was his own utterance. But as they stood gaping at him, his eyes did glow with elation as he nonchalantly reminded the villagers that his mission was complete, namely, to prove that there were no ghosts in the decaying medieval castle.

Booke Reviews



J.C.H.

"WOLF SOLENT"

by John Cowper Powys

"Wolf Solent" is, by far, the greatest work of fiction that has been produced this year. The author is an Englishman, and has produced other novels—notably, "Ducdame" and "Wood and Stone." He is a lecturer of great prominence. His brothers Llewellyn Powys and Theodore W. Powys have both recently produced works. The latter is the author of that excellent novel, "Mrs Weston's Good Wine," and recently "Fables." But now both must stand aside to let the greatest honor go to John Cowper Powys, the eldest of the three, and probably the greatest artist.

The one great fault with "Wolf Solent" as a work of art is that the turnings of Wolf's mind are objective and not subjective. As beautiful as the "stream" may now be and is, the greater form is the subjective, where thoughts are worded and phrased and jumbled. That is one of the many reasons why "Ulysses" of Joyce is such a great and magnificent artistic achievement.

Powys holds nature intimately to him. He never wearies of expressing the wavering beauty of flowers and trees

and plants—in all their splendor and tragic faded existence. But the description alone does not make up the gorgeous beauty of the book. The chapter, "The Blackbird's Song," is, without doubt, one of the most beautiful this writer has ever read, because of thoughts, of incidents, of the fine characterization, particularly of Gerda, because of the vividness of action, and because of the description.

The characterization is little short of amazing. In the figures of Wolf Solent, Selena Gault, Urquhart, Mrs. Solent, Jason Otter, "Tilly-Valley," Mr. Malakite, to say nothing of the Torps, Christie, Darnley Otter, and all the innumerable others, Powys has created distinctly different and salient characters.

Perhaps in one respect Powys' love of poetry quite blinds him to the absolute realism. That the book is realistic is undeniable, but the author's theme of beauty does not permit him to introduce any brutality. And by brutality, a cynicism towards people and life is not meant. Brutal realism is the realism of that great writer, Dreiser, who, when painting life, dares to contain every-

thing, and, although there is no such great beauty in his books as in "Wolf Solent," his is the greater realism. Powys chooses incidents for his book that are not so ugly, but, at the same time, so absolutely essential to the school in which he must be included. But whatever he does has power, and vastness and profundity.

One element of the book, however, is intensely realistic, that element concerned with the order of events. When he, for instance, is describing a scene between Wolf and Gerda, he has in intention at the same moment to follow that scene with one between Wolf and perhaps Mr. Malakite, a scene totally irrelevant to the preceding one. In the analysis of life one may then perceive where much of Powys' power lies, for a series of occurrences in life may be so distinctly irrelevant as to cause any intelligent spectator to marvel at the amazing breadth of that life he is living. Consequently the book is colossal as well as beautiful.

* * *

A FAREWELL TO ARMS

by Ernest Hemingway

The fundamental theories of the modern novel are, briefly: that no longer shall literature be confined to the narrowness and conventionalities that formerly were dominant; that it shall be allowed and, more probably, compelled, to contain within it a penetrative psychology limited only to that degree to which the human mind is limited; that sentimentality shall be abolished; that within its diction, which no longer shall be embossed and affected, poetry, philosophy, drama, and reality shall be inextricably blended.

With these theories as a basis for argument, it must be judged to what degree Ernest Hemingway has enhanced modernity in literature; for if, upon the appearance of a contemporary novel, no critic can discover any developments of

modern thought the work is worth little consideration.

Hemingway has done several things which may make his name memorable for some years hence. His style is startlingly original—that is, as original as one may rationally expect—combining within it a sincerity and poetry that is more than commendable. His diction evokes in the present writer an opinion that "A Farewell to Arms" is a poem, and not a novel.

However much of an admirer one may be of Hemingway's style, it is difficult to believe that it is permanent. It will be popular, perhaps, for a few years—and one may be sure it will call forth a deluge of authors of the Hemingway school. But they will be short-lived. No matter how indisputably simple it may be it cannot be quite natural. It is not all-encompassing enough nor profound enough. Ever since Hemingway came into the limelight, his purpose has been simplicity, but, at the same time, striking originality and beauty. In "The Sun Also Rises," this is apparent, although the real beauty which so characterizes his latest and first work was perceptibly lacking from the former work. There one perceived the first efforts at brilliant dialogue, the efforts which have at last been fairly successful. But, in "The Sun Also Rises," the characters spoke what Owen Wister neatly calls "Western Union ten word sentences," and not only did the characters speak in such manner, but the very text of the novel was exactly that. But even when at last he has evolved a style that is really quite remarkable, Hemingway cannot claim anything even bordering on immortality.

Consequently from his style, the author has developed a rather peculiar indifference to his characters. If questioned, he would naturally not make himself so ridiculous as to say that human emotion is indifferent and human ex-

perience and human life and destiny are indifferent. Nevertheless, there the indifference stands. It bereaves Hemingway of any title of "a great realist."

Apparently the author was most anxious for an American audience. Besides the fact that "A Farewell To Arms" is, as Clifton Fadiman remarks, "As American as Times Square," there is great caution exerted in supplying dashes for the words of every day slime. Any reader who has been at all observant of the life about him, can, without the slightest difficulty, imagine what those words are. Had the words been frankly and boldly inserted, the novel would have had to take its place beside James Joyce's "Ulysses" at 12 Rue de L'Odeon in Paris. But they are omitted.

Psychology? There is a considerable amount of it, and—stand up on the table and cheer—it is subjective:

"I left them sitting together with Aymo sitting back in the corner and went back to Piani's car. The column of vehicles did not move but the troops kept passing alongside. It was still raining hard and I thought some of the stops in the movement of the column might be from cars with wet wiring. More likely they were from horses or men going to sleep. Still traffic could tie up in cities when everyone was awake. It was the combination of horse and motor vehicles. They did not help each other any. The peasants' carts did not help much either. If there were no war we would probably all be in bed. In bed I lay me down my head. Bed and board. Stiff as a board in bed. Blow, blow, ye western wind. Well, it blew, and it wasn't the small rain but the big rain down that rained. It rained all night. You knew it rained down that rained. Look at it."

This is pure James Joyce. Such passages of the "stream of consciousness" as this are few in "Farewell To Arms." But they are well done.

Philosophy? None—that is when you

attempt to make comparisons, and mindful at the same time of the really great philosophy that is being produced today.

To sum it all up, "A Farewell To Arms" is a vivid and beautiful book, of probably unenduring style, evidencing a great ability of the author towards the "stream of consciousness" of the Joyce school, proving the author's ability for lovely description and brilliant dialogue, but demonstrating a lack in the author of any powerful philosophy.

A last word. The present writer liked the following:

"Bring good opera disks."

"Bring Caruso."

"Don't bring Caruso. He bellows."

"Don't you wish you could bellow like him?"

—J. H.

* * *

"HANS FROST"

by *Hugh Walpole*

Reviewed by A. B. Lord '34

Walpole chooses as a back ground for his latest novel the London of his "The Duchess of Wrexhe." Hans Frost is a fine and famous old man of letters who, in the beginning of the book, is celebrating his seventieth birthday. On this very day, also, his niece, Nathalie, arrives at his mansion. Hans has a most inspiring conversation with her. Since the writing of his last book, it seems that the old man has been in a sort of lethargy common to old age. But on the arrival of young blood in the house he revolts at the soft and lazy life of luxury with which his wife, Ruth, has surrounded him. She is much younger than he and richer. She married him so that she might build for herself a glorious social career by his fame. She is, however, very tactful in carrying out her plans.

Hans becomes upset when Nathalie goes off to make her own living, for she realizes that she is disturbing the relationship between her aunt and uncle.

The old man with a Russian friend of Nathalie's lover, Vladimir, pursues her. She is determined to prove herself to be independent before she marries. Her lover is a Russian, with queer ideas, but a kind and noble heart. Hans finally finds Nathalie in an out of the way fishing village. He discovers the village to be the quintessence of the simple and quiet life he is seeking, and decides to live there. He leaves his wife forever, and in this new peaceful and primitive atmosphere receives inspiration for what promises to be his greatest book.

"Hans Frost" is interesting but lacks the depth of thought and characterization which is found in "The Cathedral." Even the language at times seems entirely different from that of the old Walpole, although one can hardly ask for finer and richer expression. There is some doubt in my mind whether Hans Frost is a character very true to life. I think that it is rather absurd for a seventy year old gentleman to desert a life of luxury and fame, no matter how eccentric he may be, and seek barren lodgings in a fishing hamlet. In spite of this, however, it is interesting and well worth reading.

—A. L.

* * *

THE OMNIBUS OF CRIME

Edited by Dorothy L. Sayers

For those who at all appreciate mystery and detective stories, for all who enjoy horrible and supernatural tales, this book will supply the craving

for a long time. Containing 1200 pages in all, it is a remarkable and complete collection of the best stories of this type ever written. Such authors as Poe, Chesterton, Saki, and Doyle, all are represented.

The stories are classified according to their types, and thus a general and comprehensive knowledge of mystery stories is gained by reading the book. It is that type of book which one likes to have at hand to read in spare moments.

* * *

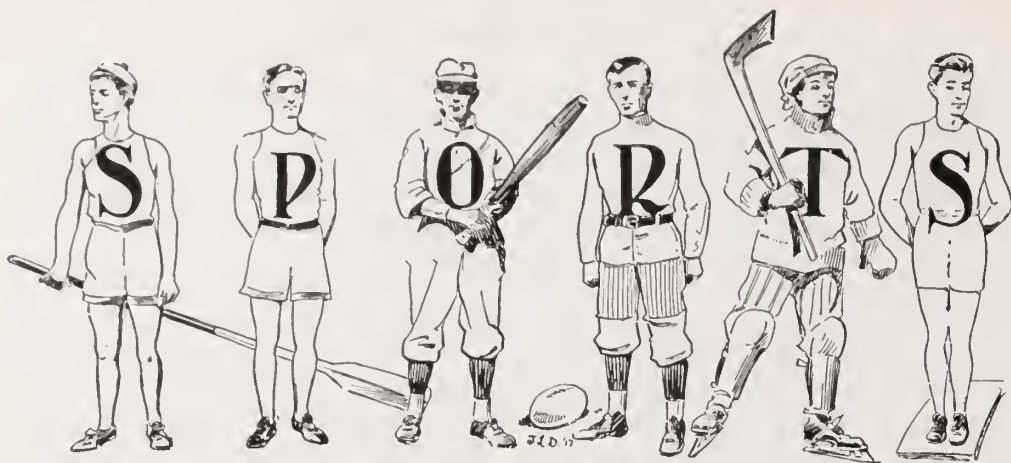
NATURE OF THE PHYSICAL WORLD

by A. S. Eddington

In this book are the complete Gifford lectures, as delivered by Professor Eddington at Edinburgh University. Professor Eddington, one of the few who have followed through the latest developments in science, such as Einstein's theory, possesses the rare gift of interpreting these difficult problems for the ordinary person. Some of the questions which he discusses are the Fitzgerald Contraction, the laws of time and the fourth dimension, Relativity, Gravitation, the quantum theories, science and mysticism, and the running down of the universe. Despite the complexity of these subjects, they are so written as to be easily understandable by the common reader. As for one who is interested in the subject, it is a most necessary book.

—W. K.





THE BOSTON COLLEGE HIGH GAME

On Friday, October 18, B. C. High's heavier and more experienced eleven defeated Latin School at Fenway Park. Our opponents rolled up a score of twenty-one points while they managed to hold our team scoreless.

B. C. High kicked off to Lichtenstein who returned the ball to his own 40-yd. line. Our first play, a lateral pass, resulted in a fumble which our opponents recovered. Two line plays netted them twenty-three yards and advanced the ball to our 7-yd. mark, from which point Ott raced the remaining distance for a touchdown. Harvey annexed the point. Our opponents had taken advantage of the first "break" of the game to score.

B. C. High again kicked off and the ball was returned to our 45-yd. line. A forward pass failed, whereupon Rabinovitz ran around right end for sixteen yards and a first down. A forward pass, Lichtenstein to Callaghan, and a five-yard penalty against B. C. High, placed the ball on the opposition's 23-yd. stripe. Here their defense stiffened and they took the ball on downs. Two plays later the first quarter ended with the ball in our opponents' possession on their own 35-yd. line.

The second period, which was hardly more than an exchange of kicks, lacked the drive and spirit of the preceding one and proved no decided advantage to either team. In the first half the Latin team had fought for every inch, and,

save a "fluke" which resulted in a touchdown, our boys had proved considerable trouble to the highly touted B. C. High aggregation.

The last half, however, saw the more powerful team proceed to overcome their weaker, but scrappy opponents. Despite the supreme effort of Latin School, B. C. High managed to score two touchdowns and as many points thereafter.

Latin kicked off and B. C. High ran the ball back to her own 35-yd. line. Failing to gain through our line, they kicked to Rabinovitz, who was downed on his own 26-yd. stripe. Gould, in turn, booted to the B. C. 48-yd. line where "Steve" Downes nailed the receiver in his tracks. Unwilling to rush the ball, our opponents kicked and Gould returned the compliment but the ball was retarded by the wind and only went to our 30-yd. line. Downes saved the situation at this point when he intercepted a B. C. pass, but only momentarily, for our opponents in turn snared a Latin pass on our 42-yd. line. On a spinner play they gained four yards, and the next play, a forward pass to Lillis, was good for the second touchdown. Lillis, by the way, was once a member of a Latin School team. B. C. High was awarded the point because a Latin linesman was offside.

Latin again kicked off and our opponents returned the pigskin to their own 46-yd. line. The last play of the third period was an end run by Ott to our 35-yd. mark.

At this point the Latin line braced sufficiently to take the ball on downs. We immediately kicked to the B. C. High 35-yd. line, whence our opponents began a steady march which was terminated by a touchdown, Lillis carrying the ball over. Harvey again kicked the goal for the extra point.

As a whole the team played well. They fought the opposition to a standstill for two and one-half periods until the skill, experience, and weight of the Boston College High outfit produced the telling effect upon our fast tiring and rather badly battered team.

The summary:

Latin—Kelleher, Bilodeau (le), Wilson, Fitzgerald (lt), Goodwin, Cone (lg), Downes (c), Shea (rg), Kopans (*Capt.*) (rt), Mullen, Housen (re), Gould (qb), Lichtenstein (lhb), Rabinovitz (rhb), Callaghan (fb).

Boston College High—McCann (re), Kelley (rt), Burns (rg), Blanchard (c), Moran (lg), Harvey (lt), Walsh (le), Ott (qb), Lillis (rhb), Sufredi (lhb), Cronin (fb).

* * *

COMMERCE CONQUERS

At Braves' Field, on October 25, a crippled Latin School eleven ventured to do battle with our neighborly rivals, the High School of Commerce. With four first-string men, Downes, Bilodeau, Wilson, and Kelleher, injured and unable to participate in the contest, Weddleton playing with a bad shoulder, and Rabinovitz hurt early in the game, the Latin team was a sorrowful-looking outfit.

Latin kicked off and the receiver was promptly bowled over by the diligent Mr. Mullen on the Commerce 26-yd. line. Our opponents' first play, an old "revival", as it were, of the "shoestring play" was unsuccessful. Commerce tried our line but failed to gain, so she chose to kick, but the kicker fumbled the pass from center and Housen recovered for Latin on the enemy's 18-yd.

line. In three line plunges Rabinovitz made a first down. "Rabby" then picked up five yards off tackle, bringing the ball to our opponents' 3-yd. mark, on the next play, however, he fell, losing two yards. A short pass, Lichtenstein to Gould, advanced the pigskin to the Commerce 1-yd. line. At this point our opponents took time out. Their brief rest seemed to help them, for when they resumed play, they took the ball on downs, and immediately kicked, the spheroid rolling offside on their own 40-yd. line. We failed to gain on two plays, whereupon Gould booted a low ball to the opposition's 19-yd. line. Then Mullen broke through the Commerce line and felled one of their backs for a thirteen yard loss, forcing them to kick, which kick carried to their own 43-yd. mark. On the next play Rabinovitz received an injury to his leg and was forced to leave the game as the first quarter ended.

Gould began the second period by gaining eighteen yards through center. Commerce, however, held for downs, and immediately kicked. After an exchange of punts Latin found herself possessor of the pigskin on her own 44-yd. line. At this point Dame Fortune smiled on our opponents, who, thus far, had been fighting with their backs to the wall and Kulesco, a Commerce back, intercepted a Latin pass and ran forty yards for a touchdown. This same Kulesco caught a pass for the extra point.

Less than a minute later the half ended.

It was a heart breaking half. Latin had the ball in Commerce territory continually only to be scored upon by means of an intercepted pass.

Our team came back strongly in the second half, however, and scored. From the opening kickoff we marched steadily down the field to their goal line. Callaghan and Lichtenstein did most of the carrying, and it was Callaghan who took

the ball over. The try for the point failed.

The remainder of the period was merely the continual exchanging of punts.

In the final session the Latin team made a desperate attempt to win and no less than twice did it have the ball within the Commerce 10-yd. line, only to be repulsed each time.

The summary:

Latin—Mullen (le), Kopans, (Capt.) Eagan (lt), Shea (lg), FitzGerald, Casey, (c), Cone, Weddleton (rg), O'Hare (rt), Housen (re), Gould (qb), Rabinovitz Moore (lhb), Lichtenstein (rhb), Callaghan (fb).

Commerce—Sullivan (re), Mason (rt), Toomey (rg), Gamer (c), Yasulis (lg), Bennett (lt), Callahan (le), Carroll (qb), Kulesco (rhb), Shannon (lhb), O'Connor (fb).

Score—Commerce 7, Latin 6. Touchdowns—Kulesco, Callaghan. Point after touchdown—Kulesco. Time—4 8-min. periods.

* * *

DROPS FROM THE SHOWERS

The team scrimmaged with the Harvard Sophomore class eleven recently at Soldiers Field in preparation for the B. C. High game. It proved a valuable experience since many substitutes were given opportunities to prove their worth. The regulars played only a very short time. The score was 6—6.

* * *

Boston College High looked very good and it would not surprise us in the least if they should be strong contenders for state championship honors.

* * *

Thus far this season Lady Luck has not been too kind to us. Injuries have harrassed the squad continually. In a recent scrimmage with Coach "Tom" Campbell's Memorial High eleven, Bildeau received a bad injury to his hand. He may be ready for the Trade game,

and he may not. At any rate we hope he will be primed for action again soon.

* * *

"Jiggs" Lillis, present B. C. High backfield star, once attended this school and played football for us. Since his days here he has improved greatly and now is a fast, good running back, one of the best in Boston school ranks. In regard to Lillis, our sole consolation is that he did not depart to English and increase their strength. As we all know it has received enough aid from us as it is!

* * *

Downes played his usual fine game against B. C. High. He tackles fiercely and is almost sure death to flat passes just over the line of scrimmage.

* * *

Gould turned in a fine performance at quarterback. His punts went high and far.

* * *

The cheering at the B. C. High game was good. Those leading the cheers were: Loewenberg, Lunin, Deitelbaum, Gammon, and Monac.

* * *

Between halves we were entertained by the B. C. High band, which most graciously formed an "L" in front of our stands. Their drum-major amused us as he demonstrated his skill with the baton.

* * *

Mullen recently converted to an end, played superbly. In spite of his size, he was a great detriment to the opposition's offense.

* * *

The breaks, indeed, do tell.

* * *

It may be interesting to note that with the exception of their touchdown, an intercepted pass, Commerce failed to rush the ball into our territory on any occasion.

Injuries are playing havoc with the team. At this writing Bilodeau, Kelleher, Downes, Wilson, Goodwin, and Sheehan are on the sidelines.

* * *

Weddleton's return to the game was one pleasing feature. Commerce was only too well aware of his presence.

* * *

When the team has been losing, the failure to cheer has been noticeable. Do not forget that a cheer at the right moment acts as a bracer to a losing team.

* * *

"Steve" Downes was out of the game with a bad elbow. He was sorely missed.

* * *

Captain Kopans played a very fine game at tackle. He certainly is going great.

* * *

Hockey aspirants can get in trim early this year by obtaining special slips from Coach Cleary, which permit them to skate at the Arena for a very low price.

* * *

"Dick" Gould is one of the best punters in schoolboy ranks. His punt of over seventy yards took but one bounce. We were also glad to see Dick rush the ball. He is very fast for his size and should do this more often.

* * *

"Tom" Callaghan is wearing a nose protector. It doesn't seem to have affected his playing any.

* * *

"Lefty" Lichtenstein seems headed for a big year. He hits the line very hard, and his forward passing is excellent. "Lefty" is one of the main cogs in the machine that drives the Latin School offense.

* * *

Much to our disappointment Rabino-vitz was forced to leave the game early, due to a leg injury. We grieved much at this, another bad break of the game.

* * *

In the Harvard Fall Handicap Track

Meet, held at Soldiers Field, Cambridge, on October 30 and 31, Norwood P. Beveridge, B. L. S. '28, Harvard '32, Latin School Track Captain in 1928, scored three first places, winning the 50-yd. dash from a two yard handicap in $5\frac{2}{5}$ seconds, and both from scratch, the running broad jump at 19 feet, $3\frac{3}{4}$ inches and the high jump at 5 feet 10 inches. Second in the broad jump was Donal M. Sullivan, B. L. S. '29, Harvard '33, who was Track Captain in 1929. Frank E. Cummings, Harvard '30 B. L. S. '26, star "440" man at Harvard, was second in the "220", losing by about six inches.

John F. Ellsbree, B. L. S. '28, Harvard '33, will be a member of the Freshman cross country team which races Yale on November 12.

* * *

Although he is not a spectacular player, "Babe" Shea, veteran guard, is a most steady and efficient one. He is very good at breaking up the enemy's plays and is a world of power on the offense as well as defense.

* * *

Once again the High School of Commerce is the champion of Avenue Louis Pasteur after a wait of three long years.

* * *

TRADE TUMBLES

The small but faithful Latin School cheering section which turned out at Braves' Field, on Tuesday, November 5, and which, incidentally, cheered of its own accord and under its own leadership, was rewarded for its presence when it was treated to an exhibition of football, the like of which has not been seen for several years. It is true that the score was only 19-0, that is not a sufficient indication of the superiority of our team. Every available member of the squad took an active part in the battle!

Latin kicked off and Trade ran the pigskin back to her own 35-yd. line, but immediately booted, and the ball was

downed on our 35-yd. mark. Weiner, starting his first game this season, galloped seventeen yards off tackle to his own 47-yd. line for a first down. Here the combined efforts of Weiner and Goodwin brought the ball to our opponents' 40-yd. line. Then Trade was penalized five yards for offside play. At this point two plays gained but little and Gould dropped back to kick. The play was called back, for two Tradesmen were caught roughing the kicker and therefore our opponents were penalized fifteen yards, to their own 33-yd. line. Weiner gained eight yards off tackle and Goodwin twisted his way to a first down on the enemy's 19-yd. mark. At this point the Trade defense braced sufficiently to take the ball on downs. They tried our line but found a stone wall, the presence of which forced them to kick. This they did and the ball was run back by Gould from midfield to the enemy's 20-yd. stripe. We gained a mere three yards on four plays and Trade took the ball on downs and kicked. Again we fought our way down to their 20-yd. line only to fumble and lose the ball. Unwilling to rush the ball they immediately kicked, but the receiver fumbled and a Trade man recovered on his own 47-yd. line. They attempted a forward pass which found its way into the ever waiting arms of Gould on the Latin 45-yd. mark, whence we advanced the spheroid to the Trade 30-yd. line, with Weiner and Mullen doing the bulk of the carrying and doing it well. Here two line plays netted six yards. Lichtenstein suddenly dashed off tackle for twenty-four yards and a touchdown. The attempt to make the extra point was unsuccessful. Soon after the kick-off the first quarter ended.

The second period was characterized by Latin's numerous repulsions of Trade attacks. Toward the end of the quarter Latin intercepted a pass in hostile territory. After a few plays had advanced the pigskin to the Trade 25-yd. line,

Lichtenstein tossed a pretty pass to Bilodeau, who strolled rather nonchalantly therewith for a touchdown. Again the try for the point failed.

The kickoff was followed by so many substitutions that it was difficult to keep track of them. However, the half soon ended with the score Latin 12, Trade 0.

Latin kicked off to begin the second half. Trade received the ball deep in its own territory and was promptly forced to kick. The ball was downed in midfield. Then we did the unexpected and kicked it right back whence it came. The enemy defense man was so astonished that he allowed the pigskin to bounce off his shins and roll to the 1-yd. line, where Moore pounced upon it. On the next play Weddleton scored a touchdown on an end run. Weddleton, on a fake drop-kick, passed to Mullen successfully for the extra point. The entire Latin eleven was then removed and for the remainder of the game our substitutes kept coming in until every one on the squad was given an opportunity to play.

The summary:

Latin—Lynch, Bilodeau, Sullivan, Owens, Cardona, Alfano (le); Wilson, Cone, Laus, Israel, F. Callaghan, Maloney, Aranson (lt); O'Hare, Murphy, Carr, Elkins, Ansin, Dierauf (lg); Downes, Casey, FitzGerald (c); Shea, Saklad, McGrath, Colbert, Rubin (rg); Kopans, F. Moore, Cullen, Fisher, Lawlor, Morton, Schiffman (rt); Bryant, Kelleher, Housen, Daly, Pratt, Curran (re); Gould Weddleton, Roulston (qb); Weiner, Moore, Eagan, Larkin (lhb); Gordon, Lichtenstein (rhb); Goodwin, Mullen (fb).

Trade—Gerrison (re), Nelson (rt), Malloy (rg), De Piero (c), Tomlinson (lg), Billings (lt), Gumoski (le), Gusson (qb), Moriarty (rhb), McArdle (lhb), Dorrer (fb).

Time—4 10-min. periods. Score Latin 19, Trade 0.

Between Ourselves

WHERE'S MIKE?
FACTIONS IN
MEXICO ARE
HOLDING PAT
—*Headlines in Idaho paper*
* * *

"The safe crackers' union decided the use of safes is illegal."

"How so?"

"They're combinations in restraint of trade."
—*N. Y. Medley*
* * *

"What are you thrashing your little one for?"

"He will get his school report tomorrow and I must go away tonight."
—*Ulk (Berlin)*
* * *

QUITE SOLID

A .45-caliber revolver had been fired at him, the bullet penetrating his skull and entering the woodwork.

—*Tampa paper*
* * *

Comfortable five-room cottage with bath occupied by owner.

—*Ad in Alabama paper*
* * *

A CALL DOWN

The Tenant: "Say, last night the rain came through the roof and gave me a regular shower bath. You ought to do something."

The Landlord: "What do you expect

me to do? Give you soap and towels?"
* * *

She: "Why do they call so many resort hotels 'The Breakers'?"

He: "Haven't you seen their rates?"
* * *

"Do you know the girl at the Kappa house who won the beauty prize in Texas?"

"No, is this a good steer?"
* * *

Mose: "Whar you goin', Rastus?"

Rastus: "Ah's lookin' for work."

Mose: "Clar to goodness, Ah's glad to hear Mandy's up and aroun' again."
* * *

THE PERFECT PEDAGOG

Once a man succeeded in training his wife not to squeeze the toothpaste tube in the middle.
* * *

"My brother never works between meals."

"Is he a millionaire?"

"No, he's a waiter."
* * *

CRIME WAVE FINANCE TWO BANKS ROBBED AND ONE KILLED BY

NASHVILLE BANDITS

—*Headline in a Schenectady paper*
* * *

He: "Look, our captain is going to kick the goal!"

She: "What did the goal do?"

* * *

"My end draws near," said the wrestler as his opponent bent him double.

* * *

Farmer: "See here, young fellow, what are you doing up that tree?"

Boy: "One of the apples fell down and I'm trying to put it back."

* * *

George (in dentist's office): "Mother," he said, pointing to a set of false teeth, "when I grow up, I am going to have teeth like those."

Mother: "George, how many times have I told you not to pick your teeth in public?"

* * *

Freshy: "Say, I wonder where the first doughnut was made?"

Froshy: "Silly, in Greece, of course."

* * *

HANDS UP!

"The time will come," shouted the speaker, "when women will get men's wages."

"Yes," said a little man in the corner. "Next Saturday night."

—*Good Hardware*

* * *

COMES WHEN YOU WHISTLE?

A late model 1927 Buick 6 sedan, 7-passenger, in perfect condition, nearly

new; clipped ears, bobbed tail; answers name Mr. Norman, 2-8386 or 2-5721.

—*Ad in Dallas News*

* * *

CAT'S RIVAL

He fired four times, each shot striking the prowler, and killing him.

—*Detroit paper*

* * *

Two burglars were surprised in a London warehouse by a plumber who arrived at 5 A. M. to do some repairs. It was enough to surprise anybody.

—*Punch*

* * *

Wife: "Henry, this is my cousin, twice removed."

Hubby: "Well, remove him again."

—*Life*

* * *

Gent: "Is there any soup on the bill of fare?"

Waiter: "There was, sir, but I wiped it off."

* * *

He was jealous, violently jealous. No wonder, then, that when he heard the Stanford quarterback sing out "1-7-2-4," he leaped through the line and strangled him. It was his girl's telephone number.

—*California Pelican*



"So the night clubs are beginning to fail?"

"Yes, they couldn't think up a new name for whoopee."

—*Pitt. Panther*

* * *

College Lad (arrested for speeding):
"But, Your Honor, I am a college boy."

Judge: "Ignorance doesn't excuse anybody."

* * *

Just had a wonderful chicken dinner
—an egg sandwich.

—*Drexler*

* * *

"Do you sing soprano?"

"Sure, how does the first verse start?"

—*Witt*

* * *

"No matter what I do," moaned the sailor, "I'm always Sinbad."

—*Pennsylvania Punch Bowl*

Speaking of operations, what this country needs is a good five cent scar.

—*College Humor*

* * *

One: "Is he famous?"

Two: "Famous! Why, he even has a three decker sandwich named after him."

—*Stanford Chaparral*

* * *

"My error," said the catcher, as he dropped the ball.

—*Colorado Dodo*

* * *

"Go," said the landlady, "and never dampen my bathmat again."

—*Denison Flamingo*

* * *

"I wanna quarter's worth o' rat poisoning."

"Do you wanna take it with you?"

"No; I'll send the rats in after it."

—*Cornell Widow*



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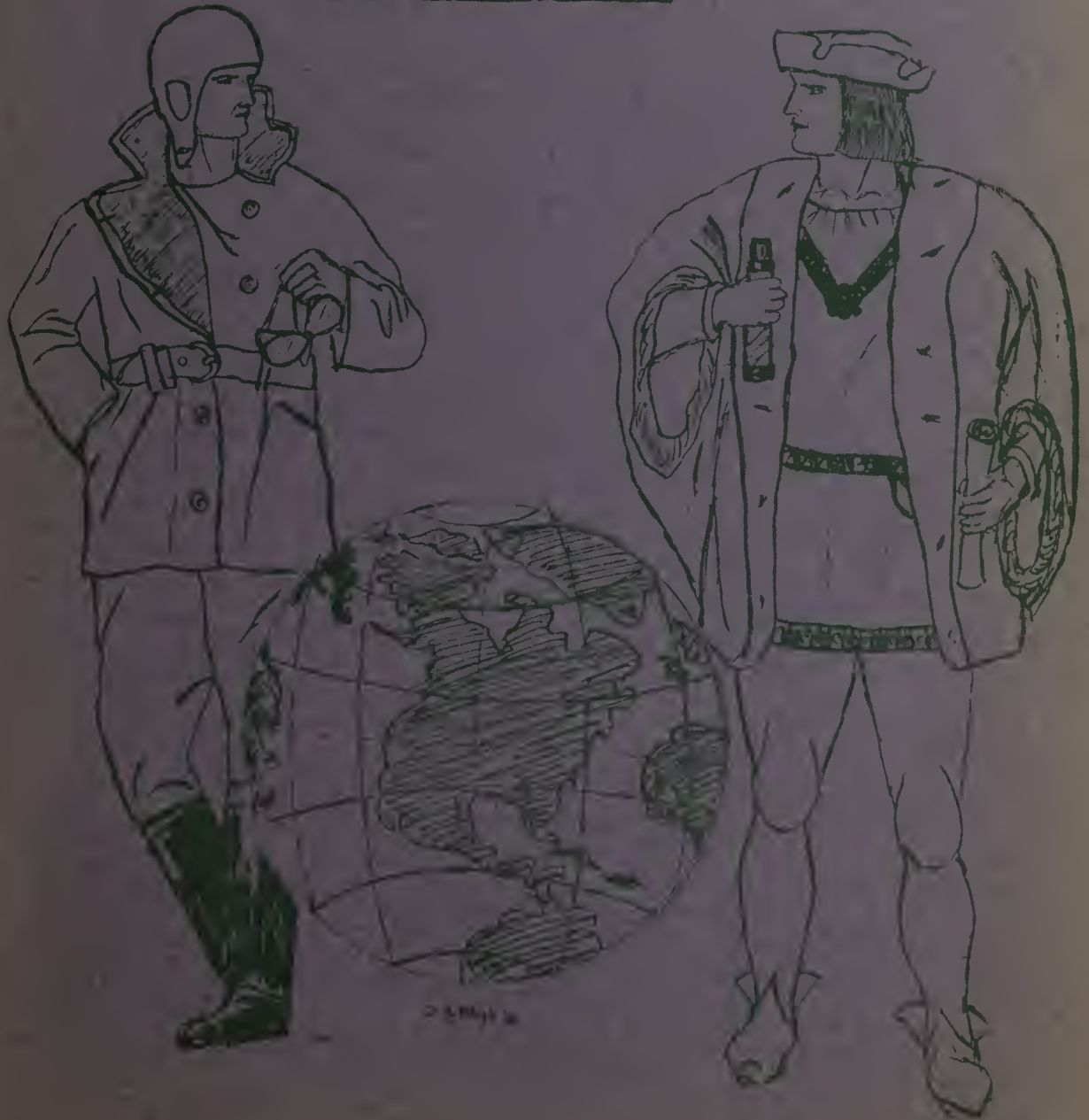
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THE LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER

Old Boston

By A. B. Lord

II. BOSTON BESIEGED--1774

Parliament started the whole affair. It injured Boston's feelings by issuing acts which regulated Boston's administrative and judicial departments. Not only that, but when the people rebelled at these acts, Parliament added insult to injury by sending General Gage with his troops to Boston from Halifax. The Red-coats marched up from the wharves with flags flying and drums beating, and camped on the Common.

It is not to be expected that the patriots would endure this treatment. A town-meeting was called to meet in Faneuil Hall and a resolution was adopted to resist these audacious acts, even if it meant war. After that General Gage forbade the citizens the right of meeting in public in Boston, but the patriots, nothing daunted, met in Salem and other neighboring towns. Committees of Safety were organized and ammunition was gathered. The British heard of some stores which had been hidden in Cambridge; found out the exact location of the munitions; and made a raid, capturing much valuable property. But the patriots got their revenge. They seized some of the British guns in Boston during the night, and secretly carried them off into the country. Things began to look serious after blood had been shed at Lexington and Concord, especially when the British, immediately thereafter, fortified Boston

Neck. These last two moves mark the beginning of the actual siege.

The British soldiers gave the people of Boston and vicinity plenty of trouble in the months which preceded the siege. At Salem Colonel Leslie demanded that the people lower a drawbridge which had been raised when he was seen advancing. The colonists refused. Leslie tried to cross in boats which were near-by, but their owners quickly scuttled them out of reach. Things were coming to a climax when a clergyman appeared and effected a compromise, but it was only by a very small margin that Salem missed being the Lexington and Concord of the Revolution. At another time the colonists of an outlying town had convened in a church to hold a day of fasting and prayer for their brethren in Boston, when the British pitched their tents close by and disturbed everything with an incessant beating of drums and playing of martial music. Many other similar offences were perpetrated, but still Boston and the towns waited. Lexington and Concord gave them their excuse to act. Immediately after that battle Boston was cut off from outside communication. The colonists gathered an army of about 16,000 under the leadership of General Artemus Ward, and the eminences around Boston were fortified. An agreement was made between the patriots and General Gage by which the inhabitants who wished might move

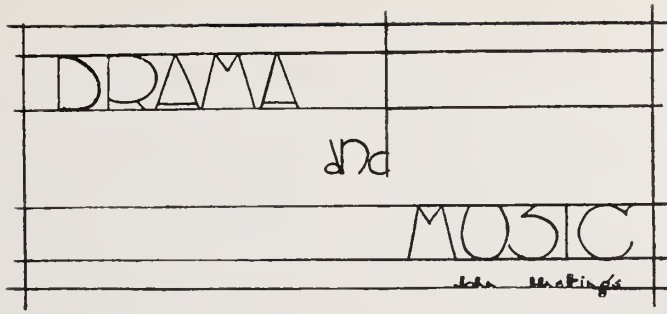
out of Boston. This was effected, and great numbers of the people went to the neighboring towns.

There was a great deal of skirmishing at different times. Before the battle of Bunker Hill some rather important skirmishes took place at Grape Island, where some barns full of hay and other provisions were fired by the people of Weymouth and near-by towns. There were skirmishes too at Boston Neck. At this time the colonies realized they must save ammunition, so they stopped their firing and busied themselves with chasing the cannon balls of the British and playing at nine-pins with their prizes, afterwards storing them for later use.

While Washington was hesitating and waiting for strength, the British were suffering. Winter set in, and the New England winters of those days were much bleaker than ours. The soldiers on Bunker Hill had no barracks and some died with the cold. In Boston, General Howe, who had succeeded General Gage, the latter having been recalled by the King, ordered that the oldest of the houses be torn down and used for fuel. Food also was scarce, for the colonists captured the supply ships sent from England. To add still more to the suffering, smallpox broke out. With all this, of course, came crime. The houses and shops were plundered in spite of the efforts of authorities to prevent it by harsh punishments. If the crime was great the victim was hanged; otherwise the verdict was from 400 to 1,000 lashes on the bare back.

In the meanwhile, Washington had received assistance and new hope sprung up. He decided to seize Dorchester Heights, and on the evening of March 4th his army secretly camped there. A plan to seize the city on the following day was adopted, but the day broke bleak and windy and boats couldn't be put off from certain points. Disappointed, the patriots had to wait. However, Howe was beginning to waver. If he stayed in Boston there was a great danger to his troops, and if he left Boston he must of necessity leave a great deal of property behind. He hesitated. The ministry had sent him no orders. He must decide for himself, and he did. The decision was evacuation. Then followed the job of loading ships and leaving Boston. To insure safety while doing this General Howe threatened to burn Boston if he was attacked. It took him a long time to prepare for his departure and Washington became impatient. Finally he told General Howe in a letter that if on the following day the British did not leave Boston, Nook's Hill would be taken. The next day brought no evidences of evacuation, so the hill was captured. This made Howe all the more determined. The troops were withdrawn from Bunker Hill, wooden sentinels having been left in their places. On the nineteenth of April the British left Boston, and on the twentieth Washington's army entered. Several men-of-war of the British fleet were left at Nantasket, but otherwise Boston and its vicinity was free from the presence of hostile soldiery.





The Copley Theater

In the theater world there are not many geniuses. William Gillette, E. H. Sothorn and Julia Marlowe, Walter Hampden, Sarah Bernhardt and George Arliss meet with immediate recognition as being, or having been, outstanding figures on the American stage. But rarely do we have the opportunity of seeing such talented actors as the ones I have just mentioned. Gillette recently made his farewell performance in "The Return of Sherlock Holmes," and Marlowe and Sothorn are off the stage for good. Recently George Arliss played in that fine talking picture "Disraeli," but he has not been on the stage for some time. New geniuses must spring up and take the places of these wonderful men and women. Mr. E. E. Clive, the manager of the Copley Theater, directs a group of very fine actors and actresses. Although I certainly do not rank Clive with any of those I have just mentioned, I may safely say that he is a fine actor, very clever and talented and an exceptionally capable director. I have been going to the plays of the Copley for about four years and have had the opportunity of seeing all the players in many parts. I can even remember plays like "Outward Bound," "Mr. Jefferson," "The Sport of Kings," and many others. I have seen the players so much that they become not merely actors but good friends. The old cast, that is, the cast of four years ago, consisted of Clive, Mowbray, Cannon,

Elsbeth Dudgeon, May Ediss and Richard Whorf. Those were the outstanding members. Mowbray usually took the part of some jolly Englishman, a traveler, bachelor, writer,—anything. Cannon took the part of a doctor to perfection, with his stately dignity and deep, authoritative voice. I was truly sorry when they left. But then a new group stepped in to fill the gap.—Edward Emery, and Ian Emery, his son, and Gaby Fay. And the old "standby's" still stood by. May Ediss was a very versatile actress, sometimes a timid waitress, now a charming girl of nineteen, or an old feeble woman in the nineties. Elspeth Dudgeon usually has taken character parts, that is, caricature parts. She is depicted as a funny old lady, either a crook, or utterly feeble-minded. In the "Ghost Train" she very cleverly played the part of an old lady visiting a friend. Richard Whorf has taken so many parts that it is hard to describe him, but I may say that he has improved a great deal since I first saw him. Edward Emery is usually an old man and Ian, the up and coming lover. Gaby Fay is good as a wife, bewitching crook, or young lady. And in the last play "Murder on the Second Floor," Rosalind Russell played very well as a beautiful fiancée of the play-wright. I have outlined the main characters who have been playing in those entertaining English plays. The most recent are as follows: "The Crooked Billet," "The

Whispering Gallery," and "Number Seventeen," "The Ringer," and "The Creaking Chair". All of these, I think, even though merely stories dramatized, and not particularly long-lived, are entertaining and clever to a high degree. I sincerely hope to continue going to the Copley and I can vouch for the fact that a person interested in dramatics, a person *desirous* of being cleverly entertained will surely find his entertainment at the Copley Theater. Just as the

student of music, of operas, after hearing a masterpiece of Beethoven or Wagner, would enjoy a catchy song-hit of the present day; just as the student of literature would enjoy a good short story of the present day; so would the lover of masterpieces of the stage,—such plays as *Cyrano De Bergerac* for example would enjoy a play at the Copley Theater.

—R. O.

Memorabilia

THE OLD SWORD

*Dimly I see thee
Flash midst the fighting;
Crashing on armor,
Hewing and smiting*

*Many a noble
Round thee falls dying;
Many a craven
Flees, thee espying.*

*High in air brandished;
Reeking and gory;
Joyous, thou gleamest;
Proud in thy glory.*

*Dreadful in battle,
Many thou slayest;
But for that slaughter
Dearly thou payest.*

*Short was thy glory;
Useless thou liest:
Rust now devours thee;
Slowly thou diest.*

*But in thy ruin
Triumphs thy master;
For as thou passest,
Peace cometh faster.*

—H. A. B., '02

The Timid Burglar

By P. S. Ratzkoff

Two or three times John Waring, multimillionaire, rolled over restlessly in his bed. He could not close his eyes; to sleep was impossible. Midnight had come and gone. The roar of the metropolis had sunk to a droning; one o'clock and the droning had merged into the sinister silence of night, uninterrupted save for the occasional rattle and clang of automobiles and street cars.

Suddenly he heard the sound of stealthy footsteps in the hall. He half rose and listened keenly. The footsteps advanced, moving on the carpet with a slurring hush. Now the sound of the lightly treading feet was outside his door. For an interval the footsteps ceased. Then there was a slight click as the knob was slowly turned by the intruder. Only by an almost imperceptible bulging of the window curtains would one know that the door had been opened. Five seconds later the waving of the curtains had subsided. Whoever his visitor might be, he had entered and closed the door behind him without so much as one squeak. John Waring felt for the revolver which he habitually kept under his pillow at night. Fingering it, he sat staring through the darkness.

Suddenly there flashed against the opposite wall a circular swoop of light. At this, Waring leaned forward and pushed the electric switch. At the same time that the lights in the room leaped to life, he cried, "Up with your hands."

A strange figure was revealed. The burglar (for he really was a burglar) was rather prepossessing in appearance, not being of the melodramatic type. He had the soft eyes of a woman and a weak, indolent mouth. He calmly drew a handkerchief from his pocket and wiped his forehead. Then he broke the intervening silence.

"Rather a warm night," he observed in a sociable manner.

"Yes, it is," agreed the multimillionaire ironically. "May I offer you a glass of water? Oh, and probably you'd like a cigar also."

"No, thank you. I never smoke. I have no bad habits."

"Except one," replied Waring.

"What can that be?"

"Entering people's houses without their permission happens to be a criminal offense in this state," responded Waring.

"Oh, you can't believe that I'm a burglar, can you? I merely entered the wrong room and now that I've discovered my mistake, I hope that you will pardon my intrusion."

"That's enough, don't say any more. However, before I call up the police, I'd like to ask you a few questions. Are you a professional or is this merely an extraordinary enterprise?"

"Oh, well, I might as well tell the truth. It's my regular business. I used to sing alto for a living, but my voice failed, and having no business training I adopted this profession. One must do something to exist."

"Yes, one must do something. Why not this? After all, it requires only a little nerve."

"Not even that if one is careful," the burglar explained. "As a matter of fact I am really a coward. I quit this business once for six months because of a—a—well you might as well know. A policeman shot at me and upset my nerves, and it was only because my wife and children were in need that I returned to my profession. This is my first job since my er—er—vacation."

"Yes, yes, I understand," replied the smiling millionaire, "but, nevertheless, I must call up the police and tell them of your presence."

Still keeping an eye on the burglar he turned toward the telephone, and as he did so a stealthy figure climbed over the window sill and crept up behind him. He felt a stunning shock, staggered back, fell, rolled over on his back and lay still.

* * * * *

John Waring opened his eyes and peered blankly at the ceiling. He was lying once more in his own bed. At his bedside were a group of men. He stared vaguely at them and finally their blurred faces became distinct. Four men composed the group. One was his valet, another he recognized as his doctor, a third was a policeman, and the fourth was a total stranger to him. This latter was speaking.

The Literary Corner

Sunday evening, December 1, Vachel Lindsay, American poet, chanted some of his poems at Ford Hall. With that vigorous, beating rhythm in his voice that so characterizes his chanting, he read "The Chinese Nightingale," "The Chipmunk," "The Blacksmith's Serenade," "Abraham Lincoln Walks at Midnight," "The Potatoes' Dance," and many of his newer poems included in "Every Soul's A Circus," published this fall.

Lindsay's vigor and rhythm show clearly in his face. His straight brushed hair, his bold nose, and his curved protruding lips are evidences of the dynamo concealed in his soul.

The audience, as a whole, little understood or appreciated his poetry as he chanted it. They were amused, and they laughed boisterously at his "Polly Ann, Polly Ann," and "The Chipmunk, the Chipmunk," but as for absorbing the beauty and the rhythmic onomatopoeia, it seemed that they were rather unsusceptible.

* * *

Robinson Jeffers' latest book is "Dear Judas." The title-poem is a poetic drama revolving about that fascinating villain, Judas, and the events leading

"Yes, this is the seventh case of the same type this month. Gentleman Jim and his pal, Charlie the Cat, have added another victim to their long growing list. They've a clever scheme. One, usually Jim, enters the victim's room through the door, the other comes in through the window. If Jim is caught, he stalls for time and waits for Charlie, who always arrives a little later. While Jim is telling the owner of the house the story of his life, Charlie creeps near and hits him over the head with a sand bag. Then they go to work. They collect their loot and hurry off. Yep, they're a wise pair, but we'll get them sooner or later. We always do."

up to, including, and following the crucifixion.

Hutchison says, in the New York Times Book Review: "Dear Judas" is but a part of a larger poetic scheme, the interest of the poet being the portrayal of pure, undeluded love, let it be met where it may."

Hutchison goes on to explain that "Dear Judas" comes second to the other long poem in this volume, "The Loving Shepherdess." Then, in conclusion, he writes: "Mr. Jeffers states that he is about to leave his California hills and capes for a journey of something like a year. It is to be hoped that it will not result in any change in his poetic individuality. Robinson Jeffers, in his own, and often uncouth way, moves to pity and horror as few poets have done since the Greeks. And 'The Loving Shepherdess' in its strange and tragic beauty, is something even finer than what he has done hitherto."

* * *

Alfred Kreyborg has recently published "Our Singing Strength," a history of American poetry. From his cherished idol, Walt Whitman, he discourses upon all poets who have claimed any fame whatsoever. He writes at great

length on Emily Dickinson, a poet whose genius was recognized long years after she, a deep and melancholy recluse, passed away in obscurity, the publication of her works being prevented by a narrow-minded sister.

T. S. Eliot is also one of Kreymborg's angels, and his praise of his "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock" is genuine and sincere.

The book is immense, and covers over 600 pages.

* * *

John Vassos a young Greek artist living in New York, has collaborated with his wife, Ruth Vassos, who furnishes the text, in "Contempo," a series of conceptions of our modern civilization. In the warm tones and shades and shadows which he utilizes so magnificently, he catches the moods and symbols and the beauty of distortion "in Sports," "The Subway," "Commercialism," "Art," and many other phases of life. Besides the fact that his curves and angles and lines and shadings are beautiful and effective, most of them have meanings. They may even be psychological: in fact, I quite believe they are. Vassos, Stravinsky, and Joyce have all at about the same moment reached the same stage in their respective arts. Their names must be closely connected. John Vassos has a future. When the Aunt Claras—as Heywood Brown would call them—have been extinguished his name will be great.

* * *

Dreiser's "A Gallery of Women" was set for publication last year at about this time, but I believe there was some confusion in the Horace Liveright Publishing Company, and the publication was postponed. Now it is published in two volumes, and contains all of Dreiser's masterful insight and power and conception of the tragedy of life. The sketches are each different from the others and he lays his power on passion,

despair, riotous living, and the tragedy of love and death. Let the small-town critics chatter about his voluminous style filled with endless detail. Let them deplore his adherence to the truth and his hatred of falsehood. Let them draw cartoons of him pondering over tabloids, and thus extracting material for his future work. They are as small and as narrow as celluloid toothpicks, and because they are blind to what life actually is they are angry with him for presenting what they failed to see. Their chatterings will die away into the maelstrom of hypocrisy, while Dreiser, lashed at by the whirlwind, will stand as firm and as glorious and as tragic as an oak-tree, and his name will go down on the tablets of eternity.

* * *

James Branch Cabell's "The Way of Eben" has been recently published. "In this book," Louis Kronenberger tells us, "Mr. Cabell makes his appearance as both story-teller and commentator, for what he chooses to call the colophor of his "comedieta" deals, not with the story but with himself and his contemporaries. Yet it is in the story through one of his characters, that he speaks most clearly of himself and of that attitude toward life which most clearly characterizes his work:

"'Ah, but then,' says Horvendile, 'I fight against the gluttony of time with so many very amusing weapons—with gestures and with attitudes and with wholly charming phrases; with tears, and with tinsel, and with sugar-coated pills, and with platitudes slightly regilded.'"

* * *

"Hudson River Bracketed," Edith Wharton's latest novel, was published over a month ago. Here Mrs. Wharton turns from the society of Fifth Avenue, New York, to the world of writers and publishers, concerning which she ought to know considerable. In it there is

contained a fragrance and tenderness toward human existence.

* * *

Let us forsake extremes and be sensibly radical and revolutionary. Before the era of the modern sophisticated novel, with its sardonic suggestions, and no more insight into human character than a garbage-man would be capable of, there was the other extreme—the novel filled to the covers with much rubbish merely to evidence intellectuality. Writers, naturally tired to death of this sort or work, resorted to the other extreme, and consequently we have Hemingway. Harry Hansen deplores “intellectual exercises” in his review of “A Farewell to Arms,” and therefore believes in that banal and empty sophistication and flippancy and tartness of that book, and would confine the perception into a very narrow space. For “A Farewell to Arms” has little—if any—insight, and Hemingway, therefore, imprisons his forces of understanding of human nature, and refuses their coming into his work.

Let us now be sensible, and, without making our works “intellectual exercises,” at least evidence within them whatever meagre forces of genius were born in us.

Bertrand Russell addressed the Community Church of Boston in Symphony Hall, Sunday morning, December 8. His subject was “The Faith of An Unbeliever.” “With that unique understanding of metaphysical problems, he told of his disbelief in everything for which there was no evidence. His brilliant wit and paradoxical fire burned and, as ever, lit new fires in intelligent mentalities. Boston ought to be highly grateful that Russell devoted at least three of his lectures to Boston. The one in Symphony Hall, the one at Ford Hall and the one at Harvard, which, although not in Boston, is quite near to Bostonians.

J. H.



Booke Reviews



"LOKI"

by Jonathan Norton Leonard

Loki, written by that young author Jonathan Norton Leonard, is the much discussed biography of Charles Proteus Steinmetz. The title of the book itself needs an explanation. Loki is the mischievous, spry, adroit Norse fire-god who is able to transform his shape at will. Thor, God of War and Thunder, chained him up when he grew too obstreperous. But Loki is still supposed to come forth to lead the army of Hela at the Judgment day of the Gods.

The deformed, weak-legged, hump-backed, and big-headed boy born to the Breslau Steinmetzes in April, 1865, was a queer child to the good bourgeois community. He was the type of child who didn't play with other children. Play to him was difficult. And so we find that in kindergarten, learning became his play. From seven to seventeen, shielded from religious influence, he developed into his Gymnasium's pride. While studying the fundamentals of engineering at the University of Breslau, he kept his professors whole periods debating and arguing with him.

Though the study of electricity was

exciting, it did not prevent Steinmetz from craving companionship. He joined two student associations. The first was a mathematical one, where in the midst of songs and beer he was yclept Proteus, ever-changing prophetic sea god. The second club was the Breslau Student Socialist Society, of which he was chairman. Discovering one night that the police were on his trail for publishing an anti-government weekly, he departed to Switzerland, the radical's paradise, then—on to the New World. New York was finally reached by a cattle boat, and after some scruples over his appearance, Ellis Island. He found work as a twelve dollar a week draughtsman for pouchy-eyed, severe Rudolf Eichermeyer of Yonkers, a manufacturer of hat and elevator machinery.

Eichermeyer, learning that Steinmetz propounded mathematical treatises, allowed him enough time from his regular work to reveal his greatest discovery, the Law of Hysteresis.

Steinmetz has explained the Hysteresis loop as a geometric figure portraying the difference between the positive action of a magnetic field on an iron bar and the reaction on the same bar when

the magnetic field is removed. In other words when the magnetizing force is removed the field about the bar reacts less rapidly than it is established. This disclosure brought Steinmetz a permanent position at the head of the electrical industry.

In 1892, he joined the General Electric Company as an engineer with special privileges. He had an inhuman fear of shock, and yet he worked with alternating currents of high voltage, a most dangerous practice. In 1894 alternating current, neither constant in value or direction, was incalculable. For counting this current, Steinmetz produced his own original "symbolic method" which gave General Electric a decisive advantage over competitors. He found enough theoretical work to publish it in three immense volumes, namely "Alternating Current." However, peculiarly enough, his "best seller"

is not a book on electricity but "America and the New Epoch," explaining his reasons for the United States remaining out of the World War, also how the merging of numerous small companies into a few large corporations is a big step toward Socialism. After a short fling at Socialist politics in New York State, he went on a western lecture tour, talking about the denial of immortality and a God's existence. This human, national, and pathetic figure died on October 26, 1923, at the age of fifty-eight.

The book as a whole has a touch of the worship of science, Steinmetz's Socialism, and an almost feverish admiration of the wizard of Schenectady.

However, it is written in an interesting manner. The fascinating and unusual subject, not the style of writing, is what makes this an outstanding biography.

—E. B. M.



The Suicide Eliminators

(A one act play, with prologue)

by Wilfred Kaplan

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Doctor Thomas Lawton—a man in the late fifties,

Sidney Wells—a young man of 30,

Ralph London—a colleague of Dr. Lawton, a retired business man

PROLOGUE

Dr. Lawton's apartment in London, 1928

(The library is well filled with books on left and rear walls. There is a huge stone fireplace to the right, with burning logs. There is one door in back center. Above the bookcases are framed diplomas, pictures, etc. The lighting is mostly from the fireplace, with dim lamps around the room. The three men, Lawton, Wells, and London, are seated facing the fire in a semicircle. The whole apartment gives the appearance of luxury and intelligence.)

Dr. Lawton (in a soft, cold tone): I have called the two of you here because I wanted you to witness my action on a subject which Mr. Wells mentioned to me a few weeks ago. You, Ralph, I have perfect confidence in. You will understand me, therefore, when I say that by a lucky mistake in the laboratory I have discovered a secret which would be in my opinion the death, in Wells's the life, of humanity. The thought has overwhelmed me so that, like a leaky barrel, I dropped a few words on the sidewalk, which my young friend here swallowed as if it were so important to him that I must yield it up. I told him to wait a month, and that is the reason why you are here now, so that you can understand that, unfortunately for Mr. Wells, when you leave, this fireplace will be richer by a few more ashes. My plan will go up in smoke. It is so simple, so easily mishandled, that I have resolved to sacrifice my selfish joy to the benefit of the world.

Wells: You flatter yourself. The

great sacrifice you pretend to make means but a loss of time. It will be but another thousand years before some chemist will discover what you have discovered, and will reveal it to do what good it can. Perhaps, Mr. London, you wonder why I am so anxious to save this invention. I have been forbidden to tell it to anyone. But you at least must know before this ignorant fool in possession of greater power than he can wield throws it away with a flip of his fingers. The idea is—

Dr. L.: Wait—I will tell him. Here in this paper *(he draws it from a pocket)* I have the formula for a chemical which, when injected into a person's blood will immunize him to disease and death—in other words, the elixir of life. And I am, despite the will of another, about to dispose of it for good.

(He rises, holds the paper in his right hand a moment, lifts it and throws it into the midst of the roaring flames.)

Wells: We won't lose it by Jove—

London: Stop—are you mad?

(Wells leans over the fireplace, pulls out the paper, partly burnt. The two men stand astonished. Wells puts the paper in a pocket and looks expectantly at the others.)

Dr. L.: Well, you young fool, the matter is out of my hands at least. If humanity suffers I hope you suffer with it, and pay the penalty for your insane act. It is your formula now. You can do as you see fit with it, but I'm clear of it. But a warning: Be mighty careful when you handle those chemicals.

(He turns to London, walks up the

left of the stage, appearing very worried. He walks to the door, opens it and turns to Wells. He looks at him for a few tense seconds, shakes his head as if puzzled, and goes out.)

Wells (exultantly): I've got it. Aren't you glad? That old fool would have wasted it. Well, what do you say?

(London stands gazing at the fire for a minute. He looks straight at Wells, who stands impatient.)

Wells: Haven't you waked up yet? Do you realize what this means? It's pure happiness for both of us, for everyone, and, if I can help it, for that doctor, who hadn't sense enough to keep this for himself. I can't understand his attitude.

(Wells paces back and forth twice, acting very nervous. He moves to the door. He opens it.)

Wells: The old fool—he couldn't see it my way. (Exit)

London: (after a pause) I guess I'm an old fool too. (Exit) *Curtain.*

SCENE I

The office of Sidney Wells. One year after the meeting with Dr. Lawton.

(The office is a modern one with three desks, one in the center, facing left. The other two are at extreme right and left, against the wall. The room is very brilliantly lighted. There is a door at the left and one at the right. At the rear are file cases, a table with papers on it, and a telephone. At the desk at the left a stenographer is working and likewise at the right. Wells is seated at the center desk. He is reading a long paper with ribbon, seals, etc. He reads it very carefully, finishes it, lays it down, and sighs.)

Wells: Well, thank goodness that government agent agreed to an injection, or the plan would never go through. I guess the president will be the next one to have an injection. These plans for distribution seem all right. Everything seems to be working out as I expected.

(The door opens suddenly, and a man rushes in. He is wiping his forehead. He looks around, espies Wells sitting at the desk, rushes over to the desk, grabs Wells by the arm, and speaks in a very hoarse whisper)

The Man: I'm President of the Bank down at the corner here. Have you that is, you can make some one live when he's dead? I mean you can make a live person out of a dead one? Y'see, I'm very nervous about dying. I'll pay anything for a dose.

Wells (rising): Surely my good man, here—take this and inject it into your arm. Bring it back to-morrow. Good-day.

(The man takes the box which Wells gives him, rushes to the door at left, opens it, and goes out. A second later the door opens again, the man pops his head in again and—)

The man: Thanks a lot. (Exit)

Wells: You're welcome, my good friend. There—that's quite easy.

(He sits down again. The door opens again, four men walk in, rush over to the desk in the center, whisper excitedly to Wells, and wait for his answer)

Wells: Now listen, everyone will get a shot of this to-morrow if I have anything to say about it. Here, though, take this. (Exeunt the men)

Wells: Phew, this is getting to be a little more than I expected. Smith! (to the secretary) will you stay outside and keep everyone out except those we know. Tell them to wait till to-morrow.

Smith: Yes, sir. (He goes out. Wells sits at the desk reading for a minute. Enter Smith again)

Smith: Mr. Wells, there is a crowd of forty or so outside, trying to get in. What shall I tell them.

Wells: Tell them to take liver pills and go to bed (he goes to the door, walks to it, followed by the secretary, and is heard offstage)

Wells: See here, you, I can't give you anything to-day, there will be a public

distribution to-morrow. Come on now, get out.

(A murmur of voices is heard offstage, which quiets down, and Wells re-enters)

Wells: I guess I'll go home. That's the only way to avoid all this trouble.

(He takes his coat from a hook on the wall, puts it on, and is about to leave when the door opens, and London enters)

London: Well, how goes it?

Wells: Pretty well, as far as I can see. If the bill is passed today, there will be an injection into every person in the world within a month. I have met with no opposition as yet.

London: Don't be too sure that you won't.

Wells: I don't see who would object to it. Strange, though, that I haven't heard from Doctor Lawton.

London: You mean unlucky. Listen here, young man, not only will your plan not go through, but you are going to be on trial within twenty-four hours. Doctor Lawton, realizing the irreparable damage that you were about to do has formed about him a group of men who see the danger you control in that formula. Yesterday, Doctor Lawton addressed the parliament. There will be a vote today. Judging from yesterday's appearance, you are lost.

Wells: Lost, am I? By Jove I'll stick it out. I am going to show up Doctor Lawton as clearly as I can. He claims that it is dangerous—well, not in my hands. I'm going to go there now, and I'm stopping at the drug store, on the way.

(Exeunt Wells and London. There is a lapse of a few minutes. The secretaries are busy typewriting.)

Curtain

Scene II. The office of Doctor Lawton, same as prologue.

Time Eight o'clock that same evening.

(Doctor Lawton is sitting with his back to the fire, near a table with a lamp, read-

ing a book. He looks at the clock, shakes his head and turns to the book again. Enter London. He removes his coat and gloves and stands facing Doctor Lawton. The latter glances up, and sees him.)

Doctor Lawton: Glad you've come. Well, what's the news?

London: It's a nice evening out. Brisk and clear.

Doctor Lawton: Bother the weather. How did the vote come out?

London: I'm sorry that I can not bring a better report, but the young bravo played a fast one. He had as good as got it when I left. They had to extend the session. At about six I thought that we had settled it, when young Sidney steps up and makes a grandstand play. It was the luckiest break he could have asked for. One of the members of the house of commons fainted away under a heart attack. A doctor was called and the man was taken out. A few minutes later came the report that he was dying. The whole place became silent as a tomb. One could feel the angel of death entering that building and pointing its finger at its victim. Suddenly Sidney jumped up and ran towards the room where the dying man lay. Immediately a buzz began over the whole place. Every one from the prime minister down was puzzled.

London (continuing): Wells didn't keep them long in suspense. A few minutes later he re-entered the hall, walked up to the prime minister's desk, spoke to him in an undertone, and then turned to the expectant audience. It was a master stroke. Young Sidney certainly played his part well.

Doctor Lawton (in a musing tone): From what you've been telling me, it seems that our friend *knew* his part remarkably well. Queer, too, that the dying senator could also have known his. Well, continue.

London: You may be right. By Jove, it isn't beneath the young scapegrace to play such a trick. He was set on being the supposed savior of world's happiness. I'll bet he'd do anything to get it through the government. At any rate, the rest works out simply enough. He made a very short and effective speech. I can remember it word for word. He said: "If there is nothing else that will convince you of the imperative need of the adoption of my elixir, then I must prove it by A B C. If you want an example, then turn to that door." They all craned their necks and saw what? old Brinsley, the representative for whom the whole aggregation had a moment before gone into voluntary mourning, his face beaming. He addressed young Wells, who was standing in the most conspicuous place in the house. "Sir," he said, "I owe my life to you. Fellow members, I beseech you to show your appreciation of this man's good will and benevolence, to accept his motion and distribute the elixir throughout the world." The prime minister himself rose, turned to the young man, wrung his hand, and turned to the assembly. "Is there any need of a vote?" said he. I was just leaving then, and as I reached the outer door, I heard coming from within a vast chorus, which spoke but one word—one tremendous "No."

Doctor Lawton: Now I wonder what there is left for me to do. I will not let him eliminate mankind from the earth because of his blind foolhardiness. No, I will find a way. Come, London, to the laboratory. (*Exeunt London and Doctor Lawton.*)

Curtain (for lapse of time).

(*The time is four months later. Doctor Lawton and London are seated facing the fire as in the prologue.*)

Doctor Lawton: You see, that with everyone inoculated against death, those attempted suicides yesterday are easily

explainable. What else would have caused such reckless trips across the ocean, to the moon, and other crazy places. They think that they are safe wherever they go. But there are things worse than death. Life itself to many is becoming a living death to those who have sense to realize that death is necessary as an impulse to live rightly in the short allotted time. I realized that over a year ago. Sidney Wells is just realizing it now. He has been having trouble on both sides. On one side, people are complaining that a man crushed to pieces by accident by a machine does not live. On the other, people of sensible minds are asking to have the effect of the medicine removed. Those suicides didn't work, because the only way to obtain death is by disintegration of the whole body by acids, and there is hardly a man now alive who has the courage to undergo it. I knew that this would happen four months ago, and I have prepared myself for it. If Sidney Wells will listen to reason to night, I will set free the people from the torture which he thought was happiness.

London: I agree with you. How do you hope to counteract the effect of his injections?

Dr. Lawton: That we will see when he arrives here. He is due this minute.

(*Bell is heard ringing offstage. Wells enters, very dejected.*)

Wells: Sir, I apologize. I am filled with as deep a remorse as man has ever felt.

(*Offstage, in the street outside, is heard the cry of newsboys.*)

Newsboys: Buy the London Times here. Read about the four suicides which wouldn't work. Sidney Wells attacked. Threaten halt of distribution of the elixir.

Wells: You see, even the newsboys mock me.

Oh, do anything you want with me. I am willing to atone in any way, death if

you can give it to me. But I will not say that I will not try to redeem my mistake. (*Ris'ng*). Why have you called me here? What am I to do?

Dr. Lawton: Then you agree to obey me to the letter?

Wells: I am your slave.

Dr. Lawton: I have been spending the last four months trying to discover a neutralizing agent for my first formula. I discovered it last night. There is only one way to make the public take it. Announce that the first injection is ineffective unless re-enforced within a year. Say that it is absolutely necessary. I don't believe that your opposition will be very strong. I have arranged with a number of intelligent leaders to make sure that the second dose is taken. There are many, whom I trust implicitly, who know the true purpose of the injection. These will be able to influence the multitude. If the government or anyone opposes you, reveal the power of the chemicals. If this works, as I am sure it will, in two weeks we will announce the truth of the matter. You will be attacked as a traitor, and you will be forced to leave the country for two years until the opinion against you quiets down. There is a very pleasant observatory in South America, alone in the desert, where you may live happily until you can return. Are you content with this?

Wells: I am content with anything you order me to do. I leave now.

Dr. Lawton: And there is the formula. Good luck to you. (*Exit Wells*).

London: And within three weeks the newsboys will be echoing "Fraud—fraud."

Curtain.

Scene Three—The same, three weeks later.

(*Wells, London, and Doctor Lawton are standing before the door. Wells in an overcoat and carrying a large suitcase.*)

Wells: Well, I take the five o'clock train for Plymouth in fifteen minutes. I thank you with all my heart at the success of your venture. I have lost my good name temporarily I guess, but when the world wakes up they will curse not the Wells of to-day, but the Wells of four months ago. Good-bye, sir.

Dr. Lawton: Good-bye and good luck. I assure you that you have not lost your standing in the least with two of us.

London: I wish you a pleasant voyage, and congratulate you as man to man, on doing the one thing greater than all else. You, sir, have made the greatest conquest yet made by man, the conquest of yourself.

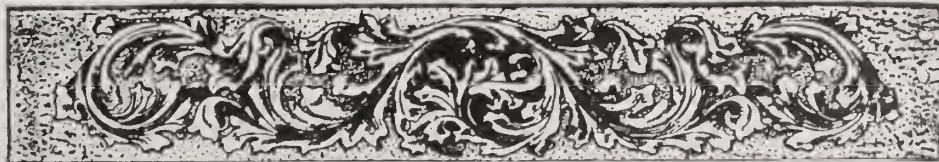
Dr. Lawton: And to the victors belong the spoils.

(*Exeunt the three men.*)

Newsboy: (Offstage) Fraud—fraud, Wells accused traitor—fraud—fraud—fraud—

Curtain.

THE END





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* * * * *

SUCCESS

One of the most foolish assertions that a man can possibly make is to dub himself a "success". Just what does he mean? Does he mean a business "success", a spiritual "success," or a "success" at home; or does he possess the impudence to mean that his entire life is a "success"? No man can ever be a true success in the literal meaning of the word because his very nature is incapable of that attainment. A man enters the world at birth with absolutely nothing which he can call his very own. He may be born into a rich or a poor family, but it does not alter the fact that he himself has nothing. After his tenure of life on this sphere, he passes away, and with him he takes nothing, not even the body which he had on his entrance to the world. Can a person therefore call himself a "success" when he leaves life with even less than when he started?

Let us consider for example, a boy working in a newspaper office. He sees reporters full of life and the joy of living, and he yearns to become a reporter some day in the dim future. "Then", he says to himself, "I would be successful in life." A few years later, he attains his coveted goal, but the newness of the job quickly wears off, and he casts envious eyes on the city editor and assures himself that, were he ever to reach that exalted position, he would be content to rest back and call himself a "success". But when he does reach that position, he finds that his restless human makeup will not allow him to sit back. Rather it urges him on and on until the grave rises up to swallow him and make room for a younger man who inevitably will repeat the process.

Success in this troubled world is indefinite, intangible, and fleeting. It is an abstract quality which can never be truly recognized and attained. Always, in the course of our existence, even when we are in the very flower of our life, there arise little difficulties to mar and spoil an otherwise enjoyable sojourn; for it is merely a sojourn, this short period which we please to call our life. And when the so-called successful men lie on their death-beds, breathing their last; when they face that dark abyss of eternity, it is then, that, were they able, they would proclaim to the universe that there can be no success in life, for it is then they hear the voice of their Creator calling them and bidding them render an account of their stewardship.

—C. L. II.

* * * * *

A FORGOTTEN RACE

Recently, the nation has been alternately shocked and amazed by the series of attempted jail breaks which has swept the country. In the mysterious way of the underworld, with apparently no channel of communication, the news of these revolts has spread like wildfire from one State penitentiary to another. Encouraged by the fragmentary news they have received, the inmates begin to conceive their own desperate plan for escape. The result of it all is, that throughout the land wardens are being kept busy suppressing rumors and mutinies. Journalists and reporters alike have advanced reasons for this concerted attempt for freedom by imprisoned criminals. Some say that the Baumes' Law of New York State, which provides life imprisonment for a man four times convicted of felony, is responsible. Others advance the reason that conditions in prisons of today are so mediaeval that it is impossible to prevent disgruntled criminals from inciting mutiny among fellow inmates. Finally there is to be taken into consideration the hope that springs eternal in the human breast. No doubt, you have often witnessed a tiger, sullen and glowering, pacing his cage with lashing tail, smelling at the bars through which he never shall pass, and growling his useless defiance to the world. So, are these men; human tigers pacing their cells, and like the tiger, when they escape they wreak ruin and destruction for their short period of freedom, and continue to do so until they are shot down or overpowered. With the sullenness of the great cat, they then allow themselves to be led back to their cage and, although obedient when the guard is present with his gun, they never are conquered or their spirit shattered.

There have been breaks made all over the country, but let us take for example, the riot of Auburn. There had been rumors at this prison for quite a while and, even though the guards had been increased, in the strange underground manner of prisons, word was circulated among the prisoners to "be ready anytime." It happened on the afternoon of July 18. A "trusty" approached the warden and dashed acid in his face. The keys were quickly taken, prisoners set loose and the arsenal seized. Armed with guns, the mutineers led by four "lifers" attacked the walls and gate. Unsuccessful, they set fire to six shops and buildings and under cover of the dense smoke attacked the gate with a ram. The State militia was quickly called out and for five hours a battle which would make Indian warfare child-play by comparison, raged. The result, of course, was inevitable. Although the four ringleaders made good their escape, the rest were thoroughly conquered. The authorities are at present forcing the rioters, who numbered 1700, to clean up the debris and make repairs on the damaged property. The total damage by fire and wilfull destruction amounts to nearly \$150,000. Besides this a number of guards and prisoners were shot or maimed. A similar outbreak had occurred on the preceding Monday in another

New York prison. At Dannemora, some 1400 prisoners were loosed for a short time. However, they were quickly subdued after the three ringleaders, also "lifers", were killed by guards. Similarly throughout the entire country, there have been outbreaks. Some have been nipped in the bud and others have actually broken loose. Practically no state has escaped this scourge of prison insurrections.

By far the most important break, however, occurred out in Colorado where, for nearly forty-eight hours, one of the most spectacular riots ever, was in progress. Led by a demented "lifer" called Daniels, the prisoners staged a terrible and bloody mutiny. They were well supplied with guns and provisions, and for a time, it looked as though the entire group of inmates would escape. The cruelties practised by the crazed leaders are unmentionable. Seven guards were assassinated, and others severely wounded in the carnage. The institution with its buildings were practically destroyed before the battle ended. When Daniels saw that escape was impossible, he committed suicide. Without a leader, the inmates were swiftly overpowered. Now, of course, everyone realizes that such outbreaks are severely punished. People shake their heads knowingly, and opine that the life of the mutineers from now on will be very miserable. But, and here is the everlasting question, how can they be punished when the movement is so concerted as to extend over the entire country? The answer, of course, is, "Impossible."

Many remedies have been suggested to relieve the pressure, and, naturally, the present system and set of laws have been subjected to various criticisms. Those who come forward with remedies can readily be divided into two classes; the ones who desire to alleviate the punishment of criminals, that is to lighten the sentence and thus render the prisoners more peaceable, and those who want to bear down all the harder upon criminals because of their recent outbreaks. The class which desires to alleviate the sentences of lawbreakers is generally made up of professional reformers, who believe that a criminal can be corrected by allowing his moral sense to guide him and keep him from doing evil. This type is usually in favor of abolishing prisons entirely. Their suggestions are generally scoffed at. The other class, in which Senator Baumes may be included favors the increasing of punishment as the crimes increase. Their greatest argument is to point to the recent outbreaks, and declare it proof that criminals need the iron hand. But before any more laws, are passed or any prisons abolished, it would be well, according to experts, to really clean up, in the sanitary sense as well as the mental, the prisons.

While it is not the intention of the writer to defend the rioters in their actions, still it is a well known fact that many penitentiaries are relics of the nineteenth century and unfit for use. For instance, take the Auburn site. The institution is composed of a group of old, gray, damp buildings. They were built in 1816 and of course are without the advantages of scientific ventilation and modern plumbing. Then, this prison, which may be taken as a type for all the rest, is fearfully overcrowded. There are cells for exactly 1226 men, and there were 1700 inmates at the time of the insurrection. The same conditions were prevalent at Dannemora, where 1400 men were quartered, the maximum being 1160. At Canon City, where the major riot occurred, there also existed an overcrowded condition. Although recognized as a most modern penitentiary in equipment and necessities, it was badly overpopulated. And, moreover, in our great institution at Atlanta, the same condition exists right now, and the same resentment among prisoners is in evidence. Are we to have a similar outburst at Atlanta? Such conditions as these would be

ruffling to the nerves of any class of people, much less the sullen, irreconcilable group which is locked up in prisons.

One of the most sensible suggestions, however, is the plan to separate "lifers" from other criminals. Men who are serving a life term are universally a calloused, desperate group, who are willing to stake everything in one attempt for freedom. When they are allowed to mingle with term prisoners, their first thought is to gather a clique for the purpose of someday making an attempt at freedom. They always produce a bad effect on fellow inmates because of their hopeless condition. Other prisoners, seeing their attitude toward established authority, think it proper to be as sullen and rebellious as possible. If the plan to segregate "lifers" from other criminals is adopted, it would constitute one progressive step toward the goal of all prison wardens; the elimination of incentive to mutiny.

—C. L. H.

The Register
in behalf of the Student Body
Extends its Condolences
to
Mr. Robert Drummey
in
His Recent Bereavement

Luck

By P. N. Dangel

Some mysterious magnetism drew Bob toward the wharves. Since as far back as he could remember, he had always sat at the water-front when he was morose. There was something about the place which attracted him. Perhaps the swelling of the dirty water or the gloom of the environs soothed his fallen spirits. Perhaps it was the fact that he was left in solitude there. At any rate, it did help him.

There was a good reason for his heavy heart. That day both he and his father had been discharged from the shoe factory for some infraction of rules. It was not this alone that troubled him; there were four children and mother to be fed! Unless he got work soon the family would be broken up.

He had just turned the corner of the docks when he stopped abruptly and meditated. "Why," he asked himself, "am I going to sit here in idleness? I should be hunting for something to do."

He bit his lip, turned around, and started to retrace his steps. Suddenly he stopped again. Habit and emotion had conquered him; he went out onto the wharf and sat down on a coil of rope. There, in solitude, he pondered his grief over and over in his mind.

He had not been there long when an elderly gentleman, rather short and plump, approached and interrupted his thoughts. Bob rose and offered his place to the stranger. The latter accepted the offer with a word of thanks and made himself as comfortable as possible.

Both stared at the murky rippling water fully fifteen minutes before another word was spoken. Finally the older broke the silence.

"You know, it's a great thing to be alive. I just spent seven months in a hospital. I thought I'd never be out in the open again."

Bob only stared harder at the water; the old man continued without lifting his eyes.

"There is something about this place which enchants me. I can't tell what it is. Does it affect you that way?"

Before there was time to answer, a loud splash resounded in their ears. Both rushed to the other side of the wharf.

"There!" cried the old man excitedly, "Look! A man is drowning."

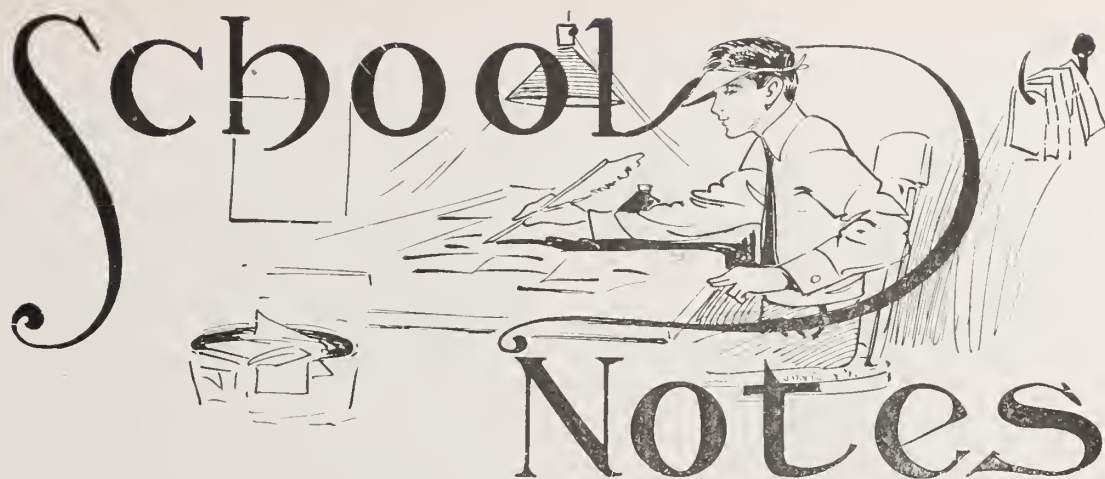
Bob tore off his coat and shoes; a moment later he was in the dirty water. Long steady strokes soon brought him to the drowning man who was clutching at the empty air. A struggle followed in which the boy was victorious. The man was towed to the dock, where, with the aid of a rope thrown from above, both were able to reach safety.

Once on dry land, the boy started to revive the victim. Then, for the first time, he noticed the man's face. It was his father! Frantically did he work over the body until the old man brought the police with a pulmotor. Then he collapsed entirely.

When Bob awoke, he found himself in a hospital cot. At his right hand was a huge basket of flowers. At his left was another cot, on which his father was sitting, smiling. At the foot of the bed stood the old man, beaming with joy and pride.

"Well, son," he remarked, "your father told me the whole story. After this you are going to work for me. I've been looking for a boy like you for a long time."

School Notes



Well, drill is on again. Twice a week we journey to the Netherlands to study in the school of the soldier. Some of the second and third-class members cannot see that the high and mighty first-classmen give orders better than they. And the sad part of it is: maybe they're right!

* * *

From reliable sources we learn that the Girls' High, now on West Newton St., is contemplating building an annex on our be-e-e-utiful athletic field, to be used for their Seniors and Juniors, construction to start next Spring. We sincerely hope that such a disaster will never befall our successors at the good old school.

* * *

Woe unto you, O First-Classmen!!

The prognosticator sees where many Latin School boys will die violent deaths if the rule about windows is ever repealed.

* * *

Among other things we have Portables and little fellows called sixth-classmen.

* * *

Not to mention the omnipresent second-classmen.

* * *

Do we hear aright? Is there to be no Year Book?

We hope that enough money can be

raised to defray the expenses. It will be the only memento of the Class of 1930 and its masters about ten years hence and would be well worth paying for, even if printed only for Class I.

* * *

At a recent assembly of Classes I and II, Mrs. Powers said that we take too much for granted in the course of our daily lives.

* * *

We wonder if some of the younger members of this institution really know the status of Boston Latin School among the high and prep schools of the nation.

* * *

In fact, can any of us realize the immense value we are deriving from daily association with the school and its excellent instructors?

* * *

Three hundred years ago, Indians claimed Boston for their own. Shortly afterwards, the Puritans arrived. The next important happening was the birth of The Boston Latin School.

* * *

Exeter Academy is to be congratulated. She has carried off the Phi Beta Kappa Trophy.

* * *

Well, a change of atmosphere and sur-

roundings ought to remove the tarnish from the emblem.

Some are accusing us of deliberately "throwing" the cup (if that's what it is) in order to keep alive competition for the next two years.

* * *

Some of the grads, however, are inclined to be big-hearted about the whole affair. After all, four out of five is a fair average, even in B. L. S.—80 %—, good enough for most of us.

* * *

However, we are extremely sorry to be forced to notify the Academy that the emblem will return to Latin School next fall.

* * *

Let us hope they won't send it C. O. D.

* * *

At the regular meeting of the Radio

Club on Tuesday, December 5, Mr. Pennypacker gave a talk on "Storage Batteries." The explanation was made very interesting by accounts of several actual experiences of the speaker.

Many members of the club are now at work building receivers, while the more experienced boys are already constructing transmitters. Code practice for beginners is held at every meeting.

* * *

Le Cercle Francais has elected as officers for the year 1929-30:

President—Rogers

Vice-President—Rollins

Secretary—Levenson

Mr. McGuffin has given two talks accompanied with lantern-slides on Tunis and Northern Africa. Mr. Arnold has also spoken on the French Government and Constitution.



The Mad Hermit

By P. N. Dangel

The endless, unavailing struggle for existence in this puny world had driven me almost to despair. Thus it was with some hope of relief that I persuaded my body to carry my weary soul away from civilization and out of sight of my unfortunate brethren.

I cannot accurately recall when I made my departure or even where I went. I do remember, however, that after hours of aimless wandering in a sort of semi-consciousness, I found myself in a grove formed by large oak trees. Much to my delight, contact with the world had been severed.

My new-born ecstasy soon came very close to being shattered, for an elderly man whom I had not noticed hailed me. Ah! That was a lucky moment for me!

This gentleman had long white hair which fell in great disorder about his neck, and a snowy beard that reached almost to his waist. His blue eyes sparkled and gleamed from a face which had been tanned to a deep olive-drab by constant exposure to the sun. Although rather short and somewhat bent, he bore a certain air of dignity and good cheer. Indeed, he quite resembled one of those Greek philosophers we read about.

At his request I sat down on a rock beside him.

He began to speak in a mournful voice:

"It has been a long time since I have spoken to anyone. The last person I talked with seemed to think I was crazy, for he left in a hurry. Perhaps you will also, for I am going to speak to you just as I did to him.

"This forest is my home, my world, my cathedral. I live here so I can be far from the grasping ways of civilization. Here is solitude, comfort, privacy. I interfere with no man's business and what I do is only my affair.

"I call this my universe because my earthly thoughts do not extend beyond the edges of this wood. It makes no

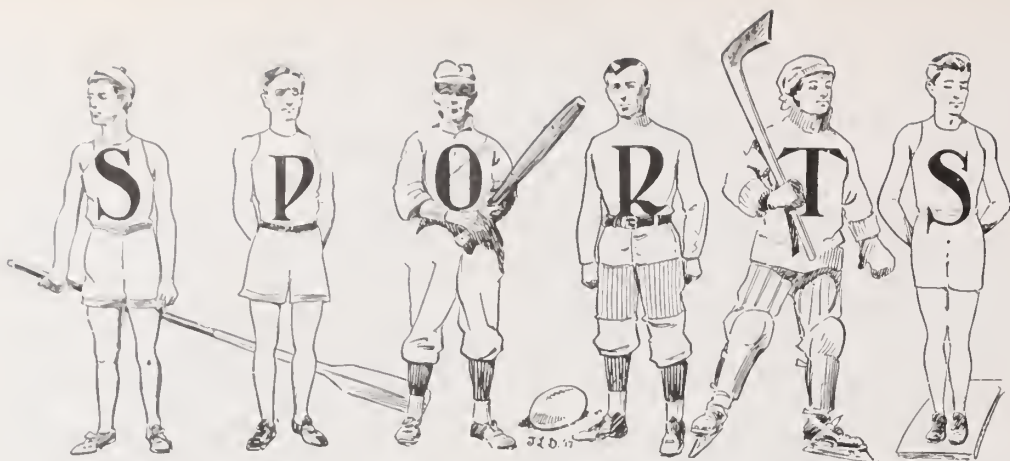
difference to me whether Mr. So-and-So has become rich or poor or whether his wife has bought a new coat. Likewise, the affairs of nations do not trouble me. I realize the insignificance of man, and accordingly I have made my universe as small as possible.

"You are now in my cathedral and free to worship in any way you wish or at any time you wish. Behold the altar, those two stately oaks. Could any altar be more beautiful? See the dome, those awe-inspiring heavens, so high, so blue, so perfect with their fleeting curtains of white or gray. And what a chandelier! See it blazing its way through its course. When it's gone we have stars and the moon. You tread the finest carpet ever made, woven with moss and grass. What admirable workmanship is displayed in that design of tawny earth and fallen leaves! You are sitting in a pew cloven from rock. It is magnificent! Look at the walls. You are surrounded by pillars hung with fruit and decorated with branches and leaves.

"Here is the real place of worship fashioned by the hands of the Creator. I will have none of those places built by man from the funds of man. No candles or other man-made lights for me! Mine are pure and in the heavens. I am my own minister, an amateur, not a professional. I can worship at any time of day or night without permission from anyone.

"In fact, I have nothing to do but be thankful, for I can turn in no direction without meeting a wonder of Nature, or, if you wish, God. My man, be thankful that you live. See that you are nothing and that Nature is everything. But above all, do not despair of life. God cares for even the smallest microbe and has created it for a purpose."

So was my aching spirit assuaged by the man known as the "mad hermit."



THE DORCHESTER GAME

On the morning of the eleventh anniversary of Armistice Day, Latin and Dorchester engaged in their annual football game, and when the final whistle was blown, Latin had been nosed out by the margin of a single, solitary touchdown.

The eight thousand enthusiasts who turned out in spite of the cloudy weather, saw a contest liberally sprinkled with fine runs, and finer kicks, and excellent football, not to mention the large number of penalties given out impartially to both sides by the referee.

It was a very even, hard-fought game, and Dorchester, by capitalizing her breaks or rather, *the* break, emerged the victor. If Latin had taken advantage of a few golden opportunities, the game undoubtedly would have turned out differently.

Gould kicked off for Latin to Dorchester's 5-yd. line. These tremendous lifts, by the way, seem to have become a persistent habit with "Dick." After an ineffectual rush, Dorchester kicked to her own 45-yd. line. Rabinovitz received and ran the ball back five yards to the 40-yd. stripe before he was downed. On Latin's first two plays, Dorchester was offside and a five yard penalty was imposed upon them for each offense. With a first down on Dorchester's 30-yd. line and the game hardly two minutes old, Latin seemed to be all set to go places and do things. But—the inevitable but—on the very next play Latin fumbled and when the referee had untangled the writhing mass

of humanity, a wearer of the "Red and Black," was found to be holding the elusive pigskin tightly in his grasp.

During the next few minutes the two teams gave a fine exhibition of smart football, and the repeated end runs of Aieta of Dorchester, and a startling twenty yard sprint by Callaghan of Latin brought the crowd to its feet again and again. But no matter how hard each team tried neither was able to bring the ball past the opposition's 25-yd. line. The quarter ended when Rabinovitz, receiving a Dorchester punt on his own 45-yd. line, had carried the ball back three yards to the 48-yd. line.

During the interval between periods, the entire gathering stood at attention, in respectful silence, with heads uncovered, as the bugles played taps in commemoration of those who had sacrificed their lives for the United States during the World War.

In the second quarter the two teams fought it out between the two 30-yd. markers, neither gaining a decided advantage, until a Latin man fumbled a punt on his own 28-yd. line; an alert Dorchester player recovered. In two rushes, with Aieta carrying both times, Dorchester brought the ball down to Latin's 8-yd. line. Here we put up a wonderful goal-line defense and repulsed the next three line plunges in succession. With eight yards to go for a touchdown and one down to make it in, Dorchester tossed a short pass over the center of the line, which resulted in the only score of the game. The half ended after Weddleton, who had replaced Gould,

had intercepted a Dorchester pass on their 40-yd. stripe.

Latin kicked off again in the second half and Dorchester, by a series of rushes, aided by a forward pass which gained fifteen yards, advanced the ball to her own 40-yd. line. Here, however, the Latin line held and Dorchester was forced to kick. The spheroid took a queer hop and bounded by Rabinovitz, finally coming to rest on the Latin 25-yd. line. Rabinovitz then carried for five yards. On the next play Callaghan, shooting off right tackle, suddenly emerged from a tangled heap of players, and, like a frightened rabbit began to weave his way in and out, dodging all of Dorchester's would-be tacklers, until he had passed all but the safety man. As he turned, however, to avoid Aieta, the safety man, the latter made a desperate dive and staggered him sufficiently to spoil his stride. This was just enough to allow a pursuing enemy player to come up from behind and pull Callaghan with considerable force on the Dorchester 20-yd. line.

This fifty-yard gallop of Callaghan's seemed to put a little pep into Latin's playing, and the next play, a beautifully executed forward pass, from Gould to Rabinovitz, went for ten yards. Here again the Latin team did not function well when they seemed to be in a sure position to score, for in the next four downs Latin could not gain an inch, either through the line or by the air route, and Dorchester took the ball on downs. The quarter ended after an exchange of kicks, with Latin's ball on her own 45-yd. line.

In the last session, Latin forced the fight all the time and continually threatened Dorchester's goal line. A sustained Latin drive was launched, when Weddleton threw a long forward pass to Lynch for a gain of forty yards. On the very next play, Callaghan, plunging through the center of the line,

tore off fifteen yards, and Weiner skirting the right end, added five more. With the ball on Dorchester's 8-yd. line and four downs to go for a touchdown, the fates smiled harshly on us and we fumbled, only to have Dorchester recover. Dorchester kicked out of danger and on the next play the game ended.

The summary:

Latin—Bilodeau (Bryant, Lynch, Hausen), right end; O'Hare, right tackle; Shea, right guard; Downes, center; Wilson, left guard; Kopans, *Capt.*, left tackle; Kelleher, (Cone), left end; Gould, (Weddleton), quarterback; Mullen, (Callaghan, Gordon), left halfback; Lichtenstein, (Weiner), right halfback; Rabinovitz, fullback.

Dorchester—Henderson, left end; Meleedy, (Sullivan), left tackle; Howard, left guard; Keating, center; Nagle, (Aroff), right guard; O'Neil, right tackle; Peterson, (Lyons), right end; Cummings, quarterback; Aieta, right halfback; O'Sullivan, (Meleedy), left halfback; Meaney, fullback.

Score: Dorchester 6, Boston Latin 0. Touchdown: Henderson. Referee: Hallahan. Umpire: Prescott. Linesman: Murray. Field Judge: O'Connor. Time: Four 12 min. periods. — *B. K.* '31

DROPS FROM THE SHOWERS

The game with Dorchester was a hard one to lose. The team played well and showed power and drive.

* * *

Gould's punting was outstanding. His long, high, twisting, spirals more than once were a great source of relief to the Latin School supporters.

* * *

There was an unusually large number in attendance at the field, due, of course, to the attractive games, Latin-Dorchester and Mechanics-English. The interest in the city-league football games seems to be ever increasing.

Aieta was Dorchester's big threat. He is a fine, hard running back and is by far the best ball carrier to oppose Latin School this far this season.

* * *

The line from tackle to tackle has been performing in fine fashion lately. Captain Kopans, Shea, Downes, Wilson, and O'Hare are indeed worthy of much praise.

* * *

One bespectacled youth, Josephs by name, gave English High very little peace on Armistice day in 1929.

* * *

The attendance at the Mechanics Game, in contrast to that at the contest with Dorchester, was very poor. Only a few troubled themselves to be present at Brookline Field.

* * *

Mr. Louis Musco, of last year's English High School eleven, was an interested spectator at the Mechanics game. We sincerely hope he spent a most enjoyable afternoon. We did, at any rate.

* * *

Our last contest prior to that with English saw a very effective change in the Latin School lineup. Irving Rabino-vitz was shifted from fullback to quarter-back, and "Dick" Gould assumed "Rabby's" former post after leaving the signal caller's position. "Dick" 's power as a line plunging back was used to great advantage as a result of this change, and "Rabby" ran the team finely.

* * *

Wilson was called back every now and then to throw a forward pass. "Swede" has the arm to toss 'em "high, wide, and handsome."

* * *

Lynch played a great game at end. When he was not breaking up the enemy's plays he was batting down the long heaves of Josephs, the Mechanics team's star forward passer.

At this writing track practice is well under way. Each day after school the squad may be seen going through its paces in the gymnasium. "Bill" Owen, sprinter, is the captain, and Paul Shine is the manager.

* * *

"Sid Friedman and John Joyce, two fine runners last year have departed Englishward. We had counted on them to earn many points for us this year. We have concluded that our pleading does no good whatsoever. Would that they had gone to any other school but English! It seems that if an account of any athletic meeting there were printed it would read as follows: "The nucleus of the team this season will be several transfers from Latin School."

* * *

The hockey squad has begun its work under Coach Cleary. George Weddleton and Edward Meshorer are captain and manager respectively.

* * *

THE MECHANIC ARTS GAME

On the afternoon of November 20, Latin easily defeated a supposedly stronger Mechanic Arts team, at Brookline Field, Brookline. Mechanics, the heavy favorite to win, was disposed of by the score of 13-0.

The highly touted aerial attack of Mechanics was effectively stopped. Out of fifteen attempts at forward passing, four were completed, and of these but two caused the Latin team any worry. Josephs, the Mechanic Arts star forward passer, was stopped every time but once when he attempted to gain by the air route. Latin's defense for these forwards was simply this. Whenever the bespectacled Josephs stepped back to throw a pass, our ends would draw back and follow the opposing wingmen wherever they went. In this way, with "Steve" Downes playing the

roving center, and the other four backs doing their part, Latin, with seven men covering the five Mechanics players eligible to receive passes, had an easy time repulsing these frequent thrusts through the air.

With the second team starting, Latin kicked off and Mechanics ran the ball back to her own 30-yd. line. Two line plunges being unsuccessful, our opponents kicked and the ball was fumbled by three different Latin backs, finally being recovered on our 45-yd. line by the enemy. They, however, kicked again after one unsuccessful rush, and the ball was downed on our 25-yd. line. After another exchange of punts, the second team finally managed to bring the ball into hostile territory. At this point Coach Fitzgerald sent in the first eleven and a drive was immediately launched only to end on Mechanic Arts' 20-yd. line, when one of our passes was intercepted. Our opponents, failing to gain in two plays, kicked to their own 40-yd. line. Callaghan caught the ball, hesitated for an instant, and dodging the oncoming ends, ran the pigskin back for thirty yards to the Mechanics 10-yd. line, where he was finally forced offside, after having outdistanced almost all of the Mechanics players. The quarter ended there, with the ball on our opponents' 10-yd. line, in our possession.

On the opening play of the second session, Callaghan, faking an end run, tossed a forward pass into the waiting arms of Gould, who crashed over for the touchdown. On the try for the extra point, "Dick" dropped back as if to kick. After the ball was passed, he went through the motions of drop-kicking, and the Mechanic ends rushed in, trying very hard indeed to frustrate the attempt. Gould, however, merely straightened up and calmly threw a flat pass over the tips of the fingers of these ardent wingmen, to Rabinovitz. This

clever bit of acting was so well carried out, that not a Mechanics man was within fifteen yards of "Rabby," when he scored the extra point.

Latin kicked off again and Mechanic immediately started to use her forward passes. From her own 40-yd. line, two heaves in succession brought her down to our 8-yd. line. Here, however, a third pass was grounded in the end zone, whereby Mechanic forfeited the ball to us on our 20-yd. line. After this attack, Mechanic slowed down and never came inside our 30-yd. line again with the ball in their possession. For the remaining two minutes until the half ended, both teams were content to kick the spheroid back and forth, neither side being willing to rush the ball.

In the second half, Latin kicked off and on the run back Mechanic used a lateral pass which was good enough to bring the ball down to their own 40-yd. line. The third quarter was mainly a punting duel, with Gould gaining considerably on every kick. The quarter ended with the ball in Mechanic's possession on her own 35-yd. line.

Immediately after the opening of the final period, the enemy kicked to our 35-yd. line. Rabinovitz, receiving the ball ran it back fifteen yards to midfield. On the next play Callaghan was hurt and Weddleton replaced him. After an exchange of kicks, "Weddy" intercepted a Mechanics pass on their 37-yd. line and raced back twenty-five yards with it to the 12-yd. mark. On the next play, a forward pass, Weddleton to Gould, gained eleven yards and a first down. On the first attempt thereafter, Gould tore the Mechanics line in two as he plunged through the center of it for the second touchdown. A place kick for the extra point did not succeed. With but a few moments left to go, Mechanics, in the hope of scoring once to avert a shutout, began to throw her passes at random. But the Latin defense was too much for

them and the game ended with the ball in our possession on their 30-yd. line, after Lynch had intercepted a forward pass.

The Summary

Latin—Kelliher, Lynch, left end; O'Hare, Murphy, left tackle; Saklad, Shea, left guard; Fitzgerald, Downes, center; Elkin, Wilson, right guard; Kopans, *Capt.*, right tackle; Cone, Bilo-deau, Bryant, right end; Weddleton, Rabinovitz, quarterback; Gordon, Callaghan, Mullen, G. Moore, left halfback; Lichtenstein, Weddleton, right halfback; Gould, F. Moore, fullback.

—*B. K.* '31

* * *

YE GAME

Thanksgiving morning November 28, '29, the time when the hostilities of two schools, the most colorful schoolboy rivalry in the country, were resumed, was indeed a miserable one from the standpoint of the weatherman. The Latin School manner of regarding the day was entirely different—the occurrence being most pleasant. At the opening kickoff a slight rain was falling. Not ten minutes later it was snowing hard and it was with difficulty that one could see the field of play distinctly. Scarcely after the second period had begun, the blizzard, and it was a veritable blizzard, had ceased, and the sun was making every effort to appear before the large gathering of the twenty-five thousand persons in attendance. These weather changes, however, did not succeed in dampening an evident manifestation of Latin confidence. The very air seemed charged with that spirit, and the result as is well known to all by now, was a most decisive and well-earned victory.

The Latin line rose to superb efforts, overwhelming the English redoubts. Our backs, although hampered by a wet, slippery, ball and a terribly muddy field, out-smarted the ball carriers of the opposition. The outcome, as we

have said, was a thorough, conclusive, triumph for Latin School, 13-6.

Captain Kopans kicked off, the pigskin carrying to the English 25-yd. line, where Kenny caught it and advanced it fifteen yards to his own 40-yd. mark. English tried our line, gained but six yards on two plays, and thus was forced to kick. Kenny booted, the ball rolling offside on the Latin 27-yd. line. Callaghan hit the line for three yards and Rabinovitz made it a first down to his own 37-yd. stripe on an end run. Further attempts to gain were unsuccessful, however, and Gould punted to English on her own 29-yd. line. Our opponents gained five yards on an end run, thereby advancing the ball to their own 34-yd. mark, whence they made a first down to their 41-yd. stripe. On the next play they fumbled and the alert Lynch recovered the bounding pigskin for Latin on his own 45-yd. line. Three plays gained but little, whereupon Gould kicked to the enemy's 35-yd. line, where the receiver was downed in his tracks. English, in turn, could not gain and Kenny dropped back to kick. He fumbled the pass from center but retrieved the ball as three Latin men pounced upon him. English lost twelve yards on the play.

At this point time was called and towels were brought on for the players, now wet from their contact with the snow and rain, and bespattered with the muddy turf. Play was resumed with the ball in English's possession, fourth down, twenty-one yards to go. Kenny booted, a short kick, the ball carrying only to the English 35-yd. line, where it went out of bounds. Callaghan gained two yards through center. Weiner, who had been substituted for Lichtenstein, drove off tackle for five more. Callaghan made it first down to the English 13-yd. marker. A lateral pass gained a mere three yards, after which the enemy's defense braced and they

took the ball on downs. Two rushes netted them twelve yards, but on the next play they fumbled and Wilson, the *yumping* Swede from Latin School, recovered. This ordinarily would take the drive out of any football team but not so with English for after Rabinovitz had gained five yards on an off tackle play, they stopped a spinner play without gain, and did not yield an inch when we attempted a line plunge. A beautifully executed forward pass, Gould to Rabinovitz, fooled them, however, and with the pigskin resting on the English 5-yd. line, first down, a touchdown to go, the Latin stands kept yelling for a score.

Their desires were fulfilled on the first play of the second quarter, the action having been transferred to the other end of the field, when Gould plunged through a gaping hole in the English line for a touchdown. A forward pass, Gould to Rabinovitz, was good for the extra point. (*First blood for the purple!*)

Latin again kicked off and the ball was returned thirteen yards to the English 33-yd line. Our opponents were soon forced to kick. Gould received on his own 45-yd line and ran it back ten yards to the enemy's 45-yd. stripe before he was pulled down by three or four English players. We too were obliged to kick and a Latin wingman downed the ball, but did not hold it till the whistle was blown. An alert English back then snatched up the pigskin and ran twenty yards with it until he was tackled on his own 40-yd. stripe. Here English completed a forward pass which netted them a first down on the Latin 46-yd. line. Another pass gained an additional first down on the Latin 35-yd. mark. Kenny then drove off tackle four times in succession and placed the ball on the Latin 8-yd. stripe. A center plunge added two more yards. Another off tackle thrust advanced the pigskin to the 2-yd. mark, whence Kriwitzky ploughed through for the score. The try for the point failed.

Latin again kicked off and this time the ball was returned to the English 41-yd. line. Our opponents tried our line but meagre gains forced a kick. Kenny booted to "Rabby," who returned the pigskin eight yards to his own 48-yd. mark. Lichtenstein made four yards off tackle but further attempts to gain went for naught and Gould kicked. Our opponents returned the compliment and the ball was downed on our 45-yd. line. Gould again kicked, a mighty boot, which carried over the goal-line. The contest then settled down to a punting duel until Rabinovitz caught an English kick on his own 40-yd. line, where he was downed immediately. "Rabby" then gained two yards off tackle. Callaghan added three more, after which Gould placed a kick offside on the English 2-yd. line. They immediately kicked to their own thirty where Gould caught the spheroid on the run and advanced it ten yards. A spinner play gained nothing. Then Wilson dropped back from the line to the kicker's position and hurled a beautiful forward pass to Callaghan, who received it on the right hand side of the field. He turned, reversed his field, side stepped a few would-be tacklers, and dashed over the goal-line for a touchdown. One of the finest exhibitions of broken-field running seen in a schoolboy game for a long while!

After the kick-off, English, now far in the ruck, attempted to come back. She uncorked a dazzling forward passing attack, but to no avail! Time and time again we repulsed her attack, and at the final whistle it was a great triumph for the purple. We were not to be denied. it was Latin's day!

Latin—Bilodeau, Kelleher, Owens left end; Kopans, *Capt.*, McGrath, left tackle; Wilson, Hausen, Gordon, Saklad, Cullen, left guard; Downes, Casey, center; Shea, Cone, Fisher, Eagan, Dierauf, right guard; O'Hare, Murphy,

FitzGerald, Goodwin, Haye, right tackle; Weiner, Mullen, left halfback; Cal-Lynch, Bryant, Sullivan, right end; laghan, right halfback; Gould, Weddleton, Rabinovitz, quarterback; Lichtenstein, ton, fullback.



LATIN FANS DID ENOUGH CHEERING TO MAKE UP FOR THE LAST FIVE YEARS! SOME ROOTERS HAD NOT ONLY WEAK HEARTS, BUT ALSO WEAK TONICS AS A RESULT OF THE EXCITEMENT!



CAPTAIN
"DAVE" KOPANS

WHO LED A LATIN TEAM TO ITS FIRST VICTORY OVER ENGLISH SINCE 1924!



"DICK" GOULD
BEST KICKER
IN BOSTON HIGH

SCHOOLS, WHOSE MIGHTY BOOST CONTINUALLY KEPT LATIN OUT OF DANGER!



TOM CALLAHAN
MADE A BID FOR "ALL-SCHOLASTIC" RIGHT HALF BACK!



ENGLISH BACK (MEDIATING)
"WHUT KIN A GUY DO WHIN
THA OPERATION IS DESPRIT."

G.F. FOURKE



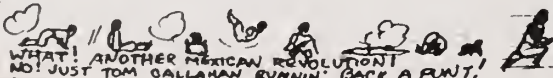
IRVING
RABINOVITZ

YEP!
They got
their
letter!
and
NOW!



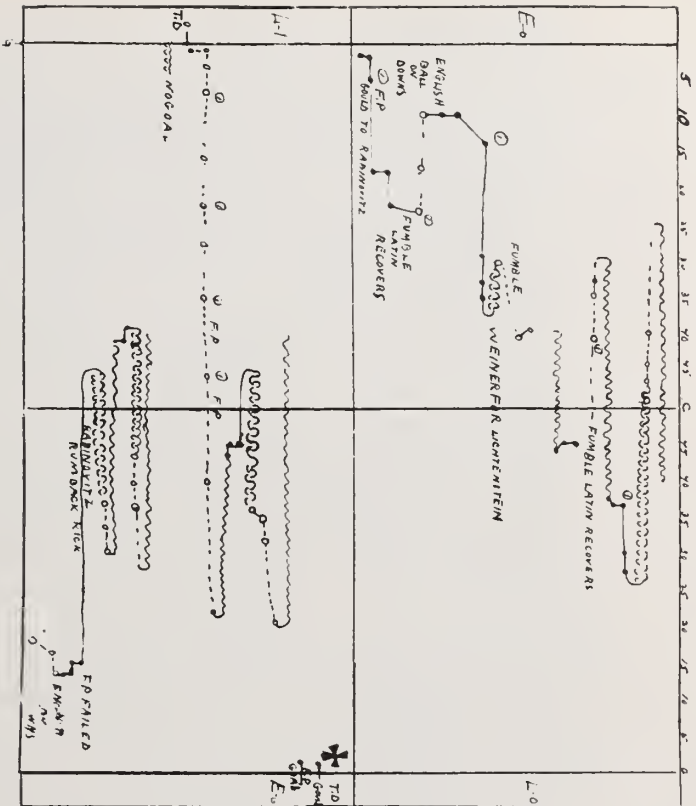
LEFTY
LICHENSTEIN

BILLODEAU-KOPANS-CAPT.
WILSON-DOWNES-SHEA
O'HARE-LYNCH-MURPHY
RABINOVITZ-GOULD
CALLAHAN-LICHENSTEIN
WEINER-MULLEN-CONE
KELLEHER-BRYANT-SAKAL
WEDDLETON-GOODWIN
FITZGERALD-GORDON

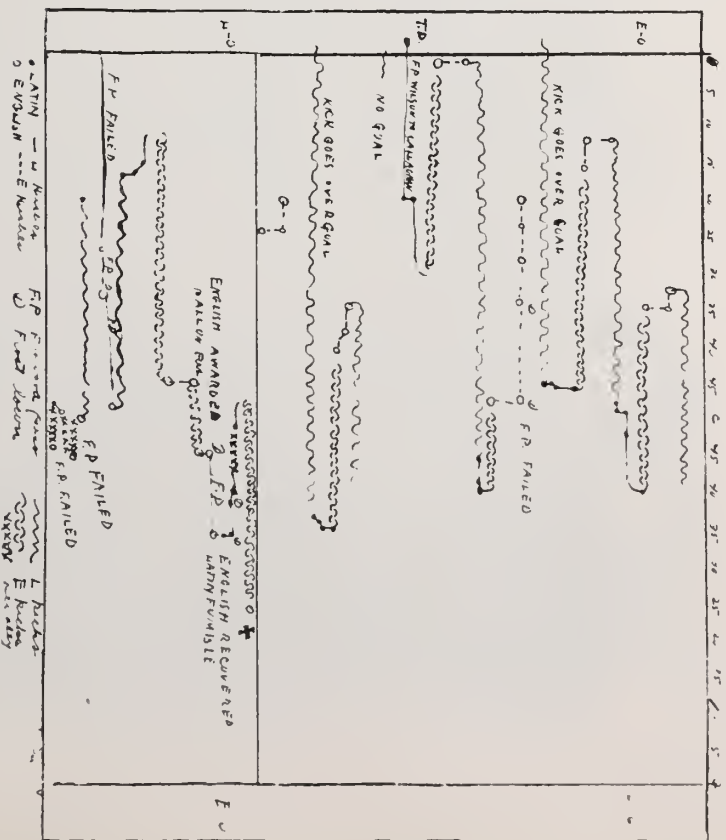


WRITE EM DOWN IN THE HALL OF FAME!

First Half



Second Half

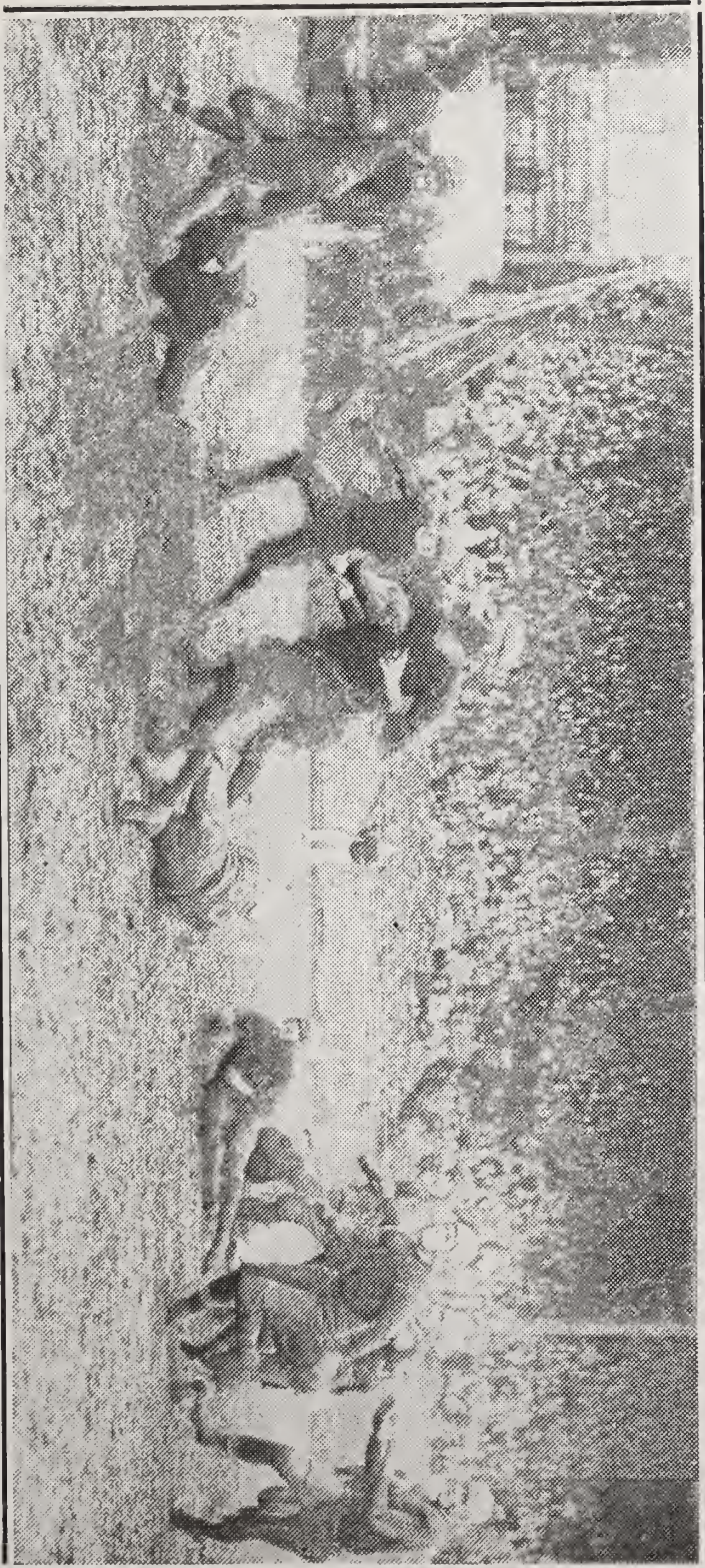


	1	2	3	4
L	0	7	6	0
E	0	6	0	0

VENERUNT, VIDERUNT, VICERUNT



Lynch	Callaghan	Gould	Rabinovitz	Lichtenstein
	O'Hare	Shea	Downes	Kopans
			Wilson	Bilodeau



Callaghan scoring the second Latin touchdown

ALL OUT FOR TRACK

To the most careless observer it is quite evident that there has arisen a sudden and unusual interest in that eager group of runners and jumpers commonly known as the track team. Many a puzzled spectator has peered with an expression of doubt through the doors of the drill hall, where the members of the squad can be seen each afternoon, poised in all sorts of awkward positions, kicking their feet in the air. One even hears an occasional rumor noised about in the corridor, but he accepts the odd news with little assurance. That's natural. It isn't an easy thing to believe.

For the few who are ignorant of this surprising fact, we shall make a brief explanation: a miracle is about to be performed by the School Committee—in the form of hot water. No longer will the noisy chattering of teeth echo through the locker room. A hot shower is actually to be installed without extra charge. Some say that in another ten years we will probably be supplied with towels also, but only the present lower classes, of course, will reap the benefit of this improvement.

All this goes to show that the track team of this year has started out in an extraordinary and miraculous manner, and that very likely it will finish the season in an equally unusual way. Here, as you may have supposed, we refer to the meet with English High.

It is needless to mention the splendid achievements of last year's track team, except to say that the only thing they didn't do, and that we will do, is win that meet with the blue horde. In fact, if we can but get together a large, well-balanced team, it will be a "very" blue horde. You know, a victory over English is even more than likely now that we have hot water.

There is only one way to get up a team large enough for winning this meet,

and success or failure depends on each and every member of the School who is eligible for athletics. Come out and try! Nearly everyone has a certain amount of ability in at least one event. If you find that it takes you ten seconds to run fifty yards, the best thing to do is to try a longer run. However, always give yourself a fair trial. If, after practising a considerable length of time at high jumping, your feet still get tangled up in the bar, we would suggest the broad jump or the shot put. Don't forget that the Junior and Intermediate divisions offer the smaller fellows an opportunity to compete with those of their own size. That is a distinct advantage.

And now a word to that noble group of scholars who have survived these last six or eight years, and who will perhaps have the honor and luck to graduate this year. The senior division in which most of the members of Class I would be, has always been sadly in need of members. Here's a chance to do something for the School, and at the same time earn a major sport letter which everyone should try for before graduating.

And that's the story. Let's get to work and organize a real track team. Let's show English that our runners can do the same thing that our football players did, and thirty or forty years from now you can boast with just pride that you were a member of the Latin School track team which introduced hot showers and victories over English High!

—W. O. N. '30

* * *

THE TRACK MEETING

About 175 track aspirants responded to Coach Fitzgerald's call and assembled on Dec 4, in one of the larger rooms. Amid a general hubbub, the mentor entered and quickly silenced the rumpus.

The coach said that although practice

would begin the next day, there would be no sprinting and jumping until after the Christmas holidays. He urged the hopefuls to build up their legs by much walking. "Strong legs," he said, "constitute the foundation of all athletes." After that, the coach gave the right method of taking a shower. He said to use as little hot water (if there is any) as possible. Sparing use of hot water will at least save the prospective star from catching cold.

He then introduced Captain "Bill" Owen. Captain Owen began by showing the regulation Latin School track suit. This, however, is not required, but "Bill" hoped that each runner would have some kind of "L" on his suit. After expressing the wish that the large number present would not dwindle down to a handful of boys, as has been the case in the past years, the Captain gave way to Coach Fitzgerald.

The latter said he would not stress training, but would leave this to the boy himself. However, he did emphasize the fact that there is to be no smoking.

This concluded the meeting, and another track season had opened. Prospects this year are brighter than ever, and, as seventeen letter men are returning, a win over English appears in the offing.

—A. J. G. '31

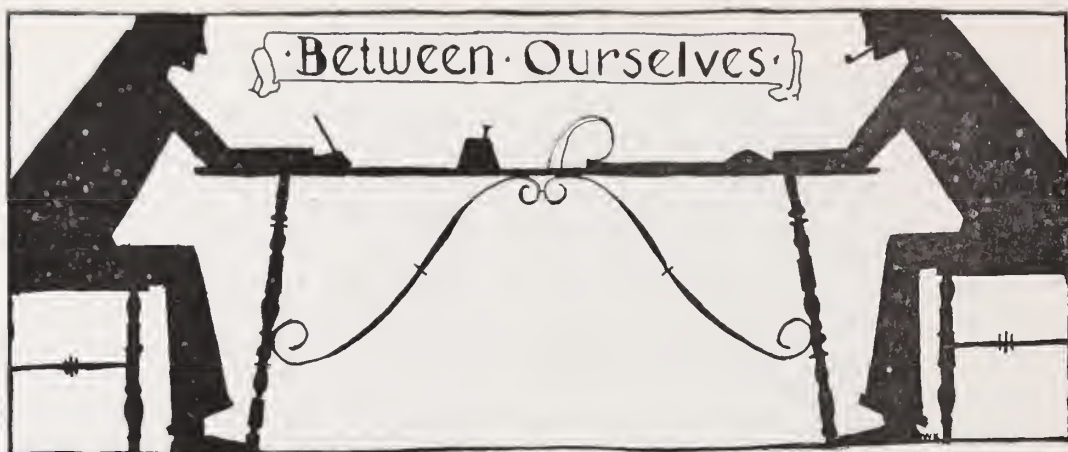
HOCKEY

On Dec. 2, Coach G. B. Cleary addressed an enthusiastic gathering of 130 eager applicants for the six positions on the hockey team. Mr. Cleary merely said that until the ice was strong enough, practice would be held in the drill hall or outside the school, weather permitting. The coach urged all boys to stay away from the ice, at this time of the year at any rate, as it is not yet safe. Captain Weddleton was then called upon to say a few words. His appropriate speech, word for word, was as follows: "Good afternoon, I'm in a hurry to go home." After this oration, the meeting broke up.

The prospects for an excellent season this year seem good. The team this year will be built around the nucleus of such players as Capt. Weddleton at defense, and "Hick" Shea, Mullen, Lynch, and Moore, all forwards. Bryant seems to be the outstanding candidate for the goal tender's position at this writing. Indications that this season will be an extremely busy one are numerous, for Latin may play games, other than the city league games, with such teams as Middlesex, St. Marks, Cambridge Latin, Newton, Lawrence Academy, and Country Day.

—B. K. '31





Teacher: As I glance over this list of marks, I become aware of the fact that Winter is here.

* * *

"That's what I call tough luck."

"What's that?"

"I've got a check for forty dollars, and the only man in this town that can identify me is the one I owe fifty."

* * *

"Young Rose 'Awkins is goin' abaht sayin' you're in love with 'er, 'Any. Is that right?"

"Gaon! Don't tike no notice of 'er! I may have give 'er a clip or two over the ear, but that's all there is in it!"

* * *

Wise Boy: "Got anything snappy in rubber bands?"

Salesgirl: "No, but we have something very catchy in flypaper."

* * *

"Give a sentence using the word bewitches."

"Go ahead. I'll bewitches in a minute."

* * *

If one is a tooth and a whole set are teeth,
Then why shouldn't booth in the plural be beeth?

If the plural of man is always called men,
Why shouldn't the plural of pan be pen?
You may find a lone mouse or a whole nest of mice,

But more than one house is surely not hice.

A cow in the plural is properly kine,
But a bow if repeated is never called bine.

Then one may be that and two may be those,

Yet hat in the plural would never be hose.

We speak of a brother and also of brethren,

But though we say mother we never say methren.

The masculine pronouns are he, his, and him,

But imagine a feminine she, shis, and shim!

So the English, I fancy you all will agree,
Is the funniest language you ever did see.

* * *

A couple of oranges were talking it over at one of the soft drink stands.

"Don't you wish you was as big as me?" asked the first.

"Aw, gwan, you ain't so big!" scoffed the second. "I bet you won't make twelve gallons more orangeade than I will!"

* * *

"I have somebody's lawnmower."

"Whose?"

"That's what I want to know. I'd like to return it and borrow a snow-shovel."

I know a little History;
Some Verses, too, by heart;
I know a little Science;
I know a little Art.

I know a little Latin;
I know a little Greek;
He runs a little restaurant;
I eat there every week.

* * *

"Hurrah! Five dollars for my latest story."

"Congratulations, young man. From whom did you get the money?"

"From the express company. They lost it."

* * *

"I wonder why they say 'Amen' and not 'Awomen'."

"Because Rodney, they sing hymns and not hers."

* * *

Macbeth's Sentinel (upon spying Birnam Wood moving toward Dunsinane):
"Cheese it, the copse!"

* * *

"I'se for a five-day week. How about you, Sam?"

"Man, I'se for a five-day week-end!"

* * *

"Loan me five dollars, will you?"

"Sorry, I've got only four dollars and fifty cents."

"Well, give me that. I'll trust you for the other fifty cents."

* * *

I've kept that schoolgirl complexion,

I've walked a mile for a smoke,

I've asked the man who owns one,
And he tells me it keeps him broke.

I know that a child can play it,

To guard the dang r line I try

I know when it's time to retire

And I've heard that they satisfy.

But there's one thing that baffles me,

Even for a lifetime I strive,

I'd like to know just whether or not

I'm one of the four out of five,

"My grandfather lived to be nearly ninety and never used glasses."

"That's nothing, lots of people prefer to drink from a bottle."

* * *

"And the name is to be what?" asked an English rector, as he approached the baptismal font with the baby in his arms.

"John Jellicoe Douglas Haig Lloyd George Bonar Law Smithers," announced the proud father.

"Dear me!" said the rector, turning to the sexton. "A little more water, Mr. Jones, if you please, a little more water!"

* * *

"How do you play hookey from correspondence school?"

"O, I send them an empty envelope."

* * *

Writer: "Here's the manuscript I offered you last year."

Editor: "Say, what's the idea of bringing that thing back when I rejected it once?"

Writer: "You've had a year's experience since then."

* * *

Reasons for being late:

Class IV—"I dunno."

Class III—"Well, er, I didn't get up in time."

Class II—"Late hours necessitated a little extra rest."

Class I—"Excessive study resulted in a coagulation and cohesion of the brain and extra coalescence with my cot was necessary."

* * *

"He has a fine train of thought."

"Yes, but it's a freight train."

"What?"

"He can't express it."

* * *

Tourist (after bumping over an unusually bad road): "Have you no pride in your roads?"

Native: "Well, I'll say we have. They call this the worst in eighteen counties."

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* * *

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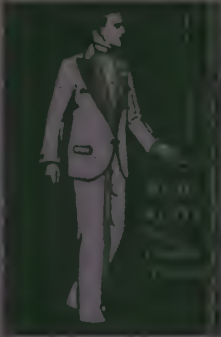
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No. 4



1930

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THE LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER

KENSINGTON STREET

By John Hastings

If you were not the most sensuous of persons—but of course you are—you might, in such a lamentable fashion, pass Kensington Street without being distinctly aware of its aloof existence. In fact I, after five years of regularity in passing it, was still compelled to resort to that old device of pausing at the little cracked corner, where I expected Kensington Street to run into St. Mark's Square, and solemnly adjust my pipe ashes, which invariably had gone out, and then count the arched windows of the little stone church on the corner, (which came out alternately three and five, and often both on the same day when I repeated my counting) or look up at the windows of the Bolitho Club, from which old ladies with hair in their eyes would inveterately be staring out. And if added to all this, the ashes in my pipe were quite dead, I would be entirely satisfied that I had at last arrived at Kensington Street.

It is situated in the southern end of London, and extends from St. Mark's Square to Vesey Street, which overlooks, at one end of it, the grey Thames flowing past Oxford. It is a dark and melancholy street, shrouded in dusk that has been gathering for centuries. On both sides, it is lined with little red brick houses with brick steps running up to the doors and surrounded by little crinkly iron fences with crooked grillwork and iron spearpoints on the top. The houses have cold blank eyes that stare out bleakly upon the world. At the windows old women sit all day looking out from behind the cobwebbed curtains, which frame their frail wispy little figures into dark and melancholy portraits. In the evening the crooked lamps sputter in their parched faces, and life fades in the cold dusk of the street. Then the mist comes out from the corners between the brick houses and scatters over the cobblestones, and the horror that lies waiting all over the street in the daytime is increased a hundredfold. But the old women at the windows sit on through the night, staring out at all the bitterness and the tragedy in the world.

One evening I happened to be passing by Kensington Street at approximately five and a quarter. It was a cold November day, when high winds whirled about corners in mad sardonic ecstasy, and hissed at the shattered leaves on the cobblestones. Cardboard boxes rattled and cracked down the stones, filled with leaves and gutter dirt, and mad leaves danced about in ecstatic circles on the corners, whisking dust about and crackling wildly. The wind hissed shrilly in the trees, and there could be heard the snapping and crackling of smaller boughs as they rattled to the street. And it was then, at the corner of Kensington Street at five and a quarter, that, buffeted wildly by the wind-wild leaves, I, for the first time in all my life, saw Ann and David.

They were standing at the little iron fence that encircled the stone church, and were tangling their fingers in the iron grillwork and peering through at a few remarkable people blowing out of the church door to the little iron gate. They both had big round eyes, and their noses were smudged with dirt. Their lips were round and pouting and wistful. They were both dressed quite simply, David with his little grey knee-trousers, and one sock having slipped down to his shoe-top; Ann wore a small green frock with pictures of little rabbits and houses with crinkly chimneys on it. They did not see me until I had had time to observe them and become somewhat acquainted with them. When they did, they stared a moment at my pipe and my strange eyes, and then turned abruptly and ran down into the dusk of the dark street.

After that I saw them many times as I passed the corner of Kensington Street. A kind of curious affection grew up between us, and they would come tumbling down the street merely to peer at my pipe and be sure that my ashes were discreetly dead. They were very solemn as they stood there at the iron fence, staring at me with wide eyes, and I always planned to be quite certain the ashes in my pipe were out to please them. Sometimes they would even tangle their fingers in mine and trot along beside me until I reached the street where I lived. Then, without a word they would turn and clatter away over the pavement, and would soon be swallowed up in the evening fog of London.

We soon became so intimate that we counted each other as the best friends life had given us, and even arrived at such a remarkable point as to converse with each other to some degree. First David would tell me about the little pond in King's Gardens, where he would sail his boats and get his feet most delightfully wet. Then Ann would chatter about her little garden she was planting with uneven rows of sweet pea, and something she so beautifully called "collicobs" that I could never dream of correcting her. And all the while they would be trotting along beside me, their little heads bobbing up and down in the wind, and taking many little short steps to keep up with me.

One day many months after I had first seen them, they failed to meet me at Kensington Street corner at five and a quarter. I was most anxious to see them, for I had something very beautiful and delightful to tell them. I waited for some minutes at the little crooked fence, while the leaves danced in gay circles on the corners. It was getting much colder, and I turned the collar of my coat up around my neck, and looked anxiously down Kensington Street to see if they were coming. The cold gathering dusk blotted the trees and the houses from my sight; and as I had waited almost half an hour, I turned and crossed St. Mark's Square to where I lived. A last gust of wind hissed at me as I entered.

I never saw Ann and David again. I gathered up courage one day to go down Kensington Street and to see if I might find them, tumbling about in leaves or playing about in Ann's garden. And I understood their story when an old gentleman whose face was wrinkled and whose eyes were black with coal dust and who lived in one of the little red brick houses, told me that two people, a man and a woman, had been exiled to lower Kensington Street for their drunken brawls, to a place where a few outcasts clung together, hiding their miserable faces from the world. Ann and David had gone, never to see each other again. The little toy boat would rust in the rain, and the little uneven garden would die with the winter wind.....Upon looking up I saw two tears carrying the black soot on the old man's face to his lips.

And now I never pass that melancholy street, with its bleak rows of red brick houses and its mist coming out of corners of an evening but I gaze down the long avenue of trees and darkness, hoping perhaps to see those two very frail little beings, playthings of the wind, swallowed up in the dusk of Kensington Street.



Alumni Notes

Two Poems

By George Santayana

ON THE DEATH OF A METAPHYSICIAN

Unhappy dreamer, who outwinged in flight
 The pleasant region of the things I love,
 And soared beyond the sunshine, and above
 The golden cornfields and the dear and bright
 Warmth of the hearth,—blasphemer of delight,
 Was your proud bosom not at peace with Jove,
 That you sought, thankless for his guarded grove,
 The empty horror of abysmal night?
 Oh, the thin air is cold above the moon!
 I stood and saw you fall, befooled in death,
 As, in your numbed spirit's fatal swoon,
 You cried you were a god, or were to be,
 I heard with feeble moan your boastful breath
 Bubble from depths of the Icarian sea.

* * * * *

"AS IN THE MIDST OF BATTLE THERE IS ROOM"

As in the midst of battle there is room
 For thoughts of love, and in foul sin for mirth,
 As gossips whisper of a trinket's worth
 Spied by the death-bed's flickering candle-gloom;
 As in the crevices of Caesar's tomb
 The sweet herbs flourish on a little earth:
 So in this great disaster of our birth
 We can be happy, and forget our doom.

For morning, with a ray of tenderest joy
 Gilding the iron heaven, hides the truth,
 And evening gently woos us to employ
 Our grief in idle catches. Such is youth;
 Till from that summer's trance we wake, to find
 Despair before us, vanity behind.



Drifting on the Seas of Memory

As told by Mr. E. V. Hickey, donor of the Hickey Medallion, to C. L. Higgins.

"I want to honor the memory of those two fine men."

It was not without trepidation that we approached the imposing home of the Schrafft Chocolate Company. It is true, there was nothing there that was terrifying in the least. Was not a prominent member of the Latin School Alumni awaiting there to welcome us? Once inside the building, the ordeal assumed less trying aspects. The elevator whirled us to the sixth floor; information was obtained at a desk as to the proper path to pursue in reaching Mr. Hickey's office; and before we realized it, we were seated in an attractively furnished room. Soon the gentleman whom we desired to see entered, and together we made our way to a showroom.

After the conventional preliminaries, interviewer and interviewed assumed seats and straightway Mr. Hickey was asked just what prompted him to offer the new Greek Prize which will bear his name.

A reminiscent expression crept over the ruddy features. In his blue eyes, fixed upon the window against which the storm beat, was a far off look.

"A short time before I entered the Boston Latin School," he began, "Doctor Fiske had left Harvard to become principal of our school. Mr. Fiske was a lovable character to all who understood him. He was particularly interested in the study of Greek and the classics. Another fine old gentlemen of Doctor Fiske's type was Mr. White. These two men had much to do with the popularity of the study of Greek in that day. I loved those two teachers, and it is because I should regret to know that the work which they carried on might be forgotten that I have asked the old school to accept this Medal as a memorial to them. I have learned, to my sorrow, that Greek is now an optional study at the Latin School. Now you know, the Boston Latin School is primarily an institution for the study of the classics. If a boy wishes to learn French and German he may study those languages at many other Boston schools. I believe that the Latin School should remain as it always has been. It was because of the all-too-frequent reports of the growing indifference to the study of Greek, a reason second only to my desire to honor Mr. Fiske and Mr. White, that I established the fund.

Besides, there is no language more helpful in forming a wide vocabulary than Greek. Together with Latin, it forms the basis of about ninety percent of our present-day English language. And you fellows now in school can't realize what a tremendous advantage a man has in business, or in any sphere for that matter, if he is able to express himself concisely and clearly. In these days, it is an absolute requisite that a business man be able to "put himself over" by proper choice of words. There are no studies which can possibly be of more value to a man in after life than the pursuit of Greek and Latin.

Now my idea is that the Medal should be awarded on the basis of two decisive marks. Your system of Public Declamation marking is a good example of what I have in mind. I would say that the monthly work of the student should count a certain percent of the final grade. At the end of the year a test or examination could be given and that mark, compounded with the average of the monthly grades, would decide the final standing. Such a system would eliminate luck from the competition and also arouse interest in the Medal. No one fellow could cinch it from the start, because if he should slip up one month, he could easily be overhauled. On the other hand, the mark would not depend on a single test or examination, which fact would greatly reduce the chance of an unworthy but lucky student securing the medallion.

When I now look back on my days in the school, (I was a member of the Class of '06), I cannot refrain from expressing my regrets that the school has reached such proportions. The school house was then on Warren St.; a dark, impressive building, quite in keeping with the nature of the institution it sheltered. Ah! Those were the days! Everybody was intimately acquainted with everyone else in his class; the entire school body had not many more than four hundred boys on its roster. I understand that there are over six hundred pupils in the fourth class alone, now. Some difference, eh!

And what a grand set of teachers we had. As I remember them now, I distinctly recall most of them belonged to the older generation of masters. All stern, upright, lovable men. We had Dr. Fiske, Mr. White, Henry Pennypacker, (I guess you don't remember him), Mr. Chadwick, a marvellous old gentleman whose heart and soul was with his boys; Mr. Jones—"Bingo" we called him then—Mr. Capen; Mr. Howell, and Mr. Groce. In those days teachers like "Billy" Norton, "Bill" Henderson, and Mr. Campbell, were the young radicals of Latin School, so to speak. "Bill" Henderson was a great favorite with the boys.

Our Class has been strangely devoid of outstanding successes in the world. There is no one man to whom we can point as outstanding. One of the fellows is a successful attorney here in Boston: Daniel J. Lyon, you may have heard of him. Another one whom I remember is Dr. Cheever, a skin specialist. He came from a family of doctors. Another is a minister; another captain in the U. S. Navy, and so on. There is one fellow who surprised us, however. When we were in school, all the fellows said that he'd never amount to anything. A few years later he was pulling down five thousand a song while we anxiously awaited our twelve dollars every Saturday night. He blossomed forth into a song-writer.

There's one thing, that stands out in my mind right now and that is the licking we gave English in 1902. Up till that year, we had been beaten with monotonous regularity. English was to the Boston school teams what Yale was in inter-collegiate football. At that time there were two groups of college teams: Yale and the rest of the country. Well, in 1902 we got sweet revenge, trimming them 25-0. And in those days, football was much rougher than it is now. Three rushes to gain but five yards, but, try and get the five yards! We had a wonderful team that year. Cleo "Okie" O'Donnell, now coach of Holy Cross, played tackle; a giant named Wetherbee, guard; a great team from one end to the other. A peculiar feature of the game was the fact that the two O'Loughlin brothers played opposing quarterback positions; one for Latin, the other for English. Outside of football, however, little attention was given to sports. Track was poorly followed, as it is today, there was no hockey team at all, basketball sometimes aroused a little interest, the crew was of little importance, the work being too strenuous, baseball had a mediocre following. I remember in 1906, (I was manager that year) we started off in great fashion, beating Groton, among others. Towards the middle of the season our pitcher's arm went lame, and from then on we took several lickings. One other fellow who was prominent in athletics comes to mind altho he didn't graduate, Nat Niles, the man who won an Olympic skating championship, was in his hey-day a great tennis player.

Some of the pupils at the school now think that they are overworked. Well, just listen to this schedule, the one we had in our first year at Latin School. *We had Latin, French, History, English; and Greek began in March. In Latin alone we*

covered six books of Caesar and two of Virgil. Imagine the studying we had to do. Without any knowledge at all of the rudiments of the language, we had to cover Caesar and Virgil besides learning and digesting the fundamentals and grammar. Then pile on French and Greek and a thirteen-year-old will probably find it necessary to do some studying at home in the evening.

In the old days another feature which tended to weld the class into a homogeneous group was the fact that one teacher instructed one class in all its subjects. For instance, Mr. Jones (he has recently left) was the man who drilled my Latin and Greek into me when I entered IVB. Then, there was no such class as IIIA. A fellow who entered IVB had to be ready in one year to join the students who had come up from class VI or repeat. We never thought then that we were doing anything unusual in taking that rigorous IVB course. It was assigned to us and we accepted it as a matter of course. The spirit of the school was work, work hard or drop out. There seldom was any noise in the gloomy corridors. A calm quiet always pervaded the place. This helped no little in impressing on the new student the gravity of the situation in which he had placed himself. When he entered the school he was immediately impressed by the austere group of teachers; lovable, yes, but stern, upright old men who taught because they loved their boys.

I can't help looking back with pride on the old school. When you're as old as I am, you'll realize the truth of what I say when I tell you that you'll always remember the slightest detail of your life there. It seems but a few short years ago since "Bill" Henderson was drilling Latin and Greek into me. You'll go to college; form acquaintances there that, no doubt, you'll value all your life. You'll pass on in life and prosper, I hope. But when you sit down someday and look back on your past life, its illusions, its disappointments and sorrows, the memory of your life while in Latin School will stand out like a beacon on a dark night. It is impossible to describe the affection which you will hold for that institution in later life. It is something intangible, impalpable yet real and alive. The ideals engendered will live in your mind throughout your life. When college life has long since lost its glamour and attractiveness, you will look back on your sojourn in Latin School, sigh and say, "Boy! those were the days!"

I am sorry to hear that the student body has become so large. It may result in the partial loss of the school spirit. I hope not. In our day we knew everyone in the school by sight. It seems to a lot of us old grads that a method of restrictive entrance examinations should be adopted before the school becomes too unwieldy. Those who could not pass the tests could still, if they so desired, go elsewhere to enter college.

Another thing that interests many of the alumni is the matter of remuneration to teachers. We think, in that the Boston Latin School is not merely a Boston school but a national institution, it should be given special privileges. The teacher in Latin School has much more to do than instruct. He has three hundred years of tradition to preserve. His is an extremely important position to fill. He must "carry on," in the literal sense, the work so well done thus far.

In closing I might say that the members of the alumni were very much disappointed at the loss of the Phi Beta Kappa trophy to Exeter, even if for only one year. Shall the Class of '30 retrieve it? If it is to "carry on," it certainly will."

Thus the donor of the Hickey Medal for excellence in Class I Greek expressed himself when recently interviewed. Truly, there is much that can be gained from

such a discourse as your correspondent had the pleasure of listening to. Mr. Hickey's prize is tangible and irrefutable evidence of the things that we as students in the Boston Latin School are hearing daily. Surely if there is in this sophisticated age of ours any such thing as "School Spirit," it exists in the breast of this gentleman: not only exists but flames brightly.



BEAUTY

By John Hastings

O love has caught me in her nocturnal bower,
And paled my lips, and turned my eyes to weeping,
O life has pressed her warm and darkened lips
Upon my, soul that waits the sweet, celestial hour.
For beauty is the world and things that in it be,
And life is beauty in its tragedy,
With all the murmurings and the cold delights
And bitterness that seizes the cerulean sea.
O love and life and beauty, all that die,
And sing of human love in tragic song,
Their fingers tangled, eyes glittering with the cold,
Shatter the leaves and chant the wail of the immortal sky.



To What End?

By J. S. N. Howard

The type of plays appearing in New York this year have much of the old, monotonous trend which plays have possessed for several years. Tragedies and comedies alike have held no interest for the theatre-goers, who ever cried for something new. Critics thought that this appeal had been answered by R. C. Sherriff's production, but they reckoned without their public, yet none can say that "Journey's End," did not at least silence the cry for a time. Now a new product has made its bow to a somewhat dubious public, opening for playwrights a new field, the end of which no critic can see or foretell.

Alberto Casella perhaps little realized the stupendous possibilities of "Death Takes A Holiday," which was presented at the Ethel Barrymore theatre in New York. The great mystery which the world hated and feared bowed to the bewildered onlookers in the person of Philip Merivale. The crowds that thronged the opening night and many nights thereafter were mightily impressed. Even critics were struck by a sense of something new in this, the latest play.

The whole dramatic construction and scheme of this creation is one of unreality, unbelief, and fantasy. One thinks he is in a nightmare. The story is in brief, that of Death taking on human form to experience the pleasures of the world from which he strove to drag men's souls. Appearing under the name of Prince Sirki at the castle of Duke Lambert, a wealthy nobleman, this fearsome guest discloses his identity to his frightened host, making the latter swear never to reveal it. From then on, he lives the life of a well-to-do, indolent prince, going the rounds of social life. He experiences every sensation of a human being, even that of love. But in spite of a dominant personality, he finds people shun him because he is unable to hide his own shadow, that sense of horror which continually enfolds him. Finally a young girl becomes enamoured of him, and as he is about to lead her to his shadowy realm, Duke Lambert reveals the name of this terrible creature. In vain do the relatives and friends of the young lady attempt to dissuade her, but they are unsuccessful, and she leaves them forever.

So much for the story. Casella himself confesses that in not depicting the effects of Death's disappearance from the world, he missed the chance of an even more powerful drama. He is clearly more of a novelist in his works than a playwright, as he is more interested in character development. Critics have little to say on the production as a whole, except that its plot is not satisfactory, for all the secrets are divulged in the first act, thus precluding any chance of a climax.

We sincerely hope that this creation will not presage any flood of plays of this type. Such a deluge of horror would be unbearable. Yet it clearly defines the trend of modern drama. Audiences in their appeal for something new have welcomed the unnatural, preferring to behold a nightmarish spectacle rather than view productions patterned after the good, old standbys of Shakespeare, Lytton, Shaw and others. Plays have an indelible effect on those who see them. If they are powerful, they may produce an effect on everyday life. But when the possibilities of this new field are contemplated, we shudder. Productions of the foregoing type, in our opinion, should not be greeted except in the nature of a change, a relief from the old. Yet the change is going on. To what end?

Old Boston

III. IN THE DAYS OF THE CLIPPER SHIPS. (1775-1850)

By A. B. Lord '30

The student of American History does not have to search very far in the archives of this country to find some reference to the commercial supremacy of Boston between the days immediately preceding the Revolution, and the middle of the nineteenth century. In that time, when our famous clipper ships were plying between ports in various parts of the world, the most important section of Boston was the water front, and in this section the shipyards, the wharves, and the taverns held prominent places.

The shipyards, where some of the finest vessels in the world were built, were in a state of continual activity, resounding with the noise of the workmen. Let us visit the yard where a vessel whose record is to be glorious beyond all others is being built. The boat is the "eagle of the sea," the frigate Constitution. Here, in the shipyard of Edmund Hart, it is being built. Just now the ship is being rigged out with sails and halyards. Those white sails were made from Boston cloth in the Granary building, while the ropes are products of the rope-walks of this busy little city, which is said to have at present fourteen such industrial concerns. Over in that corner of the yard are some kegs of copper bolts from the forge of Paul Revere, also situated in Boston. In fact it is said that the only imported parts of this new frigate will be the gun-carriages and anchors, which come from Hanover, and the wood, which was cut in the forests of New England and brought here to Boston from various neighboring towns. There were twenty-seven shipyards like this in Boston, and not long ago, in one yard alone, sixty boats might have been counted on the stocks.

In those days the wharves were of even more importance than the shipyards. They were alive with the activity of crews of men loading and unloading cargoes from merchantmen. One could find ships from all points of the compass and all parts of the world at anchor in our harbor. We loaded our own ships with lumber, fur, naval stores and other raw materials to be sent to England especially, but which might be found later in some port of the West Indies, Southern Europe, China, India, or Africa. Most of the ships which were unloaded in the daytime came from England and were bringing in legitimate goods, but the darkness of the New England nights hid many rum-runners and other smuggling vessels.

This illegal traffic was carried on by many respectable gentlemen in Boston. The story is told that on a certain night John Hancock might have been seen supervising the unloading, secretly of course, of a cargo of Madeira wines from the sloop "Liberty." The "Tidewater" was discovered by the captain of a nearby British vessel, seized, and confined. When the news spread, the citizens rose in rebellion, burned the house of the comptroller and dragged the boat of the collector of customs to the Common, where it was subjected to the burning wrath of the inflamed citizenry. Hancock was before the court, being tried for violation of the revenue law, when the first blood of the Revolution was being shed at Lexington. There is a dark and gloomy subterranean passage which leads from a place on Washington Street down to the sea, and this is supposed to be mute evidence of some of the methods used by the smugglers. Very few laws were obeyed in those days.

The old sea taverns are indeed extremely interesting to study and were economically very important during the days of the clipper ships. There were many of

them, all much alike, yet each distinctly different from his fellow. They were continually buzzing with the talk of a heterogeneous crowd of soldiers, sailors, and merchants. There were the Crown Coffee House, and the Bunch of Grapes, proclaimed by a certain New Hampshire merchant as, "the best punch house in Boston," and which was also the rendezvous of patriots during the Revolution, while the British Coffee House was a gathering place for British officers. Noah's Ark Tavern, the Ship Tavern, and Salutation Tavern probably received their names from the sign boards displayed before their doors. Salutation Tavern was sometimes called the Two Palaverers because its emblem was a picture of two men in small clothes and cocked hats, evidently engaged in a business conference.

From the exterior the taverns were small two-story buildings, marked especially by their curious signboards. Their interiors were far more cheerful than their rather sombre outsides. At one end of a room that ran the whole length of the house was the bar. At the other end was a fire place around which were wooden benches and tables. When the shadows of night began to fall, the landlord would light the lantern hanging from the beams of the low studded ceiling, and this, with the help of the firelight, cast long and gruesome shadows into the dingy corners of the room. Everything smelt of the sea. The men lounging about the table before the fireplace were chanting sea ditties and their talk smacked of the briny deep. Occasionally a soldier might come strolling in or a merchant might come to talk business with a sea captain, but otherwise land-lubbers were not found in the old sea taverns. Many and interesting must have been the tales which were told around such firesides, but none of them have come down to us. They would undoubtedly furnish both historians and writers with much valuable information concerning the Boston of over a hundred years ago.



There he sat in the chair, nonchalant, self-possessed, undisturbed. It was a bold front he displayed. But, as he glanced at the object glaring straight at him, his blood ran cold. His ease and self-assurance were gradually forsaking him. An expression of nervousness spread over his features. How he wished it were over!

"Steady, now. It will be over in a moment."

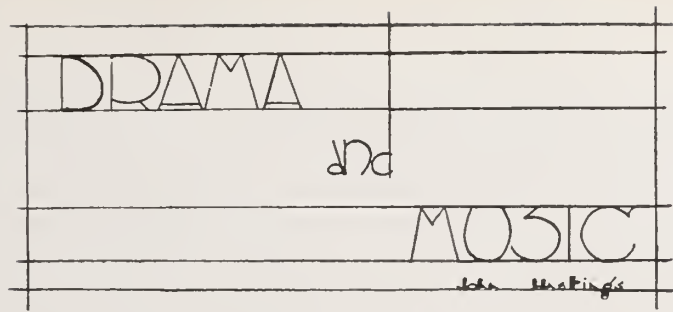
These words acted as a charm. He was infused with courage anew.

"Ready. One—Two—Three"—Bang!!! A blue flash—

"All right, sonny, your picture will be ready next week."

—S. D.





"RICHELIEU"

A new production of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton's play, revised by Arthur Goodrich and presented at the Hampden Theatre.

THE CAST

<i>Gaston, Duke of Orleans</i>	<i>Louis Polan</i>
<i>Count de Baradas</i>	<i>Moffatt Johnson</i>
<i>Clermont</i>	<i>S. Thomas Gomez</i>
<i>Marion de Lorme</i>	<i>Evelyn Goodrich</i>
<i>The Sieur de Beringhen</i>	<i>Gordon Hart</i>
<i>The Chevalier de Mauprat</i>	<i>Ernest Rowan</i>
<i>Hugnet</i>	<i>C. Norman Hammon</i>
<i>Francois</i>	<i>Charles McCarthy</i>
<i>Joseph</i>	<i>Cecil Yapp</i>
<i>Cardinal Richelieu</i>	<i>Walter Hampden</i>
<i>Julie de Montemar</i>	<i>Ingeborg Torrup</i>
<i>Duran, a Courtier</i>	<i>Frank Sears</i>
<i>King Louis XIII</i>	<i>Dallas Anderson</i>
<i>First Guard</i>	<i>Stephen Irving</i>
<i>Second Guard</i>	<i>George Spelvin</i>
<i>First Secretary</i>	<i>Edwin Cushmar</i>
<i>Second Secretary</i>	<i>Robert C. Schnitzer</i>
<i>Third Secretary</i>	<i>Franklin Salisbury</i>

The action takes place in Paris, France, during the reign of his Majesty, King Louis XIII in the year of our Lord 1640.

Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton's grand old drama, last performed in Boston in 1918, by Robert Mantell, has been revised by Arthur Goodrich producer of "Capon-sacchi," and a few weeks ago was performed by Walter Hampden and his company in New York.

That "Richelieu" is not Hampden's best vehicle for character portrayal is more than evident. Despite the fact that the better actors and critics abhor those roles which demand a vehement performance of affected theatricality, it may be quite safe to say that the vigorous and dramatic figure of Cyrano de Bergerac bids fair to be Walter Hampden's greatest character. But into the shrewd and kindly figure of Cardinal Richelieu, Hampden charges a gentleness and a paradoxical worldliness that convinces the stoniest skeptics of the remarkable dramatic talent of the actor. "The pen is mightier than the sword," Richelieu remarks, and his words instigate parallel deeds. Out of those twinkling and worldly eyes we discover the soul of the great cardinal perusing all the world. No human being passes him by but that he understands him. And for all his

fine comprehension, human character and human motive remain, for him, always the diverse and tragic panorama that it is.

The play follows Richelieu through the days of his plotted assassination, through all the foul secrets and human terror and misery that is therein contained. The story deals greatly with illusions concerning friendship and enmity.

"Richelieu" is not a great play, even in Arthur Goodrich's applaudable adjustments. The blank verse is certainly not poetry. Some of the wit may be somewhat noticeable, but assuredly it is not profound. But Richelieu himself is a character that may support the play against whatever the poor verse, mediocre plot, and grossly optimistic wit have done to it.

With the exceptions of Hampden and Cecil Yapp, who played the role of Joseph, it would be difficult to lay one's finger on a single player who did not overact. At times even Hampden himself threw himself into very theatrical poses and over-majestic tones. Moffatt Johnson was greatly excited, Evelyn Goodrich was stiff and affectedly hysterical, Ernest Rowan was far too dramatic, and Ingeborg Torrup was so girlishly eager and terrified as to appear quite immature. The lesser parts were invariably too ambitious. Cecil Yapp, however, could not overact in the role of Joseph if he had had such an inordinate desire. For Joseph, the short, amusing little Friar, was a laconic and complacent individual who would not be even slightly disturbed if he were suddenly informed that the house was on fire or some impetuous volcano was about to culminate in the destruction of the entire city.

Bulwer Lytton enjoyed the sensation of frightening his audiences. If I had wished to count, I am convinced that there would be no fewer than five times that Richelieu lay as if completely bereft of the breath of life. First, lying on his couch after the expulsion of the assassins, at which time he suddenly dispels all fears by calmly remarking, "Foxes have nine lives." Following this he faints several times in the Garden of the Louvre. This is quite apt to become as dull as the diningroom doorknob, and, in fact, it is far more tiresome.

The scenes were admirably set by Claude Bragdon, particularly that of the Garden of the Louvre, which seemed to radiate the cool morning-like atmosphere of darkened trees and mist-grown stars over cold, deep lakes. The scene in Richelieu's palace was also very fine, with its huge doorways and iron-latticed casement windows and stone fire-place with antique andirons, and old musty firearms hanging over it.

"Richelieu" is a very fine Hampden presentation. Because of its mediocrity in all possible elements outside of the character of the Cardinal himself, however, it may never equal "Cyrano de Bergerac," "Caponsacchi," or "Hamlet."

J. H.

"MAJOR BARBARA"

"Major Barbara," by George Bernard Shaw, presented by the Theatre Guild Acting Company of New York City at the Hollis St. Theatre.

THE CAST

Stephen Undershaft.....	Maurice Wells
Lady Britomart Undershaft.....	Jane Wheatley
Morrison.....	Isidore Marcil
Sarah Undershaft.....	Margaret de Mille
Adolphus Cusins.....	Elliot Cabot
Charles Lomax.....	Geoffrey Harwood
Barbara Undershaft.....	Frieda Inescort

<i>Andrew Undershaft</i>	<i>Dudley Digges</i>
<i>Rummy Mitchens</i>	<i>Ruby Hallier</i>
<i>Snobby Price</i>	<i>Edgar Kent</i>
<i>Jenny</i>	<i>Phyllis Connard</i>
<i>Peter Shirley</i>	<i>P. J. Kelly</i>
<i>Bill Walker</i>	<i>Percy Waram</i>
<i>Mrs. Baines</i>	<i>Winifred Hanley</i>
<i>Bilton</i>	<i>Jack Quigley</i>

Bernard Shaw wrote "Major Barbara" in 1906, but the fire of his genius therein time has not even slightly chilled. Even today it is at least fifty years ahead of any other play by other authors dealing in theories and principles. Shaw believes that poverty is the only unpardonable sin; and that money and gunpowder must become institutions in our civilization, for they, alone, can banish it. And he attacks the Salvation Army so subtly, viciously, radically and paradoxically, that there remain but a very few smoldering ashes when he has finished. Consequently, as one might expect, the play had its troubles.

In the diapason of his invectives against the Salvation Army, Shaw, far too greatly excited, does everything but paint the Salvation waifs half white and half black. One minute "Snobby" Price is sweetly ushering in a poor old derelict to their simple board, and the next stealing a sovereign from the top of a bass drum. And "Rummy" Mitchens is now giving the cold advice, "Never say die," and now cackling in rakish glee at the frustration of Bill Walker. And what characters these two are, despite their too evident display of hypocrisy!

"Rummy" Mitchens, I have no hesitation in saying, is the most fascinating character I have seen on the stage for a long time. The character is remarkably portrayed by Ruby Hallier. In that coarse dialect of lower London life, she hurls forth her defiance and mockery and cynicism to the world. She is not in the least attracted by religion, and ridicules it by pretending to practice its superficial kindness. In her bitterness she realizes that life has mocked her so often that she can now afford sardonically to mock it in turn. She has no friends, and defies any who attempt to worm themselves into her thickly crusted heart. She admires herself to that extraordinary degree which causes her to mock everything outside her own little world. Life has bleared her eyes and made her legs quite sadly bowed.

Miss Inescort, as Barbara Undershaft, very meticulously moulded her role into a very dreadful piece of acting. In the first act she was quite immature in her wild and over-eager enthusiasm. That the part requires a great amount of enthusiasm is undeniable, but when an actor or actress begins to fly most excitedly about, roll the hands in superficial ecstasy, draw up chairs, and do all things boisterously and with two huge eyes protruding absurdly, it is time to call a halt. However, in the acts succeeding the first, in which her wildness and ambition were far too evident, she improved slightly, perhaps due to the fact that she felt quite reasonably exhausted.

Jane Wheatley acted splendidly as Lady Undershaft, exerting exactly the sufficient pomp and airiness and indignant power that Shaw probably wished to be injected. She excelled admirably in those paradoxical passages so characteristic of Shaw, in which her intonation was practically flawless.

In the first act, during which most of the poor acting was done, Dudley Digges seemed much too lethargic and phlegmatic to be the actual vigorous, calm, and

worldly individual that was Andrew Undershaft. He would slouch disgracefully into a couch or chair, and his speaking seemed impeded by a sloth which, I am sure, Shaw never intended for that character. But in the succeeding acts, particularly at the Salvation Shelter and the cannon foundry, he redeemed himself quite nobly.

Geoffrey Harwood was amusing as Charles Lomax, a part which, naturally, required little dramatic skill. With his "I say's" and "There is a certain amount of tosh about the Salvation Army" he supplied a few laughs to the ubiquitous seekers after very thin fun.

Elliot Cabot played the role of Adolphus Cusins very well, a performance, however, that was marked neither by any remarkably high spots nor by any remarkably low ones.

"Snobby" Price was humorously portrayed by Edgar Kent, who lighted that amusingly hypocritical and boisterous figure with an ability like to that which made Ruby Hallier's such a splendid performance.

Second only to the portrayal of Rummy Mitchens was Percy Waram's performance of Bill Walker. He was fiercely bitter and brutal and coarse, and howled in a manner which would do the toughest gunman credit. Never once did he release his hold on the precedent which he first made when he rushed in to "smash poor Jenny's face" and throw the shelter into a considerable furore. His intonation and his self-satisfied and affected swagger, together made up the fascinating character which Mr. Shaw's pen created. Waram was undeniably one of the finest actors in the piece, albeit he appeared only in the second act.

As a whole the Theatre Guild Acting Company has done a fairly applaudable piece of work. Even the ever judicious Bernard Shaw would applaud such a performance of "those barbarians, the Americans."

"PYGMALION"

The last offering of the New York Theatre Guild in their recent subscription season, was George Bernard Shaw's sparkling comedy, "Pygmalion." As the ancient Greek whose name the play bears prayed that a statue might come to life, so Professor Higgins made a wager that he could make a duchess out of a flower girl. After six months of labor, he succeeded in passing off Eliza Doolittle, the flower girl, as a duchess. The experiment being over, he was then ready to throw the girl back into the gutter and if his mother had not intervened, there might have been no end of trouble. Eliza finally went to live with her father, whose fortunes had risen, until such time as she should marry.

The play is typically Shavian. It abounds in wit and humor, but underneath this are many stinging criticisms. Shaw is not partial. No strata of society escapes the harsh reproof of G. B. S. The "undeserving poor," the "deserving poor," "middle class morality" all come in for their share of criticism, but it is the upper strata which receive the greatest amount. Shaw's purpose is to expose the artifices and affectations of life, and "Pygmalion" from beginning to end exemplifies this purpose. The endings of many of Shaw's plays seem to some rather unsatisfactory. The writer, however, feels that Mr. Shaw was rather clever in the way in which he finished "Pygmalion." Some would have Eliza marry Professor Higgins, but that would be too much like the ending of a romance. Moreover, when one considers what the married life of a pair so poorly matched would be, it seems more and more that Shaw was correct.

The acting was up to the standard of the Theater Guild. Although Miss Inescourt over-acted somewhat in the first part of the play, she improved as the action proceeded. She is not perhaps well adapted to the role of a flower girl as she is that of a "duchess-." Elliot Cabot as Professor Henry Higgins, Professor of Phonetics, acted his with great vivacity; once or twice it seemed as though he was a bit too agile. Jane Wheatley was admirable as Mrs. Higgins and Ruby Hallier as the housekeeper. Mrs. Pearce presided over the affairs of the "conformed bachelors" with a true maternal spirit. The character part of Alfred Doolittle, the dustman, was taken by Dudley Digges, who proved himself equal to the part. Percy Waram as Colonel Pickering was the sympathetic and sportive companion of the professor.

There Now Follows A Brief Pause For Station Announcements

By Bertram H. Loewenberg, '30.

After much agitation by the public, the Federal Radio Commission, whose purpose was to regulate broadcasting so that the fullest possible enjoyment could be attained, was formed. This able body of men immediately set about canceling permits for radio stations here, granting permits there, cutting down the power of one station, increasing the power of another, and generally did its utmost to clear the ether.

However, in its zeal for better radio conditions, the Commission has neglected the radio programs themselves, in which field there is room for much improvement.

One of the most distasteful parts of our programs is the quantity of advertising and sales talk. True, the sponsor has a right to use the broadcast as an advertising medium, but he must not go too far. He is, theoretically speaking, entering the homes of thousands of listeners and must be considered an intruder if he clutters up his entertainment with advertising.

There are several nationally known firms which are constant offenders in this respect. The Palmolive program is interrupted two or three times by an announcer who reads beauty advice from specialists all over the world. On the surface, this information appears to be useful, especially to members of the fair sex; in reality, the main substance of the "advice" is "use Palmolive Soap."

The enchanting melodies of the Lucky Strike Dance Orchestra suffer the same fate. Suddenly the announcer bursts in with the striking statement, "An ancient prejudice has been removed." One wonders whether he is referring to the granting of suffrage to the women voters or to the manufacture of cigarettes. We listen further. Ah! "Toasting did it. The cream of the crop, more than a slogan, blah, blah."

There are countless others, who nightly torture their audiences with stirring pleas to eat Fleischman's Yeast or to smoke Robert Burns Cigars for young men and men with young ideas.

Another great fault with our programs is the cold-blooded fashion in which orchestras murder music. Edward Grieg's "Anitra's Dance" sounds like the "Black Bottom" and Victor Herbert must surely turn over in his grave, as he hears a certain orchestra's rendition of "Kiss Me Again." This is not a criticism of jazz, for that species of music has a definite place in our modern life. But

surely there are enough popular dance tunes to supply the demand without delving into the realm of classics.

Imitators, while not inseparably associated with radio broadcasting, are all too common. Artists who have won renown via the ether waves have so many mimics that one soon wearies of that particular form of entertainment. The soft crooning voice of Rudy Vallee has won him fame, fortune, and a movie contract, but has at the same time filled the air with several million more crooning voices, so that the public as a result is becoming cloyed with this brand of singing. Then again from all points on the dial, we hear feminine voices, interpolated with "boop-a-doops" a la Helen Kane, trying with varying degrees of success to catch the quality of her voice and reflect it in their own. It is really a pity that there is no patent office, where one can secure the sole right to entertain in his or her individual fashion.

We now come to that much abused gentleman, the announcer. Let him make a single mispronunciation and the studio will be deluged with telegrams, letters, and 'phone calls. Let him speak disparagingly of some town or community, although it be in a jocular fashion, and an indignant Chamber of Commerce will be on his heels.

Yet do not fancy for a moment that the announcer is a down-trodden, humble person. On the contrary, some of them have the most colossal conceit imaginable. Ted Husing of the Columbia Broadcasting System sincerely believes that if anything should happen to him, the radio industry would topple over and die. Graham MacNamee, while not exactly a shrinking violet himself, is of a more retiring nature. He has the happy faculty, moreover, of becoming imbued with the spirit of the broadcast. When he describes the thrilling run of some brilliant halfback, we can see in our mind's eye the swaying figure of the man with the ball as he avoids the vicious lunges of would-be tacklers. But MacNamee has his faults. For some reason or other, he enjoys chuckling to himself. This habit is very irritating, especially when one hasn't the slightest idea concerning the cause of the sudden outburst of mirth.

In conclusion, it is only fair to mention a few words concerning the manner in which the programs are presented. It always seems that when one turns on his radio, the same type of program blares at him from every station. If three or four jazz bands do not succeed in giving him a headache, half an hour later, some dozen financial experts will, while advising him in dramatic tones to purchase stock, accomplish this feat. There must be worked out amongst the broadcasters some system of collaboration by which it may be arranged that only programs of different types will be presented at the same time. This plan would satisfy the tastes of practically everybody.

Until these few difficulties have been cleared up, radio can never hope to reach the utmost of its possibilities.

WAR TIME LINCOLN

Amid the winds of war he stood

Firm rooted to the sod.

Immutable amid the storm

He put his faith in God.

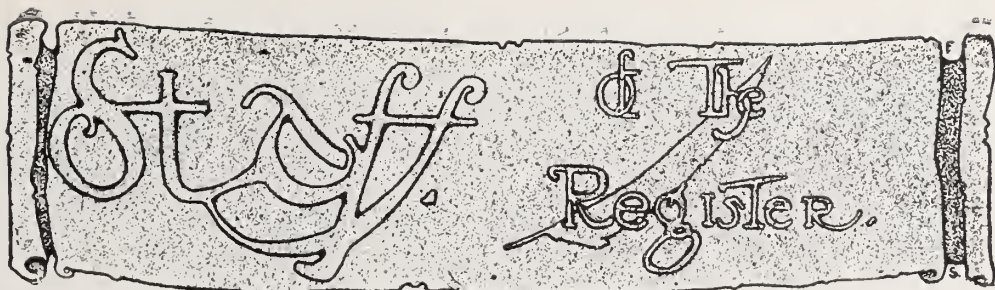
But when the sword of war was sheathed,

Assassination quenched his breath;

His soul, released from all its cares,

Found solace in the calm of death.

—Edward Martin'32



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WANTED—TWO STATESMEN.

The closing months of the year 1929 saw pass from the stage of world affairs two of the most remarkable actors that ever stood under the searching spot-light of world opinion. The one, Clemenceau, the other, Streseman.

The puzzling question which faces the world at the start of a new decade is, "Who will or can succeed these two men?" And truly it is a staggering proposition. Georges Clemenceau, dead at the age of eighty-eight, left his country groping in the dark for another hand to steady the ship of state. Since entering politics as a young radical in the stirring days of '89, when anarchy and bloodshed reigned in his beloved France, Clemenceau has ever been at hand to serve as pilot for his fatherland in time of stress. Now he is gone. The stabilizer of 1914-1918 has been cut down by the Grim Reaper. The idol of the French has departed to his Eternal Rest. And what Frenchman will step up to take his place? At present the government is looking around, searching, seeking a worthy successor, but strangely enough, there seems to be no one among the French ministers over-anxious to assume the toga which Clemenceau laid aside. And they have good reason to sidestep the position. The precedents which Clemenceau set while he was in office are not easy to follow, and most men do not care to risk their reputations in such an endeavor.

Germany has lost its Gustav Streseman. Imperialist, radical, and Republican, Streseman, when he saw the old regime fading into obscurity, was too practical a man to stick blindly to his first love. With amazing adroitness for the prover-

bially phlegmatic German, the squat, pig-eyed, angry-looking little man shifted his opinions to suit the changing ideas of the new Germany. A repulsive figure to all who did not know him, still he stood out a refulgent guardian angel to Germany in her post-war struggle to maintain her equilibrium and avoid plunging into the depths of terrorism and anarchy. Only recently he accomplished the feat which endeared him to all Germans and enhanced his reputation the world over. He secured the evacuation of the valuable Rhine Valley years before the Treaty of Versailles stated. In his hour of triumph, when Germany needed him more than ever to carry on, the All-Knowing One saw fit to bereave Germany of her idol. Now all Germany mourns, mourns the same man that she violently condemned as a traitor but six brief years ago. Yet all denunciation is forgotten. All that Germany knows is that her guiding light has been put out, and that *der Vaterland* as well as *La Belle France*, is without a leader.

That Clemenceau and Streseman should both die so suddenly is so unexpected that Western Europe has been thrown completely off balance. It is true France was sorrowfully aware of the fact that The Tiger was in the gloaming of his eventful career, but who could have dreamed that Gustav Streseman, "that preposterous, little fat man," would not continue to lead Germany for many years to come? It is seldom that the world is blessed with two such leaders at the same time and it is improbable that two such men will reappear very soon. Antagonists for so long, deadly enemies in the World War period, both have now done their "finale." It is to be hoped that their successors will prove to be but half as capable as the two really great men who preceded them.

—C. L. II.

SHADES OF BYGONE DAYS

By C. L. Higgins

It is now three hundred years since Boston was founded. The noisy greeting to 1930 the country over was said by everyone to be very appropriate. To some states it meant more than to others, to some less; but where in all the United States should a greater welcome have been given than here in the Bay State? For three hundred years Boston has been setting precedents and forming colorful traditions, the like of which are not to be equalled throughout the country.

That sightseers see more and know more of Boston after a weeks tour than life inhabitants is a common saying in Boston, and travellers often marvel at the sluggishness of Bostonians in this respect. Only recently, a man vacationing in the city related to the writer how he had inquired of a pedestrian the way to historic Dorchester Heights. He jovially told how he ended up in Franklin Park. This ignorance is deplorable. We wonder how many of our readers (you see, we are optimistic) are acquainted with the oldest fort in Roxbury, one of the most ancient places of settlement in the city. It stands on the top of Fort Hill, and was converted into a standpipe when it had outlived its usefulness as a means of protection. Scattered around the now dilapidated tower are cannon on which are inscribed dates and information which are enlightening—yes, even inspiring. The fort was formerly important because it controls the countryside for miles around as well as the harbor well beyond the Light. However, in these days of '75s and the like, the mortar and brick would serve only as a fair target for ambitious gunners. Because of its age and state it is now closed to sightseers and tourists and, unfortunately, for lack of care, seems to be slowly crumbling.

Then again how many of us realize that the hill which so sedately frowns

upon the school day in and day out is rich in tradition and folk-lore. Some of us, modern and sophisticated people that we are, scorn the idea of ghosts and so on. If we were to hear the hair-raising tales about happenings on the hill in Revolutionary days and during the early nineteenth century, some of us would be set thinking. The oldest house in Roxbury—where is it? It stands on top of Parker Hill and to look at it is to receive confirmation of the claim. A walk past it at about eleven in the evening in the eerie stillness is to receive an indelible impression that perhaps there is something in ghost stories after all. A look at the eighty-year-old inhabitant would almost convince. To hear the wind sing through the eaves of a winter's night, mingled with the muffled mooing of the few bovine inhabitants, would prove the point beyond doubt to any strangers who happened to be wandering about when they should be at home. That more intoxicated gentlemen have solemnly sworn off spirituous and vinous beverages forever after an experience up there than any court could ever bring about by these descriptions will surprise many of our readers. Again we are very optimistic, but they really should not.

In the event of the celebration of the tercentenary of the founding of Boston many such observations as this will be made. It will do no one any harm and all some little good. There are few cities indeed, in America which can point to a longer, more honorable, and noteworthy past than Boston.

* * * * *

AVE EXETER

A few months ago, the Boston Latin School received official notice that the team which represented her in the Phi Beta Kappa competition had been awarded second place. The school which placed first was Phillips Exeter Academy. As this is the first formal notice to appear in the *Register* let this publication represent, in behalf of the student body, the congratulations of our Editorial Staff to the Academy. Phillips Exeter Academy set a fine mark last June and deserves only highest commendation for withstanding so honorably the rivalry of the finest prep schools in the country. It is true that this, the Latin School, lost out by but one-half of one percent. However this does not in the least detract from the praise of the rival school which has pursued us so relentlessly these past four years.

It was a bit of a jolt, nevertheless, to be obliged to take second place in a competition which for four years the Latin School had run away with. Not a little disappointed were various members of our alumni who had set heart and soul on seeing us seven times victorious. However, the cold fact remains that we were defeated. There naturally arises the question, "Was the Class of '29 less worthy than their predecessors of the first four years?" All that need be done to refute such an idea is to point to their record. They made a mark which is very commendably high. Decidedly, they were not below our usual standard. The surprise lay in the mark which Exeter Academy set, higher by far than any previous effort of theirs. All of which merely points out the necessity of the Class of '30, which next June will collectively attempt to regain the emblem, to prepare diligently, and, *not* incidentally for stiffer competition than ever before. While it was not a dishonor in the least to succumb to an Academy of Exeter's standard, still it set a dangerous precedent which must not be followed.

— C. L. II.

GREEN TAPESTRY

By John Hastings

I

Green,
Fronds of gold,
Petals of cold bronze
Flutter over tinkling springs,
And glint through the plashings of the rain
With jewelled teeth, and emeralds in their hair.
Cold leaves, crackling and cluttered at the corners,
Loiter down cold streets of glinting stones,
While from the hills the melancholy sun
Sprinkles its cold beams on slatted roofs.

II

Bronze,
Gold,
Jars entinseled with Persian vermillion,
Filled with old spiced petals,
Glitter in the spatterings
Of the leafy fingers of the sun.
This is the mystery and the old desire
That seizes at the wrinkled throats of women.
This is the futility of the cold night
That possesses people sitting in patterned chairs.

III

Red,
Windows of iron,
Roof-tops of rough, cold slate.
Crinkly houses all out of line,
With tumbling chimneys
And street lamps before them
That sputter with their mouths open.
Old women with winter at their throats
Gaze out on all the sadness in the world,
While scraggly wisps of hair fall into their mouse-colored eyes.
The wind shatters the panes
And rubs its cold fingers on the crackled sills.
Out of the cold is heard a midnight train
Screaming its wild agony to the wild night.
And, in the darkness that shivers on the leaves,
I and my little world are left to tragedy.

The "Tiger" Sheathes His Claws

By Nathan Learner

On November 21 of last year, an old man in Paris went to bed without his clothes on for the first time in years. Three days later he passed away: and every nation on the face of the earth paused to mark the passing of that man,—the most picturesque figure of the late war, the man whose will overthrew an empire and created nations,—Georges Eugène Benjamin Clemenceau.

Working on a vindication of himself against the implications of the late Marshal Foch, he actually hastened his own death by insisting upon working into the early hours of the day, contrary to the advice of his physicians. "Doctors are a lot of donkeys; I must finish my work," he had said. Through five weeks of pulmonary, cardiac attacks, he labored in agony. "Tiger" that he was, however, he fought to the end. It was only after he had practically completed his memoirs, that he gave in to death on the morning of Sunday, November 24, 1929.

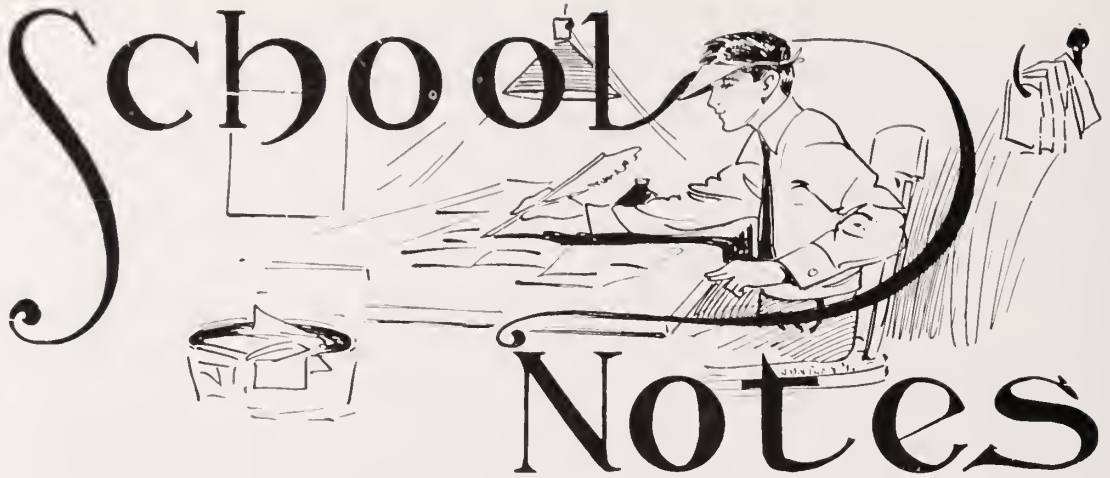
As soon as possible, he was borne to his father's tomb in Vendee, where, in accordance with his wishes, he was buried, "unblest and unsung, without pomp or parade." No religious rites accompanied his burial, no flowers, nor any salutes.

Thus was France bereaved of her most belligerent ruler since the days of Charlemagne. Although many contend that he was a failure as a peacemaker, there is no doubt that he was indeed the "Father of Victory." He it was who, as Premier during the dark days of 1917, reorganized his country for that supreme effort that retained for her the high position to which she had been accustomed among the great nations of the world. Extraordinarily brilliant, grimly persistent, and insistent on getting his own way, master of a forceful power of invective and convincing argument, inherently recalcitrant, yet passionately patriotic, Clemenceau's career consisted in one extended series of personal and political disagreements. These altercations followed one another in rapid succession. He was an adversary to be feared on the rostrum and the duelling ground. Exiled in 1865 on account of his radical tendencies, he came to America. Here, while serving as master of French literature in a School in Connecticut, he met Miss Mary Plummer, who later became his wife. He later returned to his native land in 1871 and was elected to the Assembly. In 1876 he was elected to the Chamber of Deputies. A perspicacious statesman, he firmly supported Captain Dreyfus in the international scandal of 1894. In 1902, he was elected to the Premiership, from which he resigned about eight years later as a result of his defeat in the Chamber.

When the World War started, he was seventy-two years old, an age at which most men begin to think of retiring. But this was not the case with Clemenceau. More active than ever, he was soon restored as Premier, and began the greatest chapter of his career, in which his perseverance was exerted to the utmost. His tenacious character was epitomized in that terse reply that he made to those who asked him to resign, when the German army was within forty miles of Paris: "I'll see this war through to a finish," he grimly replied.

Imagine that partially crest-fallen man replying, while failure was knocking on his door, that he would see his task "through to a finish"! Who knows but that for that reply, Germany might have prevailed over the Allies, and the potentiality of an Americo-Germanic state become a certainty!

School Notes



THE LITERARY CLUB

On January 6, 1930, the members of the Literary Club were treated to an unusual feature. John J. Wright, '27, president of the debating society and prominent in other activities during his scholastic career opposed Arnold Isenberg '28, in a debate, concerning the appeal of art and literature to the emotions. The caustic wit of Wright contrasted with the patronizing manner of Isenberg delighted the audience and made the subject, in itself an interesting one, especially appealing. At the conclusion of their speeches, the debaters offered to answer any questions on the subject. However, most of the boys preferred the role of the innocent bystander to that of active participant and maintained a dignified silence. On the other hand the president of the Club, W. Jerome Callaghan, loath to see his visitors get away so easily, surrendered the chair to Vice-President Shershevsky and began to attack the statements of both the speakers. Before long a three-cornered debate was in progress. However, it was all in a friendly spirit and finally the meeting came to a close. It is hoped that Mr. Marson will be able to arrange further informal debates of this sort.

THE ORCHESTRA

For the first time in the history of the Latin School orchestra, officers have been elected. The election was held under the supervision of Mr. Goodale. Following nominations from the floor, ballots were distributed, and the following officers elected:

President, J. F. P. McCarthy, '30.
Vice-President, A. R. Sweeney, Jr., '31.
Secretary-Treasurer, E. J. Sherman, '31.

The orchestra has progressed rapidly under Mr. Wagner's leadership. It has made one public appearance this year and is booked to give several more performances in the coming months. The attendance has been very good and Mr. Wagner has introduced a number of new pieces, which have made rehearsals very interesting. All in all, the orchestra is expected to enjoy one of its most prosperous years.

ON EXHIBITION

In the main showcase of our school library, there are five books, all of which are printed in Latin, representing the last five centuries of Latin books. The oldest, published in 1516, is an Aldine grammar. This was published at Florence, Italy, by Aldus Manutius and family, and is said to be very rare. The next, which represents the seventeenth century, is by Publius Virgilius Maro, known to Latin School boys as Virgil. This one and the next two, printed at Leipsig, Germany, all by Virgil, are profusely scattered with notes, that are written in Latin. The fifth and last book is one printed at Boston, Mass., U. S. A., 1923. It is Virgil's Aeneid and Ovid's Metamorphoses in one volume, with the notes in English. These books were selected from the shelves of the school library.

THE BROWN DEBATE

Following the splendid example set by Captain Kopans' football eleven on Thanksgiving Day, the Latin School debating team defeated Brown University, '33 on Friday evening, December 20, 1929. Incidentally, this was the twelfth straight victory for our debating society. The stigma of defeat has not been felt since that dim prehistoric period, about the year 1922 A. D. Within this period of two school generations, we have conquered, among others, Groton School, Exeter Academy, Salem High School and Boston College High School twice.

The debate itself was full of interest from the time when the ushers, resplendent in their full military uniforms, escorted the judges to their seats, to that awful moment before the chairman announced the decision.

The Brown debaters seemed to lack the polished ease which our speakers possessed to the highest degree. Perhaps it was the strange surroundings, but at any rate their main speeches were not very convincing. On the contrary the arguments of Ratzkof, Freedberg, and Ryan were delivered in splendid fashion.

However, in the rebuttal our speakers faltered a little and the Brown contingent succeeded in tearing down some of our arguments. But it was to no avail.

After the orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Wagner, had entertained us, the chairman, Joseph J. Hurley, chairman of the Boston School Committee, mounted the rostrum. A deathly silence spread over the crowded hall as he began to speak. The first vote was in our favor. Still not a sound could be heard. The second vote was also for Latin School, and as there were only three judges, there was no necessity for disclosing the third ballot. The vanquished congratulated the victors, the crowd applauded, the orchestra struck up a martial air and everybody went home happy.

It was a most enjoyable evening. The spectators were escorted to their seats promptly and efficiently by the corps of ushers, all of whom are commissioned officers in the school regiment. The judges of the debate were Richard S. Teeling, Leo A. Matthews, and William A. Sheehan, all prominent professional men of Boston. After the debate, refreshments were served to the debaters, the judges, and faculty advisers in the teachers' room and in the headmaster's private office.

In all likelihood, a debate with Exeter Academy will be held soon in the school hall. Those who did not attend the Brown debate should make it a point not to miss this one, as it is the duty of every pupil to support this most important activity.

THE SCHOOL LIBRARY.

In our school we have a library that we ought to be proud of. It has books

of all descriptions, books on history, fiction, biographies and auto-biographies, and many excellent reference books. All of these are available to the pupils of this school. There is a rack devoted to magazines, those of other schools as well as the popular magazines. Adorning the walls may be found statuary of interest. There is, in one large case, an exhibit of historical and literary documents that is worth seeing. Mr. Dunn, the librarian, is always willing to aid any fellow, and there is a library service club that works under his direction in keeping the books in order. Why isn't the library used more often? Incidentally let us see to it that in using it we do not abuse our privilege.

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THE GLEE CLUB.

On Thursday, December 12, 1929, the election of the officers of the Glee Club was held. It was delayed to this date on account of the absence of our regular instructor and the irregularity of the attendance of some of the members. The club elected the following officers for the year.

President, Frederick M. Brooks, Jr.

Vice-President, Francis J. Butler.

Secretary-Treasurer, I. Berger.

Librarian, Arnold Koplan.

Assistant-Librarian, Benjamin Krieger.

For nearly four months the regular instructor has been forced to give up his duties, owing to serious illness. The club is anxiously looking forward to his return. Meanwhile we are being ably led by a capable substitute, Mr. O'Brien.

The Glee Club, an organization of enviable reputation through its many years of existence should be better supported by those boys of our school who have vocal ability. It is not too late to join. The Club has frequently expressed the desire that all boys who wish to realize the opportunities afforded by such an organization make every effort to enter the Club.

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THE LITERARY CORNER

H. M. Tomlinson, author of "London River," "The Sea and the Jungle," and "Gallions Reach," has just had a new novel published, entitled "All Our Yesterdays." Of course, as is to be expected, by some of the critics it is being called "The greatest of the war novels." It is a novel of war and peace. The ever-steadfast and comprehending Percy Hutchison says: "There may be those who have not heard of H. M. Tomlinson. They are urged not to remain longer in ignorance. There may be those who do not like H. M. Tomlinson. And they are urged not to let it be known of them. His work is truly rare in its quality. And "All Our Yesterdays" has that rareness of quality in abundance. Because of its maturity, it is, perhaps, Tomlinson's finest piece of work."

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Virginia Woolf, author of "To The Lighthouse," a book which is on the "favorite book" list of Hugh Walpole, has recently had her new essay "A Room of One's Own" published. Little advertising and little notice seem to be given to it. That is an alarming state of affairs for an author like Virginia Woolf, who is generally accepted as one of the world's finest women novelists.

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"The Woman of Andros," Thornton Wilder's new novel is set for publication on February 21, by Albert and Charles Boni.

There was a highly interesting and informative article about Wilder on the first page of the Boston Transcript Book Section of January 18. It told of Wilder's college life, and the period of uncertainty which all writers experience before success. Mr. Wilder is the author of "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," one of the most talked-of books in many years.

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A rather unique volume of poetry is Joseph Auslander's "Letters to Women." Here he addresses many famous women with varied thoughts which he entertains of and for them. Emily Dickinson and Amy Lowell are two of the "women."

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"The Testament of Beauty" is a volume of very admirable poetry by England's poet laureate, Robert Bridges. This long poem possesses some very rich beauty and a depth of philosophy so characteristic of its author. It is the first published work of this poet since a good many years ago. It equals, without doubt, any of the poetry created by recent poet laureates.

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"Twelve Against The Gods" is the title of a volume of essays by William Bolitho. The book is published by Simon and Shuster, and within its pages Bolitho discourses upon Alexander the Great, Casanova, Isadora Duncan, Woodrow Wilson, Columbus, Mahomet, Lola Montez, Cagliostro, Catiline, Charles XII of Sweden, Napoleon I and Napoleon III. The sketches are written full of pity, and with an eye to beauty and romance. Heywood Broun writes: "Nothing better is to be found anywhere in these parts and times, and as for the preface, it is simply superb. Don't call yourself really educated until you have read it." —J. H.

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Those interested in historical books will find "Arundel," written by Kenneth L. Roberts, much to their liking. It is the story of Benedict Arnold's march on Quebec and not only contains much valuable information for the student of American History, but is also a collection of character studies of some of the men famous in the annals of our country.

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In these days, when so many people, considered as noble and great in history because of their achievements, are being disparaged, it is a comfort to come upon a book in which a monarch, popularly conceived as a villain, is stripped of his false clothes and is disclosed not only as a human being, but also as a man with some virtues. Such a book is D. B. Wyndham Lewis's "King Spider," based on the reign of Louis XI of France, which has recently been published.

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When Alfred Lord Tennyson was a boy only fourteen years old, he wrote a play entitled "The Devil and the Lady." It was never published. The Macmillan Company expects soon to bring out this play in a limited edition, edited by Charles Tennyson, the grandson of the great poet.

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"The Stuffed Owl; An Anthology of Bad Verse" is the title of one of the books on the Spring list of Coward-McCann. It is edited by D. B. Wyndham Lewis and Charles Lee. It will be interesting to see what they have chosen from the great amount of material which has been published.

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The selection of the Literary Guild for January is Manuel Komroff's "Coronet."

Upon an historical background, Mr. Komroff has painted a vivid picture of aristocracy as he believes it to be, and often his opinion is not complimentary. The New York Times says, "As social philosophy, 'Coronet' does not stand the test: confused and illogical—it carries the reader round in a circle. But as a sort of historical panorama, Mr. Komroff's book deserves the readers it undoubtedly will have."

—A. L.

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SABATINI

If the ordinary person were asked whom he considered to be the outstanding historical novelist of the era, he would unquestionably answer, "Sabatini." But if he were questioned further and asked to describe him or tell of his accomplishments in the sphere of learning, he would almost invariably be forced to confess his ignorance on any subject pertaining to the author except his works. Truly, the lack of appreciation of this most popular author is amazing. In an era when publicity is paramount, the retiring qualities of this author render him a most refreshing exception.

Beyond the fact that Rafael Sabatini is of Italian extraction, the public knows little about him. It is generally realized that Sabatini is a keen student of philosophy, that he speaks all modern languages, that he is an accomplished student of history. His love for the study of history first led him to write those startling novels which have revived interest in ancient periods and are so characteristic of the author. His next love is the study of languages; he is a linguist of top rank. All his novels, he first writes in his native tongue, then he has them translated.

Sabatini is noted for his colorful titles. The names of his books leap at one, attracting the eye of the youngest and oldest reader instantaneously. Consider the following: *The Hounds of God*, *The Gates of Doom*, *The Sea Dog*, and *The Snare*; surely colorful titles if ever there were such. The world is now awaiting in suspense, as it has continually for the past decade, his latest work. If rumors are true, it will rank among his best.

—C. L. H.



Booke Reviews



J.C.H.

"LAUGHING BOY"

By Oliver La Farge

At one of the ceremonial dances of his tribe, Laughing Boy meets Slim Girl. He becomes fascinated by her and is anxious to marry her, but on talking with one of his uncles, Laughing Boy discovers that the object of his affection is an outcast, with no family. She has been brought up in American schools and the Navajos consider her as a bad woman, for the Americans change girls, making them so that they can never again be true Navajo. In spite of this, Laughing Boy decides that life in the tribe without Slim Girl would be intolerable and far worse than banishment, so he takes Slim Girl and goes away into the South Country.

They live happily together for some time among the great hills, but soon Laughing Boy realizes that his wife is keeping something from him. He says nothing. One day while out hunting a lost stallion, he enters the town and there finds Slim Girl and her secret. They are threatened with separation, but after explanations, he starts off with Slim Girl to return again to his people. On the way she is killed, and Laughing Boy is last seen sitting watching one of the tribal ceremonial dances, mourning for his wife.

Mr. La Farge's style is not exceptional. He tells his story forcefully and ingeniously, sometimes even very beautifully, but not extraordinarily so. His descriptions of painted rocks and burning deserts, his representation of religious ceremonies and customs of the Navajo tribes, are impressive as well as interesting. However, we are more impressed by the author's feeling and completeness of information, than by his literary skill. Familiarity with the subject, combined with a deep understanding of Indian life and a sympathy with the feelings of the Navajos which can have come only through intimate relation with them, all unite in making the book interesting, instructive, and worth reading.

Oliver La Farge has attempted something new in presenting to his readers Navajo life from the viewpoint of the Navajo himself. He has succeeded delightfully, but will the book live? Will it go down as permanent in the archives of literature? We feel that if Mr. La Farge could use his talent in writing about

something other than Indian life, something which would apply more closely to our own lives and customs, he might produce more lasting work. However, whether he would be able to put as much feeling into his American characters as he has inspired in his Indians, is another question. The experiment might, at least, be worth trying.

—A. L.

PENROD JASHBER

By Booth Tarkington

The latest addition to the Penrod series appeared in December. It is indeed a welcome addition to the other two interesting studies of youth. In his new book, Tarkington continues in the vein he has prospected so effectually before.

The extremely human way in which the author presents his boy characters is refreshing. Seldom does a writer so aptly describe a boy's adventures while passing through "the doubtful age." In this particular field Tarkington excels. Consider the following passage.

"Penrod forgot doughnuts temporarily. 'Where'd you get him?' he asked. 'Where'd you get that fellow Sam?'

'Yay!' shouted Master Williams, 'He belongs to me.'

'Where'd you get him. Didn't you hear me?'

'You just look him over,' Sam said importantly. 'Take a good ole look at him and see what you got to say. He's full-blooded dog all right! You just look this good ole dog over.'

And so on.

The piece is replete with similar incidents. The story begins at the fag end of the school year when Penrod's interest in his books is waning. After a few narrow escapes from tragedy, Penrod decides to become a detective. For assistants he has Sam Williams and the ever present Herman and Vernon. Unfortunately they choose the particular gentleman friend of Penrod's sister Margaret as the criminal to be traced down. A slight tinge of romance is here inserted by Tarkington in that Margaret had just quarrelled with her boy friend and was carrying on with the inevitable stranger.

One can easily imagine the torments of mind to which any man of sound understanding would be subjected when he suddenly realized that he was being trailed. Everywhere the poor fellow went, he could hear the tongue-tied Vernon shouting out information, unintelligible to him, but not to Penrod and his associates. The scene is vividly and very amusingly portrayed by the author. The upshot of the whole affair is that the newcomer is forced to make a hasty exit and Penrod finds himself in the usual compromising position.

The book ends very gracefully with peace established once more in the neighborhood. In passing, it might be said that it is extremely difficult to find a suitable ending for a book dealing with childhood and youth. In this aspect of the story the author is especially convincing.

—C. L. H.

THE MERIVALES

By George Barr McCutcheon

One of the most startling of the novels which have recently appeared is "The Merivales," written by George Barr McCutcheon, creator of Graustork. At times, it verges on the unusual, yet it cannot be termed cheap. No doubt it will assume a high position among the outstanding books of the year. The author surprisingly discards his usual method of approach in telling his story, in fact McCutcheon has

entered upon an entirely new field, and it cannot be said that he is unsuccessful. The story is delicately and enticingly told and at places that style is very suggestive of a feminine author.

McCutcheon's representation of his characters is supreme. His colorful picture of the stern, upright Ursula Spaine, her dry humor and imperious attitude is artistic in the extreme. Joe and Ella, young married couple, are humorously portrayed to say the least. In the course of the description of life at Merivale Hall, the reader gets the impression that all the time the author himself is deriving a huge laugh out of telling the tale. The subtle humor employed in describing some situations is almost comparable to Addison's superb works.

The quick breaks in thought, the staccato style, are all exemplary of the trend of the modern mind. In places, the book resembles the theme of a modern song. The alternately lulling and snappy, quick moving scenes are indicative of the author's understanding of modern times and its erratic moods.

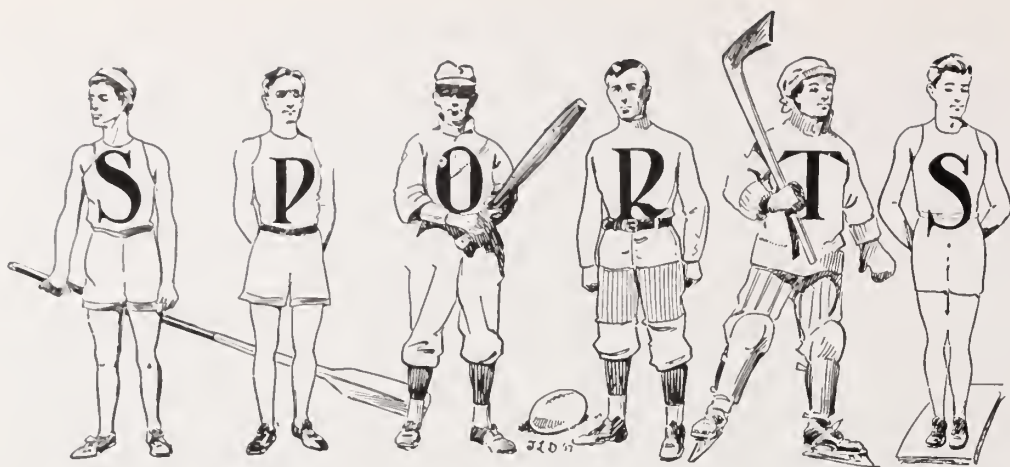
The story opens and closes in the mansion of an old southern lady, Ursula Spaine. In the very first paragraph, one may sense a startling novel by reading the number and extent of the old lady's family and her dry remarks about the various members. The action develops rapidly with the arrival of twins to Joe and Ella, themselves great-grandchildren of Ursula. Both parents are extremely young and Joe's attempts at explanations are ludicrous. His attempt to earn a living is even more so. The plot is wound around these two young people. Contrary to all modern conventions of story-telling, they do not separate. Indeed, not a single quarrel arises in the course of the book. That alone renders the book unusual.

Because Ursula Spaine is a very rich woman, her large brood is marking time till she dies. After all had become resigned to the fact that she would live to be a hundred, she fooled them by dying with despatch and grace. The terms of the will, which disposes of millions of dollars worth of property, is read before the assembled clan to the number of eighty-seven. The will itself is in keeping with the rest of the book, novel and surprising.

After reading this novel through, one can easily comprehend why reviewers all over the country have declared it an outstanding work. It is an eminent success, there being not one weak link in the chain of events from one cover to the other. It is a book which could safely be recommended to any person, young or old.

—C. L. H.





THE BRIGHTON GAME

On Saturday morning, Jan. 4, the Latin hockey team played its first game of the season against the Brighton High School aggregation. Latin, throughout the entire game, was on the offensive, but due to the fact that this was the first time the boys had played together on ice, they were unable to score, and the result was a deadlock, 0-0.

The game at times languished, but there were moments when the action was fast and furious. About the middle of the first period, Moore, Shea and Lynch came up the ice in combination, and Lynch, taking a pass from Shea, let go a bullet-like drive for the lower left hand corner of the net. The shot seemed to be headed for a certain goal, but the Brighton net guardian thrust out his hand, and, to the surprise of the Latin spectators and, probably, to his own, he caught it and, what is more, held it!

In the second period, Lynch intercepted a pass and, catching the Brighton defense out of position, rushed down upon the defenseless goal-tender, and, as the latter came out to meet the charge, "Russ" shot; but alas, he shot wildly, and such shots have rarely been known to score goals.

A few minutes later, Brighton ventured to come up the ice and began to make things warm for Bryant, our goalie. A lively scrimmage ensued in front of the net, and Bryant, dropping on his hands and knees into the thick of the fray, came up with the puck in his possession, thus putting an end to Brighton's only serious threat.

In the final minutes of the game, our team was continually in enemy territory, but the erratic shooting of our forwards, and the fine work of Berkeley, the Brighton goalie, prevented the scoring of the winning marker.

The Summary:

Latin

Moore, Knowles, lw.
Shea, Glynn, c.
Lynch, Hession, rw.
Carr, Murphy, ld.
Weddleton, Capt. Wilson, rd.
Bryant, g.

Brighton

rw. Harrington
c. Murphy
lw. McLaughlin
rd. McCauley
ld. Featherstone
g. Berkeley

Score:—Latin 0• Brighton 0. Referees—Raymond and Conneaney. Time—two 15 m. periods.

—B. K. '31

RATHER CLOSE

On January 9-10 in its first test of the year, our track team triumphed over Mechanic Arts and Commerce. The final score was 94 1-2 to 89 to 47 1-2, Commerce bringing up in the rear. After the track events, which were held at the East Armory were completed, we were trailing Mechanics by 6 points, but our boys were too good for them in the field events.

The only first we made in the Junior track events was in the hurdles, which Timmins captured. Ryan placed fourth in this event. Resnick's third in the "50," and Landrigan's second in the "176," were our only other places in the Junior division.

We made things a little more interesting in the Intermediate division, but Mechanics increased their lead by virtue of the fact that they won three of the four races. Brody ran the hurdles in his customary style, winning easily. Pollak took third place in the "50." In the "220," Keeler placed second, and David, our star junior last year, was but a short distance behind him for third. An apparent new comer to track, "Andy" Andelman surprised everybody in the "600." He took the lead from the start, and it was not till 10 yards from the finish, after a hard fight that Ryan of M. A. H. S. passed him.

The best races of the day were in the Senior division. Jack Cohen took third in the "50." Capt. Bill Owen won his heat handily, but was off to a bad start in the finals. He seemed to be up there at the finish, but was overlooked by the judges. Curley ran a fine race in the "300," but a pair of Commerce runners nosed him out in the last 15 yards. The scant Latin audience was surprised when "Lefty" Lichtenstein took second place in the hurdles. The 1000 was won by Desmond of Commerce. This individual ran it in close to record time, lapping most of his competitors. Second and third were taken for us by Lawlor and Priggen, respectively the "600," the last race of the day, was a fitting climax to a collection of nerve-wracking races. At the start, Connell of Mechanics took the lead and held it until 20 yards from the finish. At this point, Titus, who had been content with fifth place, began to sprint. The challenger passed the M. A. H. S. football star after a furious tussle, finishing six inches to the good.

On the following day, in the Commerce gym, our high jumpers outclassed everybody except Watson, who, jumping in his own school, tied Timmins in the Junior event. Keeler had little competition among the Intermediates, whereas Martin had a furious battle to capture the laurels in the Senior division. Meanwhile, in our own gym, three of our champion football players, Kopans, Gould and McGrath, took the first three places in the Senior Shot, and Abramson gained first place among the Intermediates. These, with several other places, enabled us to pass Mechanics.

The summary:

TRACK EVENTS SENIORS

50-yard hurdles—Won by Hunt, M. A.: second, Lichtenstein, L.: third, Johnson, M.: fourth, Katze, L.

50-yard dash—Won by Kulesco, C.: second, McDonnell, M.: third, J. Cohen, L. fourth, Hardy, M.

300-yard run—Won by Lawrence, C.: second, O'Brien, C.: third, Curley, L.: fourth, Hakanson, M.

600-yard run—Won by Titus, L.: second, Connell, M.: third, Garron, C.: fourth, Callahan, C.

1000-yard run—Won by Desmond, C.: second, Lawler, L.: third, Priggen, L.: fourth, McKeenan, M.

INTERMEDIATES

50-yard hurdles—Won by Brody, L.: second, Flaherty, M.: third, Hines, C. fourth, Robinson, C.

50-yard dash—Won by Ryan, M.: second, Varnum, C.: third Pollak, L.: fourth, Cady, M.

220-yard dash—Won by Johnston, M.: second, Keeler, L.: third, David, L.: fourth Courea, M.

600-yard run—Won by T. Ryan, M.: second, Andleman, L.: third, Doolan, C.: fourth, Hozid, C.

JUNIORS

50-yard hurdles—Won by Timmins, L.; second, Clauson, M.: third, Desmond: M.: fourth, Ryan, L.

50-yard dash—Won by Watson, C.: second, Sabbey, M.: third, Resnick, L.: fourth, Connally, M.

176-yard dash—Won by O'Connor, M.: second, Landrigan, L.: third, Keyo, C.: fourth, Sullivan, M.

FIELD EVENTS

SENIORS

High jump—Won by Martin, L.: tie for second between Connally, M.: and Freiberg, M.: fourth, Housen, L.—Height 5 ft. 4 in.

Broad jump—Won by Kretschmer, M.: second, Rodman, L.: third, Fisher, L. fourth, Beadman, C.: —Distance 9 ft. 6 in.

Shot—Won by Kopans, L.: second Gould, L.: third, McGrath, L.: fourth, Benson, M.—Distance 41 ft. 8 1-2 in.

INTERMEDIATES

High jump—Won by Keeler, L.: second, Ryan, M.: third, Riggs, C.: fourth tie between Ryden, C.: and Finer, L.—Height 5 ft.

Broad jump—Won by Irish, M.: second, McClain, L.: third, Brody, L.: fourth, Agoos, L.—Distance 9 ft.

Shot—Won by Abramson, L.: second, Hollander, M.: third, Edesess, L.: fourth, Strout, M.—Distance 38 ft. 10 in.

JUNIORS

High jump—Tie between Timmins, L.: and Watson, C.: third, Rosen, L.: fourth, Resnick, L.—Height 4 ft. 8 in.

Broad jump—Won by O'Connor, M.: second, a tie between Landrigan, L.: and Sullivan, M.: fourth, Molvar, M.—Distance 7 ft. 7 in.

Shot—Won by Mateza, M.: second, Sabbey, M.: third, Kehoe, C.: fourth, Sacks, L.—Distance 35 ft. 1-2 in.

—A. J. G.'31

—B. K.'31

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THE MEMORIAL MASSACRE

The hockey team broke into the win column with a vengeance when it swamped the Roxbury Memorial aggregation by the unusually large score of 7-0, on Saturday morning, January 18, at the Arena.

As the annual game with Middlesex was scheduled for the same afternoon, Coach Cleary started a substitute sextet. Less than two minutes after the opening

face-off Leo Glynn, in a scrimmage in front of the Memorial net, poked the disc past our opponents' goalie. Shortly after Denny, our center, scored on an individual effort, eluding the opposing defensemen. Thereafter the Roxbury goalie put in a rather busy morning, but managed to stem the tide of Latin shots until, near the close of the period, Denny again flipped the rubber into the net for the final goal of the session.

Between periods word was received from Concord that the afternoon game would, of necessity, be postponed due to the adverse weather. The result was that the first team lined up against Memorial at the beginning of the second period. It took six minutes before Denny, once again in the lineup, took a beautiful pass from "Hick" Shea and dented the strings. For the next score Lynch teamed with Denny, and the latter again beat the goalie to register for Latin. But that was not all, for Captain Weddleton soon scored and "Hick" Shea followed his example a moment later on a brilliant solo dash up the ice. Had the bell not sounded a moment later to put end to the proceedings, we probably would have continued to score.

Our marked superiority is shown by the one sided verdict. The puck was almost always in the enemy's territory, and on those few occasions that the Roxbury sextet did get by center ice, our sturdy defense pair turned them back easily.

Disregarding the regulars, some valuable material was discovered. Denny proved a "find" at center ice. He is an able stickhandler and has a good shot as can be shown by the four goals he scored. The Glynn brothers played well on the wings and O'Hare, Burn, and Sheehan were capable defensemen. Briel, who guarded the net, did the little he had to do, well.

The summary:

Latin School

L. Glynn, F. Moore, Knowles, lw.

Denny, Shea, Rabinovitz, c.

T. Glynn, Callaghan, Hession, Lynch, G. Moore, rw.

O'Hare, Sheehan, Wilson, Carr, rd.

Burn, Bergson, Weddleton, Murphy, ld.

Briel, O'Brien, g.

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THE SWIMMING MEET

About 75 swimming candidates reported to Coach Cleary on Jan. 6, at 2:40 P. M. The swimming mentor took the name, height, weight, age, class, and event of each aspirant. A swimming meet will be held in each class at Curtis Hall to get down the squad to a workable size. The events include a 25-yard dash for juniors and intermediates, a 50-yard dash for intermediates and seniors, a 100-yard dash for seniors, and plain and fancy diving. The races will be divided into three classes, free, breast and back strokes. All candidates desiring practise can go to Curtis Hall on Tuesdays or Wednesdays. Either Captain Feinberg or Manager Rottenberg will preside over the practise sessions.

Captain Feinberg has more than the average number of veterans returning, and with the early start, he hopes to have a successful season. A. J. G. '31

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LATIN vs DORCHESTER vs TRADE

In a triangular meet, featured by many spills, our track team proved itself slightly better-balanced than Dorchester's. The red and black horde was second to us by a 98-93 count, Trade finishing far behind with a mere 40 points. The

field events were held on Jan. 14, the shotput at Dorchester, the high jump at Trade, and the broad jump at our gym.

In the junior division, Timmins finished second in the high jump, and Portnoy and Landrigan took third and fourth respectively, in the broad jump. Among the Intermediates, however, we fared better. Keeler placed first in the high jump, and Brody finished second to McLean in the broad jump. Hondru took first among the shot putters. Once more, Kopans, Gould, and McGrath came in one, two, three, respectively, in the Senior shotput, and in the Senior high jump, Martin, after making a brave fight, had to be satisfied with fourth place. Rodman and Fisher took second and fourth in the standing broad jump.

On the next day, at the East Armory, Latin and Dorchester battled fiercely, the lead changing hands after almost every race. The best races of the day were the Senior "300," "600", and "1000".

In the "300", Curley ran against Schwartz and Pierson, the Dorchester stars. Schwartz took the lead at the start, but on the third turn, ran a little wide. Curley who was second, tried to take the pole, but he was jostled out of his position by two other Dorchester runners and forced into sixth place. Showing a fighting spirit, however, he came back and staggered over the finish line fourth.

In the "600," Titus set the pace for almost the whole run. On the last lap, however, Marvin uncorked a terrific sprint and thundered past Titus, finishing inches to the good. First and second for Latin!

The lead changed hands rapidly in the "marathon", each leader setting a stiff pace. Priggen went out in front the first two laps, but had to give way to Malone. After that, several other runners took the lead, but Burnside of Dorchester, running a well-planned race, passed everybody on the last lap and broke the tape, a winner. Malone placed fourth.

Weakness in the junior division once more stood out. In the hurdles, Timmins placed third and Ryan was a short distance behind him. Landrigan fought his way to second position, after being put back a foot for beating the gun in the "176". In the 50-yd. dash, Resnick took fourth.

Brody easily loped off with the intermediate hurdles, and he was followed to the tape by Coleman. McLean, by taking the dash, became a double winner, the only one of the meet, having captured the broad jump on the previous day. Berje David, showing fine form, was but a few paces behind the winner in the "220". "Andy" Andelman ran his opponent into the ground in the intermediate "600", and won by a safe margin, Keeler finishing second. In the senior hurdles, "Lefty" Lichtenstein came up fast to tie Dondero of Dorchester. Cohen, Capt. Owen, and Weiner followed the leader in the dash, in the order named.

The fact that our team took eight firsts, tied for another, and took ten seconds, makes us a serious contender for the laurels worn by English for so many years. The summary:

TRACK EVENTS

Senior

50-yard hurdles—Tie for first between Dondero, D, and Lichtenstein, L; third, Krajewski, D; fourth, McEleney, T.

50-yard dash—Won by Hershoff, D; second, Cohen, L; third, Owen, Capt. L; fourth, Weiner, L.

300-yard dash—Won by Schwartz, D; second, Pierson, D; third, Davis, D; fourth, Curley, L.

600-yard run—Won by Marvin, L; second, Titus, L; third, Harper, D; fourth, Collins, L.

1000-yard run—Won by Burnside, D; second, Gerrison, T; third, Aquino, T; fourth, Malone, L.

Intermediate

50-yard hurdles—Won by Brody, L; second, Coleman, L; third, Calder, T; fourth, Wark, D.

50-yard dash—Won by McLean, L; second, Pollak, L; third, Barnaby, T; fourth, Edesess, L.

220-yard dash—Won by Feldman, D; second, David, L; third, Don Santo, L; fourth, Kesselln, D.

600-yard run—Won by Andelman, L; second, Keeler, L; third, Smedile, D; fourth, Smith, T.

Junior

50-yard hurdles—Won by Vilkas, T; second, Cavanagh, D; third, Timmins, L; fourth, Ryan, L.

50-yard dash—Won by Driscoll, D; second, Spector, D; third, Hamilton, T; fourth, Resnick, L.

176-yard dash—Won by Keefe, D; second, Landrigan, L; third, Hilton, T; fourth, Goodman, T.

FIELD EVENTS

Senior

High Jump—Won by Hayes, D; second, Grafester, D; third, Pierson, D; fourth, Martin, L.—Height 5 ft. 7 in.

Broad Jump—Won by Aieta, D; second, Rodman, L; third, Billings, T; fourth, Fisher, L.—Distance 9 ft. 1-2 in.

Shot Put—Won by Kopans, L; second, Gould, L; third, McGrath, L; fourth, Sullivan, D.—Distance 41 ft. 3 in.

Intermediate

High Jump—Won by Keeler, L; second Finklestein, D; third, Calder, T; no fourth—Height 5 ft. 3 in.

Broad Jump—Won by McLean, L; second Brody, L; third, tie between Delheim, D, and Seldman, D.—Distance 8 ft. 7 1-2 in.

Shot Put—Won by Hondou, L; second, Kesselman, D; third, Podelsky, T; fourth, Barnaby, T.—Distance 41 ft. 2 in.

Junior

High Jump—Won by Bickel, T; second, Timmins, L; third, Cavanagh, D; fourth, Hamilton, T.—Height 4 ft. 10 in.

Broad Jump—Won by Salkovitz, D; second, Stumpus, T; third, Portnoy, L; fourth, Landrigan, L.—Distance 7 ft. 3-4 in.

Shot Put—Won by Silverman, D; second, Hilton, T; third, Kachadorian, D; fourth, Keefe, D.—Distance 34 ft. 2 in.

A. J. G. '31—

* * * * *

DROPS FROM THE SHOWERS

The track team this season is fairly well-balanced in spite of the fact that the junior crop is not as abundant as that of past years. Come on out, some of you smaller boys! Track is the one major sport which offers you the opportunity of making your letter.

The track schedule is as follows;

- Jan. 9—H. S. C. —Latin—M. A. H. S.
 15—Dorchester—Latin—Trade
 22—Latin—Hyde Park.
 31—Latin—English
 Feb. 12—Relay Carnival
 15—B. A. A. Meet
 Mar. 5—8—Regimentals

* * *

Henry Titus and Marvin are two very capable six-hundred yarders. They have turned in some fast-time thus far, and are among the best in the city right now.

* * *

Paul Curley has been doing some good work in the "300". The experience he gained last year has helped him greatly and he improves with every meet. Keep it up, Paul!

* * *

Few schools can boast of such an array of shot-putters as Kopans, the inimitable Gould, and "Hutch" McGrath.

* * *

Capt. Owen, Jack Cohen, and "Arkey" Weiner are our dash representatives. They all are capable performers and should score many points this season.

* * *

The fact that relay trials are soon to be held should be an inducement to every aspirant for track honors. Latin School has always prided herself on her fine relay teams. Let us not rest on our laurels!

* * *

Jack Brody, second place winner in the "Reggies" last year, is a safe bet in the intermediate hurdles.

* * *

"Lefty" Lichtenstein deserves much credit. Although the hurdles meet him waist high, he is making good. "Attaboy, Gabby!"

* * *

The hockey schedule:

- Dec. 30—Cambridge Latin, at Cambridge
 Jan. 1—Alumni, at Arena
 4—Brighton, at Arena
 11—M. A. H. S., at Arena
 14—Newton, at Newton
 18—Middlesex, at Concord
 21—Rivers, at Brookline
 25—Dorchester, at Arena
 29—Country Day, at Newton
 Feb. 1—Commerce, at Arena
 3—St. Marks, at Southboro
 8—J. P. H. S., at Arena
 15—Open
 22—B. C. H. S., At Arena
 Mar. 1—English, at Arena

Unsolved mysteries: How did Memorial hold Mechanics to two widely scattered goals? Why were we unable to score even one goal against Mechanics? And why did a substitute Latin team, in the first period of the Memorial game, roll up *three* goals with the utmost ease? Why? ? ? Who knows?

Get number!!!

Latin's greatest power lies in its mighty defense. Only one goal in four games for the opposition at this writing! Weddleton and Carr hand out the bumps and Bryant nonchalantly stops anything that passes them.

"Bob" Knowles, "Hick" Shea, "Fred" Moore, and "Russ" Lynch are doing the bulk of the work on the forward line.

It may be interesting to note that English High's starting forward line is composed entirely of ex-Latin School students. The honorable Messrs. Crimlisk, Donahue, and Parks, now sport the blue and blue.

* * * * *

MECHANICS TIES LATIN

There was a plentiful display of fireworks Saturday morning Jan. 11, when Latin's puck-chasers crossed sticks with the Mechanics sextet. It was a hard fought game between two evenly matched teams and though both of the goalies were not molested to any great extent during the contest, they were tested often enough to make things interesting.

Time after time as the Mechanics forwards came up the ice, Carr's hard body-checking effectively frustrated many of their attacks. The combination of Moore and Shea nearly turned the tables in our favor when, late in the first period, Moore, after a solo dash up the ice, passed to Shea who caged a terrific drive; but unfortunately Shea had received the pass about two inches beyond the blue line and consequently the goal was not allowed.

The second period was nearly a replica of the first stanza, with both forward lines scudding up and down the ice, but scarcely getting free to try a shot. Towards the end of the game, Latin had four men in the forward line, Captain Weddleton coming up from his position at defence; but the Mechanics' defensemen successfully turned aside all of our attempts and prevented us from scoring. For Latin, Moore's work on the forward line stood out, while Carr and Weddleton performed superbly at defense. For Mechanics the outstanding players were Captain Whelan and Silverman.

The summary:

LATIN

Knowles, lw
Moore, Shea, c
Lynch, Hession, rw
Weddleton, ld
Carr, rd
Bryant, g

Mechanics

rw, Leslie, Johnson
c, Whelan, Kirkland
lw, Silverman, Davidson
rd, Mather, O'Brien
ld, Hrones, Bailey
g, Crosby

Score, Latin 0, Mechanics 0.

Referees, Raymond and Connearney. Periods, one 13 m. and one 14 m.

—B. K. '31,



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* * * * *

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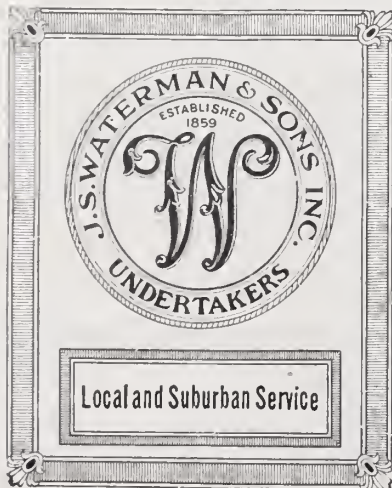
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1930

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Latin School Register

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THE LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER

Forsan Et Haec Olim Meminisse Juvabit

As told by Mr. S. Silverman, Boston

Latin Alumnus, to C. F. L. Higgins.

"A classical education will prove invaluable in after life."

In accordance with the newly instituted method of co-operating with the alumni, a member of the *Register* Staff called upon the Corporation Counsel of the City of Boston, Mr. Samuel Silverman of the Class of 1911. Mr. Silverman, who was appointed head of the Legal Department of the city by the present administration, is a loyal member of the Boston Latin School Alumni. Graduated in 1911, his career has been a steady rise to the influential post he now occupies in city affairs. After he had attended Boston University Law School for three years and obtained his degree, Mr. Silverman entered politics, where immediate success was his in the form of a seat in the Mass. House of Representatives in 1916. In 1919, he was appointed assistant in the office of the Corporation Counsel and since then has always been connected with the city law department. In January of the current year he took charge of the office in which he had worked as assistant for ten years, being appointed by Mayor Curley. The school points to him as one of the legion of loyal sons who have made their mark in the world.

Mr. Silverman's rise is little short of phenomenal. When one considers that he is hardly forty years of age, one realizes the great good fortune that has supplemented his natural attainments. In Mr. Silverman's first year at the Latin School, he was absent nearly two months at one stretch. Still, in his second year, he was able to carry off the Classical Prize by a goodly margin. The records, however, do not indicate the significant fact that the gentleman worked his way through school. This statement connotes much more than it seems to, when one considers the rigorous schedule to which pupils of that day were subjected.

* * * * *

There was a busy hum in the outer offices of Mr. Silverman's section of the tenth floor of the Lawyers' Building as we stepped up to the information desk to request the privilege of meeting the man who for four years is to be the official legal adviser of the city. The secretary soon returned with the request that we wait a moment, that Mr. Silverman was occupied just then. This gave us time to survey the offices and general surroundings. We had just noticed that there were eleven assistants when we were told that "Mr. Silverman would see us now."

We soon lost all shyness and trepidation in the greeting which the busy man extended to us. We found him to be a well-built, virile appearing man, slightly gray at the temples, with a broad intelligent forehead and snapping dark eyes. After a brief casual conversation, Mr. Silverman was asked if he considered the study of the classics to be as essential to the business man today as it formerly was held to be.

The new Corporation Counsel leaned back in his chair, pipe in hand, and in his positive manner announced, "Yes, I believe that the classics are today even more necessary than ever before. Today competition is much keener than it has been in the past. Business and the professions demand men who are acquainted with the classics because knowledge of them necessarily implies that a man is properly equipped to meet men in all walks of life and that he has acquired such elasticity of mind that he can easily adapt himself to unusual circumstances. Studying out the meaning of a verse of Homer or Virgil in itself means little, but what it implies is an entirely different matter. It teaches a man to think straight through to a definite conclusion. It helps supply a person with the power of concentration on a single object. Today clarity and directness of thought are essential to success in all phases of life, especially in the law. In my own case, for instance, I had forgotten practically all my Latin and Greek a few years after I left the school. But I did not and have not forgotten the training I received in pursuing my studies. Today, due mainly to my study of Greek, I can concentrate on a single point in the face of many distractions and push my way through to a very definite conclusion. I tell you, if I were in a position to do so, I would compel all students in Boston High Schools to take a four year course in one of the ancient languages."

Thus Mr. Silverman, a successful lawyer and alumnus of Latin School, expressed himself on a question which is in debate the country over. Following this, we asked the gentleman to tell us something about the school, its teachers and student body as he found it in 1911.

"Of course," he said, "my favorite among the teachers, and I believe he was of everyone else, was Mr. Campbell. He taught me history. He always was extremely popular among the fellows. I believe that I never saw a man who could get closer, so to speak, to his pupils. Then we had Mr. Fiske, Mr. Richardson, Mr. Jones, who taught Latin, Mr. Norton, Math., Mr. Rich, who taught Greek, Mr. Rice, physics. Mr. Howell and Mr. Grace taught English. Most of them have either died or left. They were fine men.

"To my sorrow, my class never held even one reunion since we graduated. It seems strange, nevertheless it is true. I have often tried to interest the men I meet occasionally, but nothing ever results. And it is not for lack of outstanding men that we did not meet, for we had a few mates who made good with a bang. "Mal" Logan of Harvard fame who led the football team in '11 kicked the field goals that beat English in the annual game. He was the athletic "hero" of the Class. Major O'Hare of West Point fame was a member of our Class. He's travelling just at present. In my daily business I often meet members of the Class who are well up in their professions. You must realize, however, that the old classes didn't have anywhere near the roster which the present day classes have. If I remember rightly only about forty men graduated with me. And while we're speaking of size, I might say that the pupils of today are not half so big as they were twenty years ago. In my time, the members of Class I were big strapping fellows, some over two hundred pounds. Our football team regularly weighed heavier man for man than Harvard's. A few years ago Mr. Campbell asked me to judge a Declamation Contest. I thought that the First Class was the Fourth Class until I was told where the various sections were seated. But after all, it doesn't matter how big a man is. If he has the brains, he doesn't need an imposing body to impress people. Size makes little difference today; less than ever before in fact, it's the brain and intelligence that count now."

Next Mr. Silverman was asked to express his view on the amazing growth of the

school and if, in his opinion competitive, restrictive entrance examinations should be held to "weed out" the pupils desiring to enter.

"I don't think," he said quite emphatically, "that the growth of the school will affect its morale in any way. I believe that when the boy goes there, the masters impress on him the glamorous past of the school, sufficiently to impress him with the seriousness of his task. I honestly believe that the school spirit will not suffer in the least because of the enormous increase in enrollment. Those who are unworthy quickly drop by the wayside as have thousands of boys before them. Moreover, this sudden increase shows the rising demand on the part of the public for a good public classical education for their sons.

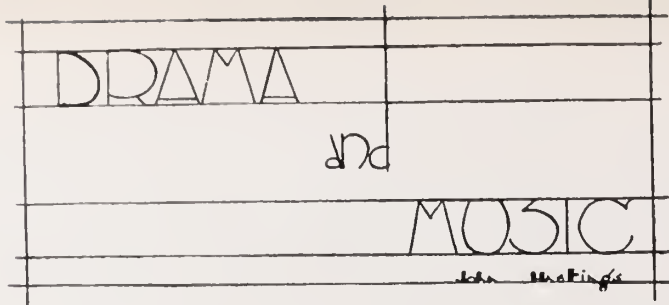
"I also am in full accord with the entrance exam. idea. I believe, as do most other graduates, that because of the immense demand, the most worthy should be selected. Those who could not pass such a test would in all probability, if they had succeeded in entering, have wasted a few years before they realized that the Latin School was not meant for them. Such boys should not be allowed to waste their own time, but should be sent to a school where the standard set is not so high and which would prepare them for a life more suited to them. This is only fair and would save much embarrassment for all concerned, both fond parents and patient teachers. The test given should not be hard or unreasonable, but it would be searching and if a boy could not pass it he should be sent elsewhere, and another more apt fellow given a chance. As it appears to me at present, it is but a question of time till such a plan will be adopted."

Mr. Silverman was asked if he thought that college men of today have the same chance for advancement as graduates of his time.

"Well," came the response, "that is a hard question to answer. Sometimes I think one way and sometimes another. But I will say that today there is, or one-hundred years from today there will be, room for a good man in any phase of life whatever. There is always room for a good, bright, reliable man. This is very true of the professions at present. In business lines we find highly trained specialists displacing handy all-round men. Why? Because they are more reliable and know their subject better. In politics it is even more true. The old type of politician is rapidly disappearing from state and city governments. In the old days, the biggest voice ruled. The man with the biting sarcasm was supreme. Today he finds his superior in the cultured college man. Just witness all the offices in the state and city today. All are held by well-educated men. My position always has been held by a college graduate, always from the date of its founding. So you see you really aren't hoeing such a tough row after all."

Thus ended a most pleasant talk with one of Boston Latin's most loyal supporters. He religiously attends the annual game on Thanksgiving Day and is always interested in the School which gave him his start across the barren desert of life and made his journey a little easier. One of his offices in which he takes particular delight is that of giving legal advice to Mr. Campbell, the man who but twenty years ago was drilling History into him.

There is much to be gained by reading about and talking with such men as Mr. Silverman. It gives hope to some of the pupils who find themselves in the unenviable position of being just on the mark. A boy who succeeds in passing one course in this School should find no trouble passing the other three if he concentrates and, as Mr. Silverman says, "learns to think straight through to a definite conclusion." Most of us are enjoying greater advantages than did this man, who had to work his way through the School. Yet we wonder how many of us, with our advantages, will go as high in our chosen sphere as Mr. Silverman has in his.



"ANDREA CHENIER"

An Opera by Umberto Giordano

On December 27 Giordano's historical opera "Andrea Chenier" was revived at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York. Rosa Ponselle was cast as the ill-fated Madeleine, Giacomo Lauri-Volpi as Andrea Chenier, Ina Bourskaya as the Countess de Coigny, and Guisepppe Danise as Gerard.

One of the New York critics made the fatal error of confusing the merits of the score with the merits of the human voice. To the genuine musician it is apparent that in "Andrea Chenier" the music of the first and second acts is threaded, staccato, somewhat confused and assembled at times like shattered pieces of a Persian vase, or odd, irregular parts of an almost unfathomable puzzle. But this particular critic was unappreciative of the fact that the music in the first and second acts is practically unsuitable to any voice as a representation of the power and the richness of it. And to many, as it did to this critic, it might seem that Ponselle was rather uncertain in her intonations. But it was the music, totally, that was at fault. The role of Madeleine is shredded into morsels in the first act, oftentimes almost overridden by other voices. The only outstanding aria of the entire first act is the lofty and romantic declamation of Chenier, sung by Lauri-Volpi.

The third act was the cream of the entire score. The arias were longer, more musical, richer, fuller, more sympathetic, more humanly and powerfully emotional. The principal characters on the stage were Madeleine and Gerard. The rabble composed the chorus.

Giordano had a passion for panorama. He loved light haste, tripping feet, and occasionally an over-crowded stage. His only peer in this respect is probably Giacomo Puccini. Like the latter his score is too often unmusical and untrue. But unmusical does not mean unmelodious. Stravinsky's opera "Les Noces," for instance, has probably in no possible element of it any melody that the audience might go out humming in their souls. Yet his is modern music at its greatest. But the music of Giordano and Puccini is much too frequently ugly and untrue, plain and thinly erratic. Neither of these two composers is great. Their endurance until now rests almost completely on the few commendable oases of genuine music with which they have occasionally interspersed their compositions.

Rosa Ponselle was at her usual excellence. Her amazingly rich and golden voice reached the summit of its glory in the aria in the third act, where she entreats Gerard to aid in the freeing of Chenier, promising to marry him if he is successful. Her sensitized intonations and splendidly dramatic evidencings of entreaty, and anguish and despair, as well as her human gestures rendered an operatic performance that has probably little, if any, receded from the success she attained in "Norma" at Covent Garden in London last May, and "Luisa Miller" Verdi's little-known opera at the Metropolitan this winter.

Lauri-Volpi, tenor, sang with much gusto and pompous effrontery, but his voice was often strained in sometimes even enormous efforts to attain the heights of the emotion which the character of Andrea Chenier so greatly needs. His rendition of the poetic declamation in the first act was his best performance.

Guiseppe Danise, baritone, possesses one of the richest, deepest, and most powerful voices this writer has had the privilege to hear. His performance seldom, if ever, faltered, and was ever-impressive and powerful.

It may be hoped that Ina Bourskaya receives a more prominent role in the near future. Unequal to Ponselle as she is, at times, however, she bade fair to attain some of the rich tones which that greater artist so easily employs. But the role of the Countess de Coigny would not be a wholly just representation of any voice.

The performance of "Andrea Chenier" was one of the most commendable performances of the Metropolitan Opera Company this season. —J. II.

Two Operas

"Louise," by Gustave Charpentier

"Louise" was the opera that "made" Mary Garden. She was studying singing in Paris when at one of the performances of Charpentier's work at the Opera Comique, she was substituted in the third act. We are told "Paris went wild and she was compelled to sing the role for 100 successive nights."

One regrets, perhaps, that her first great success did not evolve from her singing "Depuis le jour," for she sings it exquisitely, as, I believe, no one but Mary Garden herself can. And her rendition of it on the evening of February 7 at the Boston Opera House was, assuredly, her very best. Her voice is unparalleled, gorgeous, and her acting is the most dramatic on any operatic stage.

"Louise" is a romance of Bohemian Paris. Louise, a girl employed in a dress-making establishment, falls in love with Julien, a romantic artist of Montmartre, of whom her parents disapprove. But the lover of Louise is not easily to be deterred, and with visions of glorious Bohemian life he tempts her to go with him to his hill-home in Montmartre.

In the third act, after Louise has sung the beautiful "Depuis le jour," Paris, which is spread out below, lights up, and one sees little street lamps and lighted shops and cafés and crooked streets glistening with the evening lights. Then a party takes place, with all Julien's Bohemian friends, and in the midst of it, as Louise is being crowned Queen of Revels, her old mother appears to tell her of the illness of her father and to beseech her to return. With a wistful song she bids Julien farewell, and goes down from the hill into Paris.

In the fourth act Louise is at home, and she and her father quarrel bitterly over her love. In a rage he drives her from his house to her beloved Montmartre and her beloved Julien, and the opera closes upon the wail of the father, and the wail of all, "Paris!" For Paris is life, all that is beautiful, all that is mysterious, all that is inexplicable.

Réné Maison was Julien. His lower notes were far better than his high ones, but, even then, not very applaudable. His voice was strained and stretched, and his singing was far too loud. Nor was his acting particularly human or particularly dramatic. He was much of a disappointment.

Vanni-Marcoux is, without any hesitation, one of the worst baritones it has been this writer's misfortune to hear. His voice has no richness nor depth, and he over-acted so greatly that his tones were forced and quite nasal. The objection to such a criticism may be made: That the role of the old father is a vigorous one, and not particularly charming. Therefore the force of his voice is justified. Yet, I believe that in a role that, itself, is loud and harsh, a beauty of resonance and intonation must be attained. And I can never believe that any singer, with any

capacity whatsoever for beautiful tone, should neglect what beauty he might produce merely because the speaking role might require it.

Maria Claessens, as the mother, possesses a round and golden voice, but oftentimes she caused it to be almost vulgarly throbbing. The intricate trills were often pounded out into enormous beating pulsations. That is too far for any singer to go.

Theodore Ritch as the noctambulist, and the King of Fools, has a very attractive tenor voice, often prone to accent unimportant notes, but very resonant and clear and wholly rich.

Gustave Charpentier, whose "Louise" was produced in June in Paris with Grace Moore of the Metropolitan in the name-part, loved the softness and the fragility of far-off voices, either approaching or departing, and his employment of such a device was frequent. Particularly in the second act at the crossing in Montmartre, many times we hear voices far away, wistful, tiny. It adds a touch of delicate impressionism to the opera.

The entire performance by the Chicago Civic Opera Company of "Louise" was more than satisfactory. Yet on what does the satisfaction rest, when one considers the criticisms that have been made? The answer is true and undeniable: it rests on Mary Garden.

"Le Jongleur de Notre Dame" by Jules Massenet

Massenet wrote "Our Lady's Juggler" probably to demonstrate that his power didn't rest wholly on his female characters, such as Manon, Salome, Thais. There was irony then, in the fact that at the Manhattan production Oscar Hammerstein assigned the role of Jean, the juggler, to Mary Garden.

The libretto is by Maurice Leva, taken from a mediaeval miracle play, "Etude de Nacre," by Anatole France. It is the story of how a debased juggler was converted to religion by a sight of rich banquets, and how, when he had become weary of all the formality and the coldness of religion and could no longer restrain himself, he practiced his juggling and his dancing in the very nave of the cathedral. Enraged, the monks wish to rush upon him to kill him, but suddenly there appears a glow on the face of the Virgin on the altar, and she suddenly stretches forth her hand to bless the dying juggler, while the monks pray for the passing of his soul.

It is not a great opera. But it has great moments. The mob scenes, the practising choir, and the last amen are all rather admirable music. But Massenet is, as ever, apt to emboss his scores with over-spiced ornamentations and over-realistic sumptuousness. And "Le Jongleur" does not escape.

Mary Garden sang exquisitely, as ever. The one fault with this singer is—and this criticism falls from extremely reluctant lips—that she does not possess the enormous power that some of the ultra-dramatic moments in all operas demand. Oftentimes she is totally drowned out by the orchestra, which was, that Saturday afternoon, not wholly Mr. Polacco's fault. Yet she has the gorgeousness of tone, the fire of drama, all sufficient freshness and irresistibility of youth in her fifty-five years, to make her the most fascinating singer to hear and to watch.

Cesare Formichi is one of the finest baritones the Chicago Civic possesses. His tones were rich, and aside from an inclination occasionally to demonstrate loudly, his technique was quite admirable.

The cast was small, but the choruses were all sung splendidly; particularly memorable was the choir practice, amusing, yet musical and intelligent. *J. H.*

"Nights in the Gardens of Spain," by Manuel DeFalla

DeFalla's "Nights in the Gardens of Spain" was included in the sixteenth Symphony program. It is divided into three movements:

I.—At Generalife

II.—Far-off Dance

III.—In the Gardens of the Sierra of Cordoba

Jesus Maria Sanroma was the pianist-soloist.

Were DeFalla's works all of a power equal to this work, it appears to me that he would be second only to Stravinsky, barring even Maurice Ravel. But the Spanish composer is ever liable to err on the side of instability, and his compositions range in such various forms of modernism and classicism that he is rather difficult to group with any class of composers. His "La Vida Breve" might tend to class him with Moussorgsky or perhaps even Glazounov, while his "Nights in the Gardens of Spain," surely one of his greatest works, if not the greatest, is purely Stravinskian. Even Ravel himself is not free from such liability, for who is more versatile than he who can compose "Ma Mere L'Oye," "Bolero," "Daphnis et Chloë" and his many waltzes? Genuine versatility is genius, yet in all such versatility is contained something undeniably the composer himself. Are DeFalla and Ravel genuinely versatile in the more approvable interpretation of the word? Stravinsky is. But we must keep in mind that he also is a paradox, a question-mark.

"Nights in the Gardens of Spain" is decidedly Spanish. It contains all the glorious color of shawls and jewels and ecstasy. It is the soul of Spain in all its exultation and rhythm. It could never be anything else but Spanish. Its very tones are orange and gold.

The first movement is very rapid and light and mysterious, while the second unfolds into a clamorous vigor and spirit, and the third is gloriously emotional, rich in imagery, tincture of every nuance of the human soul.

Sanroma is a splendid artist, and understands the secret of delicacy and the music of brooks. Occasionally, however, his touch was perhaps too heavy, too loudly affected. But he is a pianist and understands what music is as only the artist can.

What may we say, then, as a last word, of DeFalla? Perhaps the best thing we may say (and the composer to whom it is attributed is great if it is true) is: his music has meaning.

"Jazz Suite, Op. 28," by Louis Gruenberg

Also on the program of the sixteenth Symphony concert was Gruenberg's "Jazz Suite," which is divided into four parts:

Fox-trot Tempo

Boston Waltz Tempo

Blues Tempo, Slow Drag

One-Step Tempo

When the musicians of today, such as Iturbi and Damrosch, Tibbett and Pinza, enthusiastically acclaim some jazz, Louis Gruenberg is not one of the composers that come within their laudations. However difficult it usually is to extricate from musicians the exact definition of their conception of the finest and most expressive jazz, there is within each of them an opinion that is salient and ponderous. And their conceptions of the best jazz do not include such a messy and distorted nightmare as Gruenberg's composition.

We are told that "Louis Gruenberg's 'Jazz Suite' is not jazz of the tin-pan alley

type." The writer does not propose in this criticism to write any polemic on jazz, yet Gruenberg might be surprised to learn that composers everywhere are not averse to the "tin-pan alley type." In fact, I believe they term a certain portion of it as the most expressive music that has come out of American civilization. Not such thin and absurd abominations as "The Vagabond Lover" do they praise, but more spirited works that capture within their rhythm and their purpose the savagery of emotional ecstasy. To this writer it appears that no more expressive jazz had been composed than "Moanin' Low," but it is expressive only when performed in the exact and proper manner. Yet is "Moanin' Low" outside of the "Tin-pan alley type"?

It will be a long time before symphonic jazz will have a meaning, if ever. Gruenberg's "Jazz Suite" says nothing. It is merely a murky coagulation of decidedly mediocre imitations of Stravinsky, muddy, cracked jazz phrases, combined with the most sickly assemblage of snatches at Ravel, Debussy, Gershwin, and even Saint-Saens! What could be more absurd and immature! Gruenberg is wasting his time. He has the power to be a fairly accomplished composer. Let him let jazz alone. He knows nothing about it, while his conception of modern symphonic music in combination with jazz is littered, distorted, and wholly vague. It may be hoped that in the future he will turn his talents to compositions more nearly analogous to his "The Enchanted Isle."

"What matters most in music?" it may be asked. The only conceivable intelligent answer is "music." And any composition may so be termed if it says something.

—J. H.

"Rigoletto"

On February 8, the Chicago Civic Opera Company presented Verdi's "Rigoletto."

Of all the thirty operas written by Verdi, appropriately called "the old man of the opera," "Rigoletto" contains the greatest number of pleasing and brilliant arias. Verdi is at his best in this opera. It ranks with "Aida" and "Il Trovatore" as one of his greatest and most popular works.

The story of the opera is that of a girl's filial devotion overcome by affection for her beloved fickle though he was. The curse evoked on Rigoletto by Monterone in the first scene soon becomes effective. The friends of the Duke, who is courting Gilda, the most precious of Rigoletto's possessions, make the hunchback an accessory in the abduction of his own daughter. After much heartache and suffering he finds her again, only to discover that she is deeply in love with the Duke. Rigoletto, plotting to rid himself of the Duke, makes a bargain with an assassin, Sparafucile. Then to prove to Gilda the fickleness of the Duke, he shows her a love scene between Maddalena and her beloved. This situation motivates the beautiful and famous quartette. Each of the four singers expresses a different emotion. The Duke casts languishing eyes upon Maddalena, while she in turn ensnares him to her heart. Rigoletto is moved by hatred towards the Duke, love for his daughter, and the thought of his coming revenge, and Gilda is stirred by disappointment at the fickleness of her lover, and by her undaunted love for him. She finally sacrifices her life for him, and the final curtain falls upon Rigoletto's cry of, "The Curse," when he sees the lifeless form of his daughter.

Though Margherita Salvi is only twenty-three years old, her voice is much to be admired. It was at first feared that she would not be heard above the orchestra, but with the fine co-operation of Mr. Frank St. Leger, the conductor for that

evening, adjustment was soon made. What Miss Salvi lacked in volume she made up for in quality. In "Caro Nome" she merited the great applause which she received, it being necessary to stop the opera for a moment while she received an ovation. Although she sang the rest of the opera very well, nowhere did she attain the same richness and feeling which she expressed in that solo. The score itself is undoubtedly partly responsible for this, "Caro Nome" being the finest soprano aria in the opera and well adapted to Salvi's voice.

Mr. Bonelli put so much feeling into his voice that more than once during the evening one found it difficult to suppress one's emotion. The passionate and pitiful way in which he searched the palace for his daughter; the feeling in his voice when he was pleading with the courtiers; and his beautiful rendering of his part of the duets with Gilda, all combined to make his singing in the titular role long to be remembered. Not only was his singing excellent, but his fine acting also helped immensely in his interpretation of Rigoletto.

Antonio Cortis had a fine tenor voice, and he used it to good advantage in characterizing the Duke. His singing was at all times most enjoyable, even if his acting was sometimes not exceptional. The beautiful "La Donna e Mobile" will always stand out in our memory for the excellent way in which Mr. Cortis sang it. He deserved more applause than the audience seemed inclined to give him.

The minor characters were all taken well, especially those of Sparafucile and Maddalena. Verdi in his score gave to these two parts some fine music, and Mr. Lazzari and Miss Glade, in their singing as well as in their acting, did justice to the composer. In the quartette especially, Miss Glade, with her rich contralto voice did some fine work.

Altogether this performance of "Rigoletto" was well up to the standard of the Chicago Civic Opera Company.

—A. L.



Revenge

By P. N. Dangel

The last stroke of the chimes reverberated away into the darkness. High up on the twenty-fourth story of an office building a man peered at the luminous dial of his watch.

"Just ten," he muttered. "The phone should ring now."

It did.

"Hello."

"Yes?"

"Set it for half-past six."

"All right."

"Good night."

The man lifted something from the table and held it under the rays of a small flashlight for a moment. Then he put it back in its place, fumbled about for a few minutes, and left hastily.

An hour later the two men who had spoken over the telephone were seated together in another part of New York City. One of these men was known in lower circles as "Humane Bill;" he used brain instead of brawn and had never shed innocent blood. The other was an inventor.

The latter sighed. "You know," he began, "I thought I would never be able to turn the tables on that Crocker gang. They stole my model last month and have been drawing up patent papers. I couldn't prove anything because no one knew about the idea except Old Man Crocker and me. Well, they got a start on me, but in the meanwhile I built another model and have arranged my papers."

The other interrupted him. "And to-morrow morning at half-past six, thirty minutes before the place is opened, that bomb will explode and destroy their office with everything in it. No one will be hurt; yet your revenge will be accomplished."

The inventor blinked. "The delay caused by the explosion will give me enough time to patent my invention first. Then let them try to do something."

The next afternoon the headlines proclaimed the fact that the office of Crocker & Co. had been destroyed during a revival of gangster bombing. No one knew the real reason, but Crocker strongly suspected it. "I'll get even with him yet; he thinks he's smart." Thus he mused when he heard of the explosion.

One day during the same week, "Humane Bill" walked out of the inventor's house with a suitcase. He looked about cautiously, and then directed his steps to a subway station. Although he knew he was being followed, he made no effort to shake off his pursuers. Through the crowded trains and all the way to the railroad station he maintained his perfect composure.

When the train was almost half the distance to Washington, our good friend walked into the dining car leaving the bag behind. His lunch took him three-quarters of an hour, and when he returned to his seat in the Pullman, the suitcase had disappeared. All that Bill did was sit down and begin to read a magazine.

Several minutes before the train reached its destination, the gangster left his seat and walked the length of the train, scrutinizing each passenger carefully as he went. At last he dropped into a chair beside a man and when he had made himself comfortable he began to talk in an undertone.

"I know you took the suitcase. I thought you would try a trick like that. I should have set that bomb for a later hour so that you would have been killed

by the explosion. But I don't do things that way; I hate to kill people. Nevertheless, if you ever appear in New York again you'll disappear.

"Your rival must have reached the patent office long ago. He left by airplane a few minutes after I drew you off the trail with my suitcase."

Bill was just about to leave his open-mouthed friend, when he suddenly turned and said, "If you find any use for the broken adding-machine or the letterheads in the bag, you may keep them. Goodbye. Have a pleasant trip."



CREATION

By John Hastings

Before the world-creation there was nought;
And there is nothing now.
What we, in our conception, misbeheld,
And said 'twas life or surely was to be,
Is nought but idle fancy of our own,
Instilled in us to please an imagining Lord.
Thus we are gods, creators, beauty-born,
We, who, through perceptive souls, breathe power,
Create a life, a street, a river's splashing,
And light a being, then blow it into dust.
In imitation of the Lord we can,
By beauty of conception, love of truth,
Create a world of mystery foreseen,
And thus, like gods, claim immortality.



Clarissimi Alumni Scholae Latinae Bostoniensis

by A. B. Lord, '30

How many of us realize what an inspiration are the names found adorning the lintel of our assembly hall, the names of men who, working sometimes from low positions, gradually toiled onward and upward to the stars, finally shining in the firmament of their country, honored in the hearts of their fellowmen? Their motto is indeed well expressed in the Latin phrase, "*Ad astra per aspera*". Courage, both moral and physical, respect and reverence for God and Man, served to carry them to unusual heights. They became the greatest men of their time, bringing to their school the reputation which it has today for producing men whose ability later shines forth in unalloyed splendor. Let us reverently call the roll.

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

Cotton Mather entered the Latin School when he was six years old. There he studied in some detail many of the ancient Greek and Latin authors, in fact more than we of today labor through. At an early age, after the completion of his education at Harvard College, he worked as co-pastor with his father in the Old North Church. Witchcraft was anathema in those days, and through his writings, Mather brought about the death of more than one so-called "witch". His greatest gift to his country was the introduction of inoculation for small-pox; his greatest honor, that of being the first American to be elected to the Royal Society at London.

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

Benjamin Franklin is hailed as perhaps the greatest of Latin School boys, yet he did not graduate from that institution of learning. The poverty of his parents did not permit that, but for the short time that he was connected with our school, he was a very brilliant scholar and would undoubtedly have graduated with highest honors. He afterwards brought great honor and distinction to the school, not only through his great work as a statesman, but also as a scientist, printer, philosopher, moralist, and philanthropist.

One of the great historical events in the latter part of this century was the signing of the Declaration of Independance. The next three of our "clarissimi alumni" were signers of that document. John Hancock remarked when he was placing his signature with the others, that he should write "so that George III may read without his spectacles." Penmanship was one of the many things which he learned to do well at Boston Latin. He distinguished himself generally in his studies, graduated from Harvard, and then launched out into that public life which is so familiar to all students of history. We hear of him in connection with the Stamp Act, the Boston Massacre, smuggling rings, Provincial Congresses, and Massachusetts government. William Hooper, also a Latin School boy, signed the Declaration of Independence. While a student here he received great honors, later entering life as a statesman and public servant, in the state legislature, in Congress and in the Courts. One of the most interesting things in his life was the battle with the "Regulators" in North Carolina, where he was practising at that time. Last but not least of this group is Robert Treat Paine, also a "signer". He must have been only an ordinary student, for history notes only that he graduated. His public life consisted of services in the Federal and State Judiciary, where he distinguished himself for his impartiality and wit. He also served for some time in both Houses of Congress.

Samuel Adams, our last distinguished representative of this century, was known

while at the Latin School for his industriousness and punctuality. He was one of the principals in the Revolutionary War, especially as conducted in and around our own city of Boston. His power of oratory and his intense hatred for Great Britain, made him a great influence on the side of Freedom.

NINETEENTH CENTURY

Many of the young men of this century seem to have followed the ministry. Edward Everett, in later life a noted author, preacher, and orator, was the recipient of many prizes when at Latin School. From a club which he instituted in the school came our inevitable declamations, a school activity which still flourishes. At Harvard, where he went next, he was recognized as a poet of some ability. Besides being a preacher, Edward Everett was also a professor of Greek literature. Matthew Harkins brought honor to his alma mater through his work in the religious field. After leaving Latin School in 1862, he continued his education at Holy Cross, at the English College of Douai, and at the Seminary of St. Sulpice in Paris. He was rector of old St. James Church on Harrison Avenue, and was finally made Bishop of Providence. Another eminent preacher of the period, Edward Everett Hale, was also a Latin School boy. In addition to his work in the church, Mr. Hale wrote several books, of which "The Man Without a Country" is doubtless best known. In the field of Journalism, Mr. Hale also shone, rising from mere reporter to editor in-chief. He did much to aid the school when he became a man, even teaching there for a while, and the memory of him will always be dear to loyal alumni. The last of our ministers of this period is Phillips Brooks. Every boy should know something about him. He was never a diligent student, but in spite of this he graduated from Latin School with honors, which was an even greater accomplishment then than it is today. After graduating from college, he returned to the school as a teacher, but because of his inability to discipline his pupils, he was asked to resign. After some time of indecision and study he turned to the ministry and is best known in this respect as the rector of the Church of the Holy Trinity in Boston, the beautiful Saint Gaudens statue of him near Trinity commemorating this fact.

Oratory and service as statesmen occupied the lives of several of our alumni of this period. William Evarts seems to have found the course of study at the Latin School very difficult (a not unusual thing) yet he evidently enjoyed it very much. He later became Secretary of State and was known as an able diplomat, as well as a brilliant orator, winning several court decisions through this power. His was the honor of delivering orations at the unveiling of the Statue of Liberty, and (no less an honor) at the dedication of Latin School's Warren Avenue building. Charles Sumner was also an orator, but the greatest compliment which can be paid to him is that he was a true scholar. Mere rank in class meant little to him. He studied for the love of learning and of applying himself to books. Consequently he was the recipient of many prizes both at Latin School and at Harvard. After leaving there he passed the bar, then entered the Senate, where his partisanship and fiery oratory nearly cost him his life when he was attacked by a political enemy. Wendell Phillips was very popular with the boys of his class because of his prowess in athletics. His marks, as is often the case with athletes, were very low. Fear of expulsion finally drove him to his books and as a result he graduated at the head of his class, another demonstration of the fact that many of the poorest students have great latent ability. If they could only have something force them to their work, what geniuses might

one find? The chief theme on which Mr. Phillips spoke was Slavery, although later he dealt with such problems as prohibition, woman suffrage, and criminal law improvements. His abolitionist ideas did much to mould public sentiment, and thus bring about the victory for the abolitionists in the Civil War.

Others of our illustrious alumni came from various fields. Charles Adams was a lawyer and something of a writer. His memory of the Latin School was a far from pleasant one and in his later years he described it as "dreary" and called it an "every-day academy". Most of his life was devoted to railroad matters, upon which subject he wrote much and also delivered courses. Ralph Waldo Emerson is the only real poet and writer of distinction whose name appears on our walls. He was a precocious child, especially in respect to translating Latin and Greek, but he received little recognition, since his class was made up of many scholars more brilliant than he. He was a very good boy and received no misdemeanor marks. The eminent place which he occupies in the literary history of America is well known to all, but how many know that his homestead in Concord is one of the finest buildings in that charming old town and well worth the trouble of visiting. Only one educator of high rank is found in this list of alumni. That is Charles W. Eliot. He was a very brilliant and very industrious lad, thereby winning much approbation from the headmaster and teachers of Latin School. At the early age of thirty years he became the President of Harvard College, which he made into a University. He was afterwards showered with degrees and honors from other colleges, but he never forgot his years at Boston Latin. It was he who dedicated the building which we are now occupying and also two of the tablets near the main door of the school. At the fine old age of ninety-two died "the most distinguished private citizen that ever lived in the United States." Finally we come to the name of Higginson. We find two alumni bearing that name. The first is Henry Lee Higginson. He was born in New York, but moved at an early age to Boston, where he entered the Latin School. Under the severe discipline and hard work in the school he broke down in health, but after a rest he continued and won several honors, merely because they brought joy to his mother's heart. He himself said of this period, "Our teachers explained nothing and taught us nothing: they made us learn and if we did not learn we were punished. The discipline was severe, but wholesome." He served well in the Civil War, although he was in action only six days of the four years. He was a lover of music, the greatest gift which he gave to the world being the Boston Symphony Orchestra. He was also connected with other organizations, such as the New England Conservatory of Music. The other Higginson was Francis Lee Higginson, a Naval officer during the Civil War, who held many positions in that branch of the government, distinguishing himself often.

What will the twentieth century have to offer? Whose will be the names to adorn the walls of future Latin School buildings? Surely some of our own classmates will bring glory to the school, for we must all live up to our legacy of distinction. And some day when we shall be no more, other boys toiling through Virgil and Xenophon shall remember our names and deeds and be inspired to greater service





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THE FIVE-POWER NAVAL CONFERENCE

As the days pass, the wrangling at the London Naval Conference becomes more and more heated. In fact, it is almost impossible to pick up the evening paper without finding a page devoted entirely to speeches, comment and miscellaneous facts on the subject. It has now become so intriguing that instead of finding a solution for perpetual peace, it has developed into a real battle of wits to see which country can accomplish the greatest ends with the least sacrifice.

As the average citizen looks at the situation, he wonders how it can be possible for any such group to iron out the jealousies and rivalries which every day make themselves evident in the speeches and propositions. The writer is of the opinion that even if the conference should succeed, its true purpose would still be unattained.

Instead of attempting to prevent war by almost eliminating armaments, the delegates are racking their brains to find a proposition by which the larger nations can keep the smaller ones under their thumbs while still appearing to do justice to them. On the other hand, the smaller nations, with their pleas for defence, are struggling hard to accomplish gains to which they make no open pretensions. They desire navies which in time of need could easily be so enlarged as to be worthy of any.

The following headlines are fitting demonstrations: "Japan insists on using submarine for defence;" "U. S. demands one Rodney type vessel;" "France flatly refuses abolition;" "Italy will if others will;" "Japan would use limits;" "French need 790,000 tons;" "England against submarines".

Of course, there are people like Mr. Hearst, who shout in bold type: "Certainly England wants to do away with submarines! What she wants is transport for food. And what is more, a submarine could easily keep her livelihood away from her." He has caught the idea that all the nations are plotting against America, and so almost every day, his editorials are directed against Congress because that body does not appropriate enough money to build a navy (or rather an air fleet) which would be twice as good as any other in the world. He is the person who promotes rivalry and its outcome, war.

Then again, there is the person who cries: "Do away with all war vessels and let naval strength be measured by the merchant marine." This man is looking too far into the future, to the time when all men on earth must unite if they wish to survive; or perhaps he does not thoroughly understand human nature.

But while the smoke and flame of eloquence are bursting forth in London, another nation has steadily and silently secured its means of defence. Germany has a fleet of passenger ships, remarkably similar to war time cruisers, which ship designing experts claim could be turned into deadly and efficient men-of-war at almost a moment's notice. Among these are the Bremen and its sister-ship, the Europa. Also, within a comparatively short time, the Germans have turned out a new type of vessel which is a revelation to foreign naval experts.

Never can any sort of mutual agreement be reached, until all talk or mention of the "next war" has disappeared forever. Therefore, the time is actually not ripe for such a meeting as the London Naval Peace Conference; indeed it may not result in even a temporary postponement of difficulties. —P. N. D.

FORTUNA AUREA

"Things don't turn up in this world until somebody turns them up."—Garfield.

A chance intrusion into any group discussing the rise of a particular individual will invariably reward the intruder, sooner or later, with some such retort as, "Yeah, but he got the 'breaks'!" This reflection on the success of the individual in question, whether a product of mental lassitude or of envy, signifies that by some unforeseen force one bit of humanity has been selected to be favored by the gods for reasons known only to them.

If the speaker but knew it, the value of his words was merely as an explanation to his own self for the gap that yawned between his lowly position and the status of the successful one.

Such reflections and such frames of mind are prevalent; they belabor one in company or in solitude. The fallacy of such reasoning lies in the fact that we behold the successful one in an improper perspective. We have not seen him struggle and strain; we have not heard of his yearnings, or his cries of pain, therefore he must have attained his heights through a "break," and what's the use of our slaving away! So we slump back and wait for things to "adjust themselves"—for opportunity to overtake us. But opportunity is elusive.

Little do we know of the obstacles and the defeats encountered by the one we now envy. Could we but scan his history, we would find that he, at an early age, learned that there was no royal road to success. We would discover that his apprenticeship to difficulty was an extended one. Somewhere along the line he developed the knack of sifting the chaff from the wheat, the important from the unimportant, and of giving each its proper emphasis and value. He drew lessons from his mistakes and resolved that no defeat or failure could more than momentarily halt his

march onward. From the grinding process which he had undergone he came to realize that that which appears to be hopeless to many may simply be waiting for the man with more courage. Every effort of his was a sincere one, and in improving the quality of his work he simultaneously improved his character. It was his conviction that the honesty and assiduity with which a man worked were of greater moment than the creeds in which he believed. He was a man who could be dissatisfied without being discouraged. From a study of the lives of great men he gathered that the great men of the world are those who are willing to bet on themselves, that confidence and the ability to back it up are an irresistible combination.

How many of us have learned these lessons from life? How many of us are practising them?

We often hear the expression, "Oh, if I only had a chance!" Biography and history can furnish innumerable examples of men who have seized occasions to accomplish results thought impossible by the hesitant or the unprepared.

Don't wait for an opportunity. **MAKE IT! OVERTAKE IT! OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS MORE THAN ONCE!**

Did Clay, or Faraday, or Herschel, or Beethoven, or Franklin, or Lincoln, or Carnegie, or Vanderbilt, and thousands of others achieve an opportunity that dawned upon them as they sat in hopes, awaiting the "breaks"? No! they **MADE** opportunity.

And so, though we falter, let this motto be our guide, "I will find a way or make one," and bear ever in mind the crystal-like clarity of the words, "Only lack of faith can keep the seeker from his chosen goal, but if his heart be strong and if he dream enough and believe hard enough, he can attain, no matter where men have failed before."

—S. W. D.

* * * * *

DUST

Dust! Ruins! Dust! It lay all around me, left behind by a forgotten age, an age gone on that fatal path all are doomed to tread. Lost! Forgotten! Such is the China of the past.

I walked down the long, great wall of China, wide enough at the top to hold a squad of soldiers abreast. It extended as far as the eye could reach, stretching out to include one of the greatest civilizations known on this earth. And it was a product of that race so long died away, a thing that had withstood the ravages of time.

I thought of the China of today, a weak and vacillating nation, yet one which comprises a people that will some time form a mighty nation. It has lost the glory and glamour of its former ages. It is cut into by every power, the purpose of each of which is to swallow the whole country. Each comes under the guise of friendship and pretends to aid this lost race. They are kind yet cruel.

The ancestors of this same race once ruled Asia. They were far in advance of their foes in culture, in civilization. But they stayed within themselves. They died because of this wall, a barrier to progress. No doubt the Chinese recognized their failings, yet did not try to correct them. One wrote:

"Night is at hand; the night winds fret afar,
The northwinds moan. The water fowl are gone
To cover o'er the sand dunes; dawn alone
Shall call them from the sedges."

Is that dawn coming?

—J. S. N. II.

Trifles

By R. B. Lichtenstein

Frisco Slim, crouching in the corner, glanced at the man seated near the window, and a grim smile lit up his twisted features. Resting his stooped shoulders against the edge of the bookcase, he chuckled to himself: "This job isn't only good, it's perfect."

He had overlooked nothing, not even the slightest detail. He knew to a fraction of a minute the line the officer on the beat would pass to ring in on the corner two blocks away. The exact moment the professor, having finished his self-prepared meal, would seat himself at the window and pick up his book, or perhaps tune in on the radio. Of course, he had been helped by the methodical routine of the staid old professor, but this had not prevented him from spending days of study into the Professor's personal habits.

Still there had been difficulties. It had been necessary for the success of his venture that the Professor should be listening to the radio and not reading on the night of the job. This alone would have daunted most of his less proficient brethren. Not Slim. By constant observation, plus deduction, he had discovered that on Thursday evenings the professor was accustomed to forsake his books to listen to the Symphonies Hour from one of the local stations.

Slim eased himself into a more comfortable position and nodded appreciatively as the soft strains of Massenet's *Elegy* issued from the loud speaker. For Slim was open-minded in his choice of music. "Personally," he would say, "give me something peppy, but, on the other hand, there's something to that high-brow stuff, too."

No need to hurry, thought Slim. Only 7:40, and he knew that not till half after eight was the professor accustomed to turn from the evening's musical treat to the nightly task of correcting the labored efforts of his class.

Everything had gone just right, as all well-organized projects are bound to go. At twenty minutes after seven the professor, about to switch on the lights and settle himself into his comfortable chair, had been summoned to the door by a peal of the bell. Now, it was an understood, though unwritten rule that the university's most distinguished teacher and scholar was on no account to be disturbed after seven in the evening.

It was therefore with a frown that the professor had answered the door. Ten minutes later he was seated in his accustomed position, gagged and bound to the chair. The radio had been turned on and the curtains half-drawn, so that any passerby, looking in, might see the professor seemingly absorbed in drinking in the classical strains.

Slim moved in a half-crouching position toward the cabinet at the rear of the room. The rest of his task was really too easy. To think of anyone in these enlightened days harboring one of the country's best collections of coins in an oak cabinet equipped with only an antiquated lock! As Slim reached for his jimmy he sensed some change that seemed to pervade the room and force itself on his attention. He whirled about and his hand reached for his coat pocket; then he chuckled and busied himself with his task, noiselessly.

The Symphonies Hour ended and from the radio was coming a jazzy, discordant rendition of one of the newest song-hits. Slim thought for a moment. Just the thing to hide any noise he might make while picking the lock. Worming his way along the floor, he reached the radio and stepped up the volume a notch or two. As the reinforced strains filled the room, he turned to leer impudently at the professor.

Slim was sure the old gent would appreciate his masterly handling of the situation, his careful attention to detail as evidenced by this new move. Immensely pleased with himself, Slim took up his task, again, and in two minutes was transferring the contents of the cabinets to a bag around his waist.

Then, about to leave, Slim gathered together his implements, looked carefully about the room to make sure that he had overlooked nothing, and turning to the professor, said: "Somebody or other, maybe it was Shakespeare, once said, 'It's the little things in life that count'."

* * * * *

Patrolman Schmidt was in his usual placid mood as he eased his ponderous bulk along the pavements of the fashionable suburb. He had often wondered in his stolid, Teutonic way that nothing ever happened.

The clatter of supper dishes, the hum of conversation that issued through the open doors, the occasional strains of music, all served to recall to him as he strolled along, the peaceful little village back home. He seemed to see himself once again on the platform in the village square, his trombone raised to his lips, awaiting the tap of the leader. Later, an hour or two in a bier garden with his friends and family, the half empty steins on the table. Ach! Those were the days!

Ah, well! Did he not represent law and order in this new homeland? Did not the little children come running to him with their woeful tales? Already this evening he had fished a ball from a sewer, rescued a kitten from the topmost branch of a lilac bush, and chased away a stray dog. The little Mason boy had struck a wrong note again, he noticed. He would have to speak to him about it tomorrow.

A little farther on, his walk slowed down to a snail's pace. Sweet strains of the Traumeri were coming across the well-kept lawn. Yes, the professor never missed his Thursday night's concert.

Officer Schmidt regarded the slightly stooped back in the window. A funny old fellow, the professor. Rather crusty in his ways, but still a great lover of music. Real music. Not this jumpy, crazy stuff, that seemed to have the whole country twitching. Why, he had even caught his own son, Karl, whistling some crazy tune that morning. He wouldn't do it again!

Many a pleasant hour on a quiet Sunday afternoon he had spent with the professor, discussing the work of Wagner, or maybe Meyerbeer. Officer Schmidt moved reluctantly on, beating time in the air with his stick.

A few minutes later he was standing at the box, watch in hand, finger on the hook, waiting for the second hand to register exactly eight o'clock. The signal dispatched, he started to retrace his steps.

Arriving at the second intersection, a frown of annoyance settled on his countenance. "Ach, it's dot crazy music again!" he sputtered: then, after a few steps, the look of disgust changed to one of amazement. There was the professor, still sitting in his accustomed position, and coming through the open window was one of the jazziest of jazz songs.

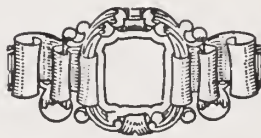
A moment later a smile broke out on the florid face of Officer Schmidt. "The old man, he must have fallen asleep." Chuckling that he could, even for a moment, accuse his old friend of such sacrileges, he started on his way.

Another few steps and he drew up with a jerk. The notes, which up to then issued from the house in a subdued broken rhythm, now seemed to crowd upon one another's heels in a vociferous discordant blare.

He rested one hand against the nearest shade tree and pondered. He shook his head. Here was one thing that needed an explanation. Pushing away the bordering fringe of shrubs, he made his way across the lawn to the open window.

* * * * *

Lieutenant Murphy, from behind his desk regarded the prisoner before him, with a smile of satisfaction. "We've waited a long time to get you with the goods, Slim. Sooner or later the best of them slip up. Now, from what the officer says, if you hadn't pushed up the volume on that jazz music, you might have got away with it. But then, as somebody once said, maybe it was Shakespeare, 'It's the little things in life that count.' Why, what's the matter, Slim? You better lock him up, officer, before he bites himself and gets hydrophobia."



THE MEDALS

In appreciation of Miss Smith's visit to the Latin School and the presentation of the medals won by Samuel F. Smith, the grandfather of Miss Smith and the author of "America", when a student in this school in 1825.

Thou relic of a former day,
You brush a century away,
And thru the mist that shades the years,
So like a beacon light that peers,
And breaks the darkness of the night,
You make dim memories seem bright.

O you, who know not what you cost
In extra work and playtime lost.
O you, for whom so many sought
Perhaps his destiny you wrought.
Perhaps his pride in winning you.
Has shown him greater things to do.

And when the years had rolled away,
Into the land of yesterday,
And time had cut a century
From out of all eternity,
You came like spectres of the past
And here you found a home at last.

Edward H. Martin '32

Old Boston

IV. Watery Foundations

by A. B. Lord

"Boston is gradually sinking into the harbor." Such was the rumor, spread not so very long ago, which frightened and shocked many of the inhabitants of Boston. Some could not believe it nor understand the reason for it, but a glimpse into the history of Boston will suffice to explain this phenomenon.

"Tri-mountain", as Boston was first called, received its name (as everyone knows) from the fact that three hills, Beacon Hill, Copp's Hill, and Fort Hill, were to be found on the peninsula. The town was built up on these three hills around Market Square, where Faneuil Hall and the Old State House are now. The entire city covered only eight hundred acres. This was the situation for a century and a half. Then Boston began to grow.

There were only two ways in which the city could expand; one out over Boston Neck to Roxbury and Dorchester; the other out onto the sea, mud flats, and marshes. She did both, so that, as the present writer has ascertained, the city now contains eighteen hundred acres. We have heard of islands rising in the midst of the sea; where no islands were before. We hear of islands disappearing into the sea; but never before has there come to our attention a city rising from water, mud and rushes. It shows that some city pioneering has been even more wondrous than that of virgin wildernesses.

We owe a great deal to our three hills. If it were not for them we might have no Back Bay, no South End, no East End. Beacon Hill contributed more than any of the others, but they all gave their share to the growth of Boston. Beacon Hill always was the most conspicuous landmark of the city, as it still is. A little over a century ago the beacon still stood on the summit, but the people of Boston were beginning to consider it "unsightly" (a fine old Puritan word) and in 1790, Mr. Bulfinch gave money for the erection for a beautiful statue in its place. Not long after that, however, the Mill Pond required the soil from Beacon Hill, and its sacred earth was removed. The pond had been made by the enclosing of an arm of the sea by the famous Mill Dam. But the water was backing up into Back Bay. The marshes and flats made the district filthy, and, added to the poor drainage, sufficed to make that part of the city intolerable for habitation. Something had to be done. Bill after bill, petition after petition, was drawn up, and after the red tape of political exigencies (that great hindrance to progress, though unquestionably an essential) had been cut, a bill was passed which provided for the filling in of the Mill Pond and Back Bay, and for the proper irrigation of the aforesaid sections. Beacon Hill and its brothers had to make the sacrifice. "So said, so done." The Mill Pond became dry land and the Back Bay firm soil.

East Boston's story is similar. It was first a treeless island with but one family on it, surrounded by marshes and flats. Speculators set to work on the problem, as only speculators could, and tried to turn the Florida trick of selling land covered by water. The attempt was unsuccessful at first, even the family already there refusing to expand its property. The man was offered an acre free if he would build a house on it, or could build one. He flatly and indignantly refused. Land was certainly priceless at that time. The speculators finally succeeded and so East Boston was settled.

Over the old Mill Pond sprang up fine dwellings; over the Back Bay rose modern business buildings. And what contemporary explorer would surmise the pristine glory of the North End? It was once the gay and fashionable center of Boston, where the Puritan aristocracy dined and lived in far from frugal luxury. Today only Faneuil Hall and the Copp's Hill Burying Ground remain of the old landmarks. Society moved westward, scorning the business sections of the North and South Ends. In spite of this scorn, however, Beacon Hill, on its west slope at least, still retains "the grandeur that was"—Boston's.

Perhaps some day Boston will slip, totter, and disappear into the harbor, but let us refuse to be alarmed or to worry about it. "It will come when it will come."



THE LITERARY CORNER

On the evening of Monday, March 2, Thornton Wilder, American novelist, and Hugh Walpole, English novelist, debated on the question: "Which throws greater light on experience: fiction and drama or history and biography?" Walpole took the side of fiction and drama, while Wilder the side of history and biography. It was, as may easily be perceived, an interpretation of the eternal struggle between imagination and materialism.

Professor Robert Emmons Rogers of Technology was the chairman, and he made a few very amusing introductory remarks. He then introduced Hugh Walpole, who asserted that fiction and drama throw the greater light on experience.

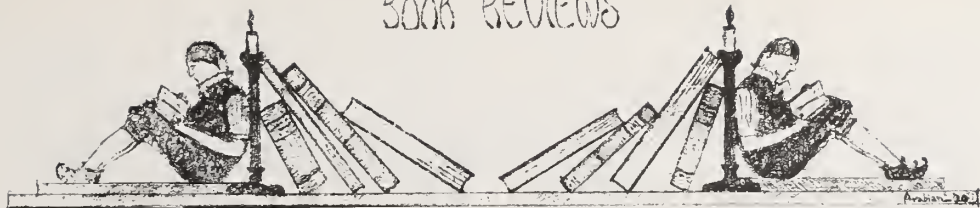
Most engaging he was as he stood there with clasped hands, delivering his logical, at times whimsical and decidedly Walpolean argument. What theories he summoned to his aid were weighty and well-conceived, but it seemed to the present writer that they were not sufficiently numerous, and that he succeeded more in answering the question "Is fiction a tale of you?" than the direct inquiry "Does fiction throw a greater light on experience than does non-fiction?" Yet, at the same time, in his rebuttal, he came more definitely to the point, and, for this writer at least, far better proved his point than did Thornton Wilder.

In Wilder we have a speaker of a diametrically opposite demeanor from that of Walpole. His voice was at times harsh and rasping, where Walpole's was a cool tenor, and often over-vigorous in attempts to provoke laughter. And with all the interest he has established for himself, and all the profound thinking with which he instilled his discourse, he was not the speaker that Walpole was, never so interesting, so logical, so colorful.

At the end of the debate no decision was rendered, for both speakers were applauded equally heartily.

A thing which distracted the attention of Professor Rogers, and peculiarly also the attention of the present writer, was Walpole's persistence in standing on a trap door on the platform. And, as did Professor Rogers, this writer was wondering what would happen if his robust and somewhat globular figure fell through the floor.

BOOK REVIEWS



FIGHTING CARAVANS

By Zane Grey

*Drifting sands, and a caravan,
And the desert's endless space;*

These romantic lines may be truthfully used to describe Mr. Grey's latest work. He transports us back to the "frantic fifties" and "dizzy sixties" and unfolds to us a colorful, dashing story of the trials and tribulations of that hardy race of men known to posterity as frontiersmen. The long trek by oxen wagon across the endless prairies, staggering in their barbaric splendor, is vividly portrayed by a capable author. It is primarily a narrative story of the adventures of a young man who has been unfortunate, or fortunate enough to have the blood of the frontiersman coursing in his veins. With all the power of a past master at his art Mr. Grey leads this young man, before our eyes, through fifteen long years of his youth. He depicts him first as a youngster of ten years, sitting beside his father in the seat of a covered wagon on the outskirts of St. Louis, then but a far-flung outpost of the great Western Movement.

Orphaned at twelve, through the medium of a night raid of Indian marauders, the young fellow finds himself under the care of his uncle, who is a contractor by occupation. Clint Belmont, for that is the youngster's name, decides to stick with his uncle and assist him on the caravan journeys which took place twice yearly. Then starts one of the most fascinating descriptions of life on the trail that has ever been told. The author takes good care never to exaggerate in even the smallest detail, which adds no little to the attractiveness of the story. Every year Clint, or "Buff" as he is nicknamed, makes the two trips with the caravan, each year becoming more a man and each year seeing more of life than he suspected to exist. The climax of a thrilling novel is precipitated by the conditions produced by the close of the Civil War. Nondescripts, vagabonds, and outcasts soon gathered in bands and began to maraud and attack caravans en route. The summary meting out of justice to such of them as were captured alive adds a touch of color to the theme.

After the War was over in the East, the demand for furs became heavy once more, and, consequently, the loads which the caravans carried were very valuable. Clint, still attached to a train, starts a journey eastward with an exceedingly valuable cargo of furs. The immense caravan is waylaid by half-breeds and Indians and, although not taken, the resulting casualties are great. Among them is "Buff," who has an old head wound opened. He is taken to St. Louis and, after a six months siege of fever, recovers. He immediately started westward on his last trip with the intentions of tracing down clues as to the whereabouts of his missing sweetheart. In this he is successful.

In his delightful way, Mr. Grey has not neglected that essential quality in a modern novel; the final uniting of hero and heroine. Throughout the entire play, the delicate scent of perfume seems to hover in the background.

After the first report of the girl's demise, apparently all is settled. But the subtle suggestions, inserted at random, keep the reader guessing; that is, the one who is not yet sufficiently hardened as to say that no matter what happens, the hero and heroine must meet finally and marry. There are those calloused beings, who do seize upon such points as these and ridicule the author. However, it is sufficient to say that Zane Grey's latest novel is a worthy addition to the collection already in circulation, and a few delightful, wholesome hours can be whiled away in coursing back and forth across the endless prairie with the ever-picturesque caravan.

—C. L. II.

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HORSES IN THE SKY

By Larry Baretto

A truly different type of book to appear recently is Larry Baretto's "Horses In The Sky." It is an invaluable addition to the already long list of war books which have been produced. Contrary to general expectation, the book does not reek with blood, nor is the style Remarquian in any way. It is a well told narrative concerning an almost forgotten branch of the service, the ambulance corps. Baretto's power of characterization is tremendous; his appeal to the imagination always effective.

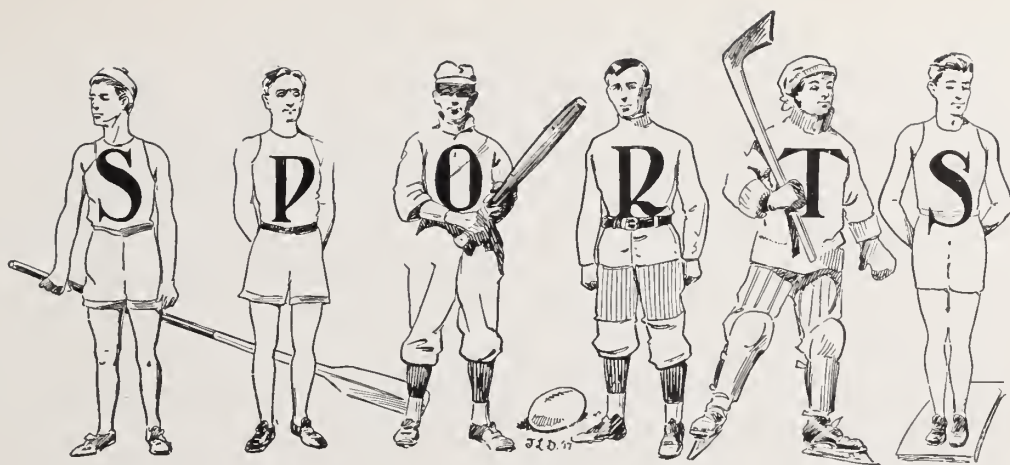
Another unusual feature of the book is its abundance of characters. It can almost be said that there is no main character or actor in the novel. Jerry Tower is the leading candidate for that position. He is represented as a young well-off American; indolent and well-fed; looking for something to do. The war supplies a happy medium. Then come various other characters, all of which have their day: the youth of eighteen whose ambition is to become an ambulance driver, but who is doomed to brush his lieutenant's boots: the man who entered the war with a view to winning a commission and thus help sell his real-estate when he shall return. His death is particularly sorrowful; after many accidents he died ignominiously of the "flu," rampant in France at that time. Another big Swede, a coward at heart, was thrice decorated for bravery when he was really forced to stay under fire by Jerry Tower, who threatened to call his bluff in front of the squadron. There is almost a superabundance of characters in the book.

The story itself is charmingly told; the characters well placed and the plot well conceived. The description of the various duties of an ambulance corps from the battlefield to the hospital is told by a man who was himself a member of the division.

There is but one adverse criticism to make of the book, and in making it the reviewer finds himself not wholly without support. The novel ends entirely too ideally for all concerned. Why the author, who so admirably represented war-time France, should fall down at such a spot can only suggest a slight incompetence on his part. Outside of the closing chapter, indeed the last two pages, the story is well told and to all intents and purposes entirely within the realm of possibility.

—C. L. II.





EDGED BY ENGLISH

Captain Wilfred Owen's track team suffered its first defeat of the season on January 31, when it bowed to English High, perennial champion of the local schools. The meet was replete with thrills and the score, 149-82, is much better than we have been able to do for many years.

The attendance was rather good and occasional cheers lent a pleasing atmosphere to the events of the afternoon. A regular "B. L. S." rang out through the vast hall as the preliminaries of the junior hurdles were run off in smooth fashion. Two purple youngsters won positions in the finals, but the best we could secure was a fourth, with little Russell Landrigan contributing the point. Eli Cohen of English won the event.

The junior fifty-yard dash was more exciting. Smith of English led all the way, but Sidney Resnick pushed him to the utmost, while Thompson, also of Latin, finished fourth. The 176-yard run was also a thriller, Portnoy bringing back memories of Berge David's domination of this field, as he took second place, followed by Paul Nagle of B. L. S.

In the intermediate division, we were woefully weak, except in the hurdles. Here Jack Brody walked away with the event in his usual, nonchalant manner, while Bobby Coleman finished third. In the dash Leonard Donsanto saved us from a shut-out by grabbing a fourth, while Berge David did likewise in the 220. Andelman led all the way in the 600, but he was unable to maintain his killing pace and the blue-clad Giordano passed him a few yards from the finish.

The senior events were by far the most interesting and satisfactory from the Latin point of view. Rodman, a newcomer in this race, qualified in the finals, as did the one and only "Lefty" Lichtenstein. The race was a fine one, Alfred Hicks of English capturing it with the irrepressible "Lefty" at his heels. The dash, as was expected, went to Herbert Woods of the Blue, who has turned in some remarkable performances this year. The remaining points in this event went to us, for "Arky" Weiner, Jack Cohen and Captain Owen, followed Woods in that order.

The 300-yard run was due to fall to Lawrence Scanlon, crack runner of our opponents, according to all pre-meet predictions, but it was felt that in Paul Curley we had someone who would make Scanlon step some to win. The prognostication was correct, for Curley gave the favorite the race of his life, although he faltered at the end and was passed by Freno of English. Stanley Honsen added an unexpected point, when by an almost superhuman spurt he took fourth place.

The "piece de resistance" of the afternoon was the 1000-yard run. Every spectator was on his feet from the start to finish as an eager throng of tracksters broke away at the gun. Our hopes were pinned on little Kevin Malone, a senior in age but not in size, for his diminutive body could scarcely be discerned among the madding throng. At the beginning of the last lap, Doherty of the Warren Avenue contingent was first, with Malone and (lo and behold!) Tom Callaghan, our elusive halfback, last seen in a track uniform running the 50-yard dash, five yards in the rear. On the next to the last bank, Malone was unintentionally thrown off stride by Callaghan, who was now opening up in a courageous effort to catch Doherty. With ten yards left, the wearer of the blue faltered and long Thomas broke the tape first, while little Malone staggered across in fourth place. In the "600" Marvin took second and Henry Titus picked up a fourth.

On the day before, English had obtained a 65-34 lead, although in the field events the work of Kopans and Gould in the shot-put, Rodman in the Senior broad jump, and Keeler in the intermediate high jump, was outstanding.

The final score, 149-82, is something which we can all be proud of, and it is hoped that on some future date, not far distant, we shall make the haughty Blue bow in humble defeat.

The summary:

TRACK

Senior Events

50-yard hurdles—Won by Hicks (E), second Lichtenstein (L), third Hallahan (E), fourth, DeYoung (E)

50-yard dash—Won by Woods (E), second, Weiner (L), third, Cohen (L), fourth, Owen (Capt.) (L)

300-yard run—Won by Scanlon (E), second, Freno (E), third, Curley (L), fourth, Housen (L)

600-yard run—Won by Gerstein (E), second, Marvin (L), third, Gormley (E), fourth, Titus (L)

1000-yard run—Won by Callaghan (L), second, Doherty (E), third, King (E), fourth, Malone (L)

Intermediate Events

50-yard hurdles—Won by Brody (L), second, Cohen (E), third, Coleman (L), fourth, Missett (E)

50-yard dash—Won by Schwartz (E), second, Mannix (E), third Horton (E), fourth, Donsanto (L)

220-yard dash—Won by F. Krigman (E), second, Baron (E), third, Shapiro (E), fourth, David (L)

600-yard run—Won by Giordano (E), second, Andelman (L), third, Kimmett (E), fourth, Cosindas (E)

Junior Events

50-yard hurdles—Won by E. Cohen (E), second, James Watkins (E), third, John Watkins (E), fourth, Landrigan (L)

50-yard dash—Won by J. Smith (E), second, Resnick (L), third, Marotto (E), fourth, Thompson (L)

170-yard run—Won by Wisneski (E), second, Portnoy (L), third, Nagle (L), fourth, Silverman (E).

FIELD

Senior Events

Broad jump—Won by Gerstein (E), second, Rodman (L), third, Graff (E), fourth, Fisher (L). Distance—9 ft. 4½ inches.

High jump—Won by Dermody (E), second, Araf (E), third, tie between Housen (L), and Strand (E). Height—5 ft. 6 inches.

Shot—Won by Gould (L), second, Kopans (L), third, tie between Scotch (E), and Ryan (E). Distance—40 ft. 4½ inches.

Intermediate Events

Broad jump—Won by Bosmo (E), second, Brody (L), third, McLean (L), fourth, Krigman (E). Distance 8 ft. 11½ inches.

High jump—Won by Keeler (L), second, Missett (E), third Cohen (E), fourth, tie between Fiore (E), and Finer (L). Height 5 ft. 4 inches.

Shot—Won by Frank (E), second, Hondro (L), third, Siciliano (E), fourth, Maiocco (E). Distance—45 ft. 3 inches.

Junior Events

Broad jump—Won by Cohen (E), second, Smith (E), third, Portnoy (L), fourth Landrigan (L). Distance—7 ft. 9½ inches.

High jump—Won by Wisneski (E), second, Timmons (L), third, Collins (E), fourth, Silverman (E). Height—4 ft. 6 inches.

Shot—Won by Watkins (E), second, DiFilippo (E), third Marotta (E), fourth, Sacks (L). Distance—36 ft. 7 inches.

—B. H. L., '30

* * * * *

TIEING RIVERS

On Monday, January 21, Captain "Duke" Weddleton's hockey team, eager to break the dull monotony of City League games, journeyed to Brookline to play Rivers School. The snow, as though desirous of calling off the hostilities, fell throughout the game and made fast playing impossible.

About a minute and a half after the opening whistle, Foster, our opponents' huge center, got hold of a loose puck and whirling past our forward line, rifled home a shot, which Bryant barely saw.

This goal caused our boys to bear down a bit harder and combination after combination was sent up the ice in vain efforts to tie the count. For two and a half periods, this speedy pace was maintained without any material change in the score.

Rivers was now playing a strictly defensive game, and it seemed as if these tactics were going to prove successful.

However, in true story-book fashion, with but two minutes to play, Sheehan intercepted a Rivers pass, eluded their forward line, picked up speed as he swung into the right lane, and dropped a pass right on Freddie Moore's stick. The latter lifted the puck past the goalie, tying the score.

Due to the fine work of Captain Potter in goal, we were unable to push across the winning marker and the game ended, 1-1.

The summary:

LATIN

Lynch, Hession, lw
Shea, Denny, Sheehan c
Knowles, Moore, Murphy, rw
Carr, rd
Weddleton, ld
Bryant, g

RIVERS

rw, Porter
c, Foster
lw, Murphy
rd, Lawrence
ld, McKissock
g, Potter

—B. H. L., '30

THE COMMERCE AFFAIR

On Saturday February 1, Commerce held our powerful sextet to a scoreless tie, one of the most surprising upsets of the hockey season. Both teams started cautiously and ended in the same fashion, neither daring to open up at any time during the entire contest.

Whenever our puck chasers threatened, Commerce at once showed a four man defense which was impenetrable. In turn our hard checking defense-men, Captain Weddleton and "Junie" (the great) Carr, made things miserable for the ambitious goal seekers of the school across the street. However, on the few rare occasions when they did manage to elude our defense, Walter Bryant, our net guardian, turned aside their shots nonchalantly. Thus with two such sterling defenses performing at their peak, it is small wonder that the game ended in a scoreless tie.

* * * * *

THE PROUT GAMES

On January 25, the senior and junior relay teams competed at the Boston Garden in the K. of C. Prout Games. Both of the teams seemed to have acquired the unhappy faculty of dropping the baton.

In the senior race, Paul Curley, our lead-off man, came off his mark with a rush, and was leading the pack to the first corner, when suddenly he fell and the precious baton flew out of his grasp. When he finally located the elusive stick, the rest of the field had gained fifty yards. Titus, Lawler, and Marvin, running with a speed born of desperation, decreased the lead by ten yards but finished hopelessly in the rear.

A similar accident occurred in the junior race. Reznik, the first man for the Purple, was second coming into the home stretch, but he was elbowed viciously and fell, losing the baton. When he finally regained his feet, he was trailing by thirty-five yards. Portnoy, Nagle, and Landrigan tried hard, but all in vain.

S. L., '31

* * * * *

SINKING THE SAILORS

On February 7, the senior division of the swimming team met and defeated the Nautical School natators at Charlestown, to the tune of 35-22.

"Bob" Grossman was the individual star, winning both the forty and hundred yard dashes. "Beany" Skresoski also was a prominent figure, splashing his way to second place in the forty-yard freestyle and to third position in the century. Mc Greenery, another outstanding competitor won the forty-yard backstroke, followed closely by Capt. Feinberg. "Mac" also placed third in the plain dive. Johnson captured the lone first place for the Nautical School in the forty-yard breast-stroke. The relay team closed the meet by completely outclassing the sailors' quartet.

The summary:

Breast-stroke—Second, Levenson; third, Elbaum.

Back-stroke—Won by McGreenery; second Feinberg (Capt.)

Forty-yard freestyle—Won by Grossman; third, Skresoski.

One hundred-yard freestyle—Won by Grossman; second, Skresoski.

Plain dive—Third, McGreenery.

S. L., '31

DRUBBING DORCHESTER

On January 25, our hockey team continued its triumphant march, defeating the strong Dorchester sextet by the score of 2-1.

Soon after the opening whistle, Lynch passed to Carr who lifted a torrid shot into the Dorchester net for the first score of the game. A few minutes later, Moore took the rubber down the right lane, stick-handled through the defense and let go a terrific shot. McCarron, the Dorchester goalie, saved brilliantly and a sigh of relief came from the Dorchester rooters. But, they had reckoned without Hession, who swooped down upon the unsuspecting goalie and caged the puck before McCarron could get his bearings.

The second period started at a swift pace, with Dorchester constantly in our territory. About halfway through the period, a furious scrimmage ensued in front of our net. The puck suddenly popped out and Stonehouse, an alert enemy forward, lifted a whistling shot by Bryant.

This ended the scoring and the rest of the game was featured by the spectacular game played by McCarron, Dorchester goalie, who saved scores time and again, when the Latin forwards penetrated the porous Dorchester defense.

The summary:

Latin

Lynch, Knowles, lw.
Shea, Glynn, c.
Moore, Hession, rw.
Weddleton (Capt.), ld
Carr, rd.
Bryant, g.

Dorchester

Meleedy, Keating, rw.
Gilroan, Stocke, c.
Howard, Stonehouse, lw.
Ramsey, rd.
Cadigan, Zibel, ld.
McCarron, g.

Score:—B. L. S. 2, Dorchester 0. Goals:—Carr (pass from Lynch), Hession (rebound), Stonehouse (scrimmage). Referees:—Raymond and Connearney.
Time:—Two fifteen minute periods. S. L. L., '31

* * * * *

CONQUERING COUNTRY DAY

On January 29, the Latin School hockey team, playing at Newton against Country Day, displayed its most brilliant hockey of the year, while defeating the Newtonians 4-1.

The first period consisted of the usual cautious work on the part of both teams. The second period, however, was crammed full of action. Denny started matters when he caged the puck from the blue line with a hot drive which bounced off Wallinger's shins into the net. The Latin forwards now stormed the Country Day defense in mad attempt to emulate Denny's score, but were subdued by the marvelous defensive play of our opponents. However, at the rate with which we were attacking, a score seemed inevitable and so it proved, for Moore shot from a wild scrimmage in front of the net and the puck sailed by the unsuspecting goalie.

Two more goals were added to our mounting total in the third period. "Russ" Lynch caging both of them. The first was a beautiful shot, as it was from a difficult angle. "Russ" had been forced to the boards, but not before he had released a torrid shot which eluded the guardian of our opponents' net. A few minutes later, Lynch caged a hard shot from the blue line thus making the score 4-0

Late in the period, Angier of Country Day rushed down the ice only to be forced to the boards by Weddleton. However, he passed the disc to Gleason who lifted the puck past Bryant for the final score of the day.

The summary:

Lynch, Denny. rw.

Moore, Shea. c.

Knowles, Hession. lw.

Carr, Wilson. rd.

Weddleton (Capt.), Murphy, ld.

Bryant g.

Score: B. L. S., 4; Country Day, 1. Goals:—Denny, Moore, Lynch 2 F.
Gleason (pass from Angier). Time:—Three 15 minute periods. — S. S. L. '31

* * * * *

HUMBLING HYDE PARK

In preparation for the encounter with our honorable and most puissant rival, English High, our tracksters succeeded in taking the strong Hyde Park team into camp by the score of 128 to 103.

In the junior division, a wise change was made when Landrigan was taken from the "176" and placed into the hurdles, for this youth proceeded to come through in handsome style, taking the event by five yards. Portnoy, in the "176" overtook his rival ten yards from the tape, and won by a scant few inches. In the dash Resnick did well and was just barely nosed out of first place.

In the intermediate hurdles, four from our school qualified for the finals, and the same four succeeded in making a clean sweep of their event by taking all the places; Jack Brody winning with Coleman, Wolper and Segool following him to the tape in the order named. Edesses and McLean took third and fourth for us in the dash, and in the "600", Andelman showed a clean pair of heels to Higbee of Hyde Park and led the way to the worsted by at least twenty-five yards.

We captured four of the five first places in the senior events and tied for the other. The diminutive "Lefty" Lichtenstein, after being put back a foot for a false start, easily captured the race, while Katze of Latin took fourth. "Arky" Weiner, by a tremendous spurt, wrested the honors in the dash from Phillips, the Hyde Park ace. Capt. Owen finished close behind in third position. The "300" furnished the real excitement of the day, when Curley and Gray ran a gruelling race which ended in a dead heat. The "600" was very fast. Marvin went into the lead early in the race, and, setting a stiff pace, maintained it throughout, being clocked in the best time of the season, 1:23.

In the field events the competition was much keener and though Hyde Park crept up a bit, they were unable to overcome the twenty point lead which our runners had piled up on the previous day.

Sacks easily won the junior shot and Resnick took the high jump with Timmins in second place. Portnoy and Landrigan captured second and third in the broad jump.

In the intermediate shot-put, Hondru outdid himself and took first place with a heave of 43 feet and 9 inches. Abramson placed third. Hyde Park scored a clean sweep in the high jump for the simple reason that no Latin man competed. Keeler was indisposed and the coach told him not to jump. Brody and McLean were tied for second in the broad jump.

Again our senior shot putters succeeded in taking three out of the four places. Gould took first, Kopans second, and McGrath was fourth. Rodman, Fisher, Levine and Alpert finished in that order in the broad jump, scoring the second clean sweep of the meet for us. In the high jump Housen managed to get a fourth.

The summary:

SENIOR EVENTS

50-yard hurdles—Won by Lichtenstein, L.; second McDonough, H. P.; third, Parfumorse, H. P.; fourth, Katze, L.

50-yard dash—Won by Weiner, L.; second, Phillips, H. P.; third, Owen, Capt. L.; fourth, Grant H. P.

300-yard run—Tie between Curley, L., and Gray, H. P.; third, Kerwin, L.; fourth, Eagan, L.

600-yard run—Won by Marvin, L.; second, Durst, H. P.; third, Titus, L.; fourth, Donnelan, H. P.

1000-yard run—Won by Malone, L.; second, Lawlor, L.; third, Priggin, L.; fourth, Porges, H. P.

INTERMEDIATE EVENTS

50-yard hurdles—Won by Brody, L.; second, Coleman, L.; third, Wolper, L.; fourth Segool, L.

50-yard dash—Won by Cass, H. P.; second, Dawyskiba, H. P.; third, Edesses, L.; fourth, McLean, L.

220-yard run—Won by Beal, H. P.; second, Russo, H. P.; third, David, L.; fourth, Toskey, H. P.

600-yard run—Won by Andelman, L.; second, Higbee, H. P.; third, Sullivan, H. P.; fourth, Carroccio, H. P.

JUNIOR EVENTS

50-yard hurdles—Won by Landrigan, L.; second, Ronderick, H. P.; third Ryan, L.; fourth, Timmins, L.

50-yard dash—Won by Fuller, H. P.; second, Resnick, L.; third, Wiseman, H. P.; fourth, Sack, L.

176-yard run—Won by Portnoy, L.; second Graham, H. P.; third, Lees, H. P.; fourth, Nagel, L.

FIELD

SENIOR EVENTS

High jump—Won by Rankin, H. P.; second, Grant, H. P.; third, Phillips, H. P.; fourth, Housen, L. Height 5 feet, 4 inches.

Broad jump—Won by Rodman, L.; second, Fisher, L.; third, Levine, L.; fourth, Alpert, L. Distance, 9 feet, 1¼ inches.

Shot—Won by Gould, L.; second, Kopans, L.; third, DiPietro, H. P.; fourth, McGrath, L. Distance 42 feet, 2 inches.

INTERMEDIATE EVENTS

High jump—Latin did not place.

Broad jump—Won by Lebetes, H. P.; tie between Brody and McLean, both of Latin; fourth, Dawyskiba, H. P. Distance 8 feet, 10 inches

Shot—Won by Hondra, L.; second, Grybas, H. P.; third, Abramson, L.; fourth, Renzi, H. P. Distance, 43 feet, 9 inches

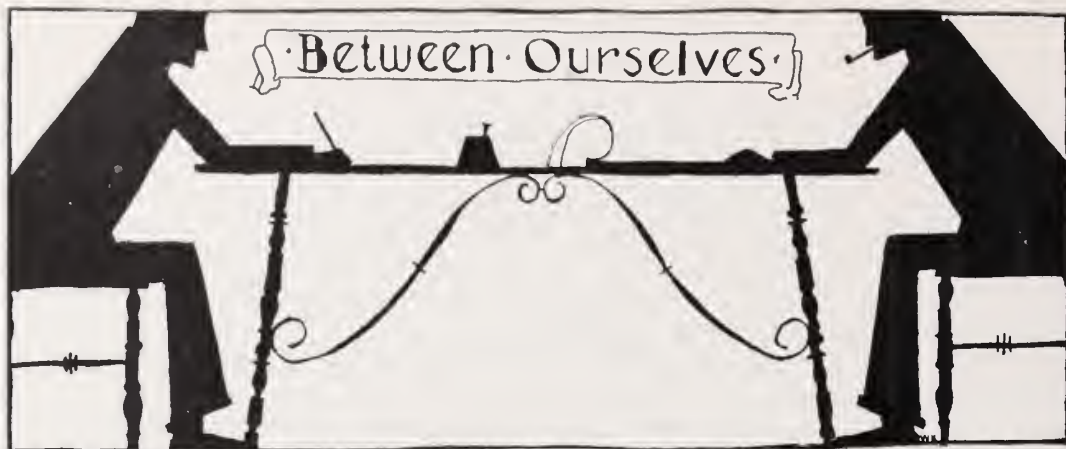
JUNIOR EVENTS

High jump—Won by Resnick, L.; second, Timmins, L.; third, Bondarek, H. P.; fourth, Graham, H. P.; Height, 4 feet, 2 inches

Broad jump—Won by Fuller, H. P.; second, Portnoy, L.; third, Landrigan, L.; fourth, Weisman, H. P. Distance, 7 feet, 4½ inches.

Shot—Won by Sacks, L.; second, Vitello, H. P.; third, Smiegal, H. P.; fourth, Dunlap, L.; Distance, 35 feet, 2½ inches.

B. K. '31



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Agent: "How do you like your electric washer?"

Lady: "Not so good. Everytime I got in the thing those paddles knocked me off my feet."

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* * * * *

THE STORY OF X

X is the Roman notation for ten;
 X is the mark of illiterate men;
 X is a ruler removed from his throne;
 X is a quantity wholly unknown;
 X may mean xenion, a furious gas;
 X is a ray of similar class;
 X-mas is Christmas, a season of bliss;
 X in a letter is good for one kiss;
 X is for Xerxes, that monarch renowned;
 X marks the spot where the body was found.

* * * * *

"Were you excited on your wedding day?"

"Excited? Say, I gave my bride ten dollars and tried to kiss the preacher."

* * * * *

"Father!"

"Yes, my boy?"

"Are politics plural?"

"No, my boy. There is nothing in the world more singular."

* * * * *

"I wish you wouldn't knit at meals. I can't tell where my spaghetti leaves off and your sweater begins."

* * * * *

Cohen (after creeping downstairs): "Hands up, or I'll shoot!"

Quick-witted burglar: "Fifty dollars for the gun."

Cohen: "Sold!"

* * * * *

OR A HORSE

She: "Where is your chivalry?"

He: "I turned it in for a Buick."

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How do you fare?	That's Dutch
How do you perspire?	That's Egyptian
How do you have yourself?	That's Polish
How do you live on?	That's Russian
How is your stomach?	That's Japanese
How can you?	That's Swedish
How have you eaten your rice?	That's Chinese
How about the ten bucks you owe me?	That's American

* * * * *

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* * * * *

Judge (to convicted burglar): "Have you anything to say before sentence is passed?"

Burglar: "The only thing I'm kickin' 'bout is bein' identified by a man wot kep' his head under the bedclothes the whole time!"

* * * * *

EXCOMMUNICATION

It was a wordy fight, and the little man with what looked like two pounds of sausages under his arm gave his parting shot.

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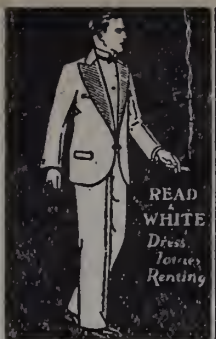
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THE LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER

“Class Will Tell”

by S. W. Dobransky

They had been childhood sweethearts—played together, went to school together, grew up together. Once, when they stole a pie, he was caught and punished for both. What they hadn't done together! Mother didn't object, but always said that Flo had too high notions.

In high school they were always together. As an editor of the school magazine, Flo contributed a few stories which made Ira proud of her.

On graduating, Ira went to work in the office of a local newspaper, while Flo, feeling that she had talent, wanted to be a writer. Accordingly she went away for two years to a college in the big city. Ira used to speak of her as having “class” and believed that she would be a famous author some day.

At first she wrote to him, but gradually their correspondence dwindled. His utter faith in her led him to think that she was too busy to write to him.

At length Flo returned home, worried that she would never amount to anything. She couldn't write well, she only thought so; the competition in the writing field was too severe. It was nothing like writing for the school magazine. She was disgusted!

Ira, in the meanwhile, had also been writing a story; one of a great love—an unselfish love—of two young people who had suffered and yet were true to each other through it all. As Flo read the manuscript, her face beamed. For the first time in two years Ira read into the expression of her face—the intent eyes—faint smile—something akin to love. His boyish eagerness returned.

“Do you think it might go—might be accepted—somewhere—anywhere?”

“Go? Why, certainly. With a little polishing up here and there, this will make you famous overnight.”

“Me? Not me! You mean you will be.”

“I will be?” she asked puzzled.

“Yes, you see—er—well, you see, this is what happened. When I wrote it, I showed it to Mr. Thompson. He's not only the owner of the newspaper for which I work, but also has interests in a few magazines. He read it over, and was very pleased with it. But I told him that I didn't write, a friend of mine did, and I told him about you.”

Flo sprang from her chair and clasped him tightly about the neck.

“You dear boy; you did this all for me?”

“That's not all. My boss wanted to keep the story, so I gave it to him. That was about two weeks ago—and what do you know? This morning Mr. Thompson gave me a letter which he received from *Wendell's Magazine*.

Ira paused, slipped his hand into his inside coat pocket, and drew out a letter. It was addressed to Mr. T. W. Thompson of the *Daily Clarion* and read thus:

My dear Mr. Thompson:

The manuscript which you submitted ten days ago is now being carefully considered by Wendell's Magazine. A committee representing this publication will meet for consultation at Room 415, Exchange Building, on Tuesday next at 8:15 P.M.—at which time the presence of Miss Flora Young, the author, is requested.

J. J. Sloan, *Literary Editor, Wendell's Magazine*

* * * * *

Ira and Flo had walked down to the Exchange Building joyfully. At exactly 8:10 they stood before it. Ira was to wait downstairs till Flo returned with the good news. He wanted her to stay and talk to him for the remaining five minutes, but she ran off, calling back to him: "I sha'n't be long—I'll be down shortly."

And so Ira waited. He smiled as he thought, "There's a girl for you; prompt, wise, and always keeping her mind on her business. I always said that girl would amount to something. There's class about her and it will be recognized tonight."

He looked at his watch—almost nine o'clock. "Well, there's no hurry," he said to himself—these consultations do take time.

The wind swept up through the doors of the Exchange Building in biting gusts. Each time a person left or entered the lobby, an angrier burst of wind rushed in enveloping Ira in its swirl and chilling him through his clothes. He began to tap his heels lightly against the wall, not through impatience, but because his toes were getting numb. The wind outside roared and whistled with an ominous ring. But Ira only smiled. He was thinking of more cheerful things and his spirit was warm.

9:15 passed and 9:30—it was almost 9:45. Should he go up and see? He'd been waiting a full hour and a half and she said she would be right down.

But no—no hurry—why intrude? They were probably involved in some deep, technical discussion that took time. Perhaps they were complimenting her at that very moment.

Ten o'clock now. Ira began to knit his brows and pace the floor. Outside it was raining very hard, but the splash and the incessant drum of the rain could not drown the shriek of the unappeased gale.

Would there be any harm—would they object if he went up to inquire?

Once he caught himself on the first floor landing, but ran down again half in fear—ashamed lest someone might see him.

The policeman on the route stepped in out of the rain. He was a bulky, red-faced, dripping figure.

"Terrible night to get caught in," he muttered to the figure huddled in the corner of the lobby. He eyed that figure and face suspiciously. Hadn't he seen it there hours before—in the same place? In a few minutes, having caught his breath, he went out into the night again, but not before he had cast a dark look in the direction of the corner.

Ira bit his lip. Where was his courage, anyway? He was going up! He'd listen at the door and if he heard Flo's voice, he would go down again and wait.

So he climbed the stairs shakily. On the second landing he stopped and looked at his watch. It registered 10:30. Onward and upward he crept stealthily almost, and on tip-toe. Having reached the fourth floor, he looked about for room 415, but all was dark. He peered down a long, dark alley of rooms on the right and saw, at the further end, a wan light shining through a transom. He made for it, still on tip-toe,

This was the room—number 415. As he approached the door, he uncontrollably let down his heel. The tap of frozen leather against the cold floor produced a loud creak. He recoiled into the black shadows, breathless, waiting, hoping they wouldn't catch him in his suspicious gesture.

There he remained for two minutes—an eternity—peering, staring out of the darkness, not daring to think what might be happening behind those doors. In all that time he never heard, even faintly, the voice he wanted to hear, though he did catch men's voices in low intermittent talk which was unintelligible.

Ira summed up courage. The door knob gave quickly under his vigorous twist and he entered.

There, around a small table, sat Flo and three august gentlemen. The glow of the solitary lamp spread only over the four figures and the table, leaving the rest of the room in heavy opaqueness. The low undercurrent of voices stopped; the three men whirled around at the intruder and scowled.

"Well, what is it, young man?" asked one brusquely.

Ira opened his mouth to speak. He saw Flo's face, pale under the glare of the lamp, redden perceptibly as she recognized who had entered.

"This is an important meeting, young man, and your intrusion is unwarranted."

"Sir, I came to see—well—Miss Young—er—"

Flo was restless. The spokesman of the three addressed her, "Miss Young, do you know this fellow?"

There was a furtive look in her eye, and a deep crimson color in her cheeks. Her bosom heaved excessively, but her voice was steady as she looked sharply at the intruder.

"No," she said. "How dare he! I never saw this person before in my life!"

The three turned on the intruder, out of patience. But the door was already closing and a broken figure going out.

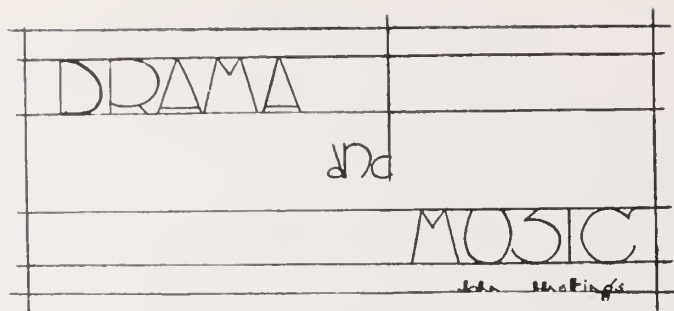
Down four flights of stairs he went—out into the maddened rain, forgetting to put his hat on his head. Aimlessly he wandered about, letting the blasting tempest buffet him about. Twice it caught him and whirled him completely round. But he didn't want to go home yet.

Like a drunkard he lurched on, caring not where. The frayed overcoat gave but little protection and already his fingers, ears, and nose were numbed into senselessness.

All through the night he murmured his choking sob, plaintive and primitive, "She's got class, but oh! she's too good for me."

At breakfast, the next morning, the countryside read the news with a keen sense of joy and pride. Ira's own newspaper carried it in the headlines on the front page. **TALENTED LOCAL GIRL MAKES SUCCESS. MISS YOUNG'S STORY ACCEPTED BY WENDELL'S . BIG FUTURE PREDICTED FOR GIRL GENIUS**





"A NIGHT OFF"

A Comedy in Four Acts by Augustus Daly

The primary requirement of comedy is that it keep the audience at least smiling, and at times in uproarious laughter. When a comedy keeps the audience alternately snickering and laughing, it is deemed true comedy. "A Night Off" certainly fulfills the requirements. How a playwright can compose such incredibly humorous situations is beyond comprehension. The setting is the study of a small town college president. While his wife and daughter are away, he rummages about among his papers and finds a Roman tragedy, written by himself in his college days. This certain evening, while he is quite engrossed in his play, a Mr Snap, an actor and producer, drops in and offers him several tickets for a play which is being presented at the town theatre. However, the president has not been to a play for many years, since his wife had a horror of the drama, and had shunned playhouses. Mr. Snap finds that Mr. Babbitt has written a play and asks to see the manuscript. He is enthralled with it. His appreciation delights the college president. And so, feeling a bit less restrained in the absence of his family, Mr. Babbitt becomes enraptured with the idea of getting his play produced, and agrees to have Mr. Snap produce it. But the writer's name is to be kept strictly a secret.

Upon the departure of his guest, the old man writes his wife urging her to remain away a month longer. He decides to go over to the playhouse and see what the "drama" is like. But he does not get far. His wife and daughter arrive suddenly and find him, with his opera hat, all ready to depart. He pleads not guilty of intending to go to the theatre, but is rather unsuccessful. His wife stalks haughtily out of the room. In spite of all his efforts to keep his secret, his daughter discovers that he is having his play produced. She is delighted, and readily agrees to "keep mum."

A certain Jack Mulberry, an old friend of Mr. Babbitt, gets into financial difficulties, and goes to his chum, Harry Damask, for help. Through Damask's attempts to help his old pal he gets himself into serious difficulty with his wife and the Babbitts. The first night of the college president's play, the old man, his daughter and Harry Damask work a very pleasant little joke on Mrs. Babbitt and Mrs. Damask in order to get to the playhouse to see the play. At first Mr. Babbitt appears touchy, then pretends to get downright angry at his daughter's indolence. Then, still more infuriated about his daughter's actions, he sends her to her room. She struts out (and, of course, from her room out the back door). Her father, exceedingly worked up, rushes out of the room, Damask after him. That's how they managed to get to the theatre.

A short time later, however, in they come, almost in tears, over the play.

It was so terrible that they could endure only the first act. The three are disappointed in the extreme. Of course, the whole affair is now understood by Mrs. Babbitt. She plans to get a divorce, and the next morning starts packing to leave for Scotland. Then, as a brilliant climax, Jack Mulberry comes in and announces that Mr. Babbitt's play was a success, and that although the first act was a failure, the remainder of the play was a fine performance. And so all ends well. Mr. Babbitt is forgiven by his wife and congratulated by all.

The play is admirably cast. May Ediss plays the part of the maid in the Babbitt household. Ralph Roberts and Elspeth Dudgeon are Mr. and Mrs. Babbitt. Harry Damask, a jolly, rollicking young man, and his suspicious wife, Angelica, are played by Ian Emery and Ester Mitchel. The part of Mr. Babbitt's daughter is taken by Rosalind Russell. Needless to say, E. E. Clive takes the part of the stately, solemn, melodramatic producer. And Gerald Rogers as Jack Mulberry is to be commended for making so much of a decidedly minor part.

R. L. O.

* * * * *

CHAMBER LIGHTS

by John Hastings

Chamber lights all seem so intimate,
 As if, behind the curtains drawn from night,
 In glitter of nocturnal flaming glow,
 Some being, in seclusion, doth regard
 The day's remorse, terrors, and delights.
 O curtains drawn to shut away the sight
 Of human intimacy and warm desires,
 You hold the secret of your secluded guest,
 The passions and delusions of a soul!
 You seem so intimate behind your patterned shades,
 Fluttering 'twixt vermillion, gold, and green,
 Spattering the casement with grotesque distortions,
 Sharing the secrets of your guest's designs,
 Perusing all existence in one life,
 As if that were the symbol of delight,
 Of sorrow, age, and futile old endeavor,
 The emblem of a wild and wondering world.
 What is your secret, guarded as a spy
 By this ethereal and persistent shade?
 And why does day not penetrate the night
 That I may view a secret then divulged?



Virgil Was Right

By P. S. Ratzkolf

He hurried out of the building at the corner of 126th street and fifth Avenue, a strapping youth with an air of eager wistfulness about him. It was a beautiful June day, late in the afternoon. The sun was just casting its final joyous beams of light on the thoroughfares of the metropolis. The office buildings began to pour forth surging crowds of ardent humanity released from their irksome tasks. The youth was caught in the rushing tide. He fought himself free and looked at his watch.

"Five o'clock," he muttered, "and I'm supposed to be there at a quarter after five. I must hasten."

He began to walk rapidly. His fast pace was succeeded by a half run. He turned around the block at 25th street and disappeared from sight.

* * * * *

"All ready, gang," growled Red Mahoney.

"Ready," replied three rough members of New York's underworld.

"All right, let's go," he said curtly and they were off.

The long black touring car drew up before the curb and came to a sudden stop before the portals of a large bank on 110th street. Its doors opened and four passengers alighted. Each wore a soft hat, with the brim drawn over his eyes, and carried a black bag. They looked around, and at a nod from the leader made their way into the bank.

Business in the bank was dull. The teller looked up with interest at the entrance of the four strangers. His look of expectation changed to one of terror, however, when he caught a glimpse of the revolver gripped tightly in the hands of the sinister intruders, ominously pointing directly at him. His fellow clerks observed him in wonder and then were themselves horror stricken at the sight of the awe inspiring figure facing them. Struck down with fear, they too lifted their hands in token of surrender.

The silence was broken by a sharp command and issuing from the lips of the gang leader, "All the dough, including the gold shipment you just received, and make it fast."

The conscientious clerks, influenced by the threatening looks accompanying this command, sped to action. They bent all their energy to collecting the currency, and piled it hastily in the gaping mouths of the dark valises which had been opened. The bags were quickly, almost eagerly one might say, crammed full of gold currency.

"All filled," snarled Red Mahoney.

"Okay chief," responded one of his accomplices.

"All right. Now, you soft, white shirted bank clerks line up against the wall and turn your backs to us. Good. Now remember, one move and we'll shoot—shoot to kill."

With that the gangsters began retreating slowly, out through the swinging doors and onto the sidewalk. The whole escapade had taken only a few minutes. Already Red Mahoney beheld in his mind the blaring headlines that would greet the city dwellers on the morrow.

GANGSTERS ROB BANK

MAKE THEIR ESCAPE WITH \$100,000 IN GOLD

Five more steps and safety was assured. The fast touring car, ready for a quick getaway, was parked at the entrance, the powerful motor under its hood purring softly.

But alas for the best laid plans of mice and men. An avalanche struck the four

bank robbers and laid them low on the sidewalks of the city, an avalanche that quickly assumed the stalwart form of an excited young man.

"Out of my way," he shouted and in his frenzy he struck down one of the gangsters who was trying to rise.

"Let go of my coat," he cried and kicked Red Mahoney himself into land's end, known otherwise to the initiate as the land of sweet dreams.

"Don't try to trip me. I've an appointment," he clamored at another gangster, who, in some inexplicable manner, had wound himself about the youth's shin.

When no reply was forthcoming the half unconscious hold up man was driven wholly unconscious by a swift blow behind the neck, a blow popularly known as the rabbit punch.

The remaining member of the demoralized gang was still lying on the pavement gasping for air. During the passing of all these events he had been only an interested spectator, due to a violent blow in the region of the stomach which he had received from the crushing impact with this ferocious youth who seemed so bent on exterminating the most dangerous gang in New York's underworld.

With this last blow the unknown hero sped on his way rearranging his dishevelled clothing as best he could. In his wake he left the remnants of four once formidable gangsters, whose scattered remains were being carefully collected by three puzzled though none the less chesty officers, to be stored first in a hospital and later in Sing Sing.

* * * * *

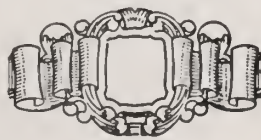
But this stranger! Who was he? What was his destination and why was he in such a hurry? Let us follow him and find out his motives for these energetic and peculiar actions.

On and on he strode across 110th street and down 111th street. Past innumerable stores he went looking neither right nor left. At last he began to slow down, and finally came to a halt at the corner of 111th street. A young lady was waiting impatiently at the corner. Hearing his approaching steps, she turned around and stared at him with accusing eyes.

"Five-twenty," she said with a note of complaint. "You're five minutes late."

"But Anne," responded the young man, "I arrived as soon as possible. I practically had to fight my way through the unruly crowd to be here on time. Why, on 110th street four rough looking men tried to shove me and hold me back. They hit me and kicked me and . . . why, just look at the rents they made in my suit. Heavens. I'm a wreck. I've a good mind to sue them, the rascals. So, you see Anne it wasn't my fault that I didn't keep our appointment. Please, please forgive me just this once——"

As Virgil so appropriately said: "O love, to what lengths dost thou not drive mortal minds?"



Retribution

by P. N. Dangel

Diversion is the spice of life; but it is especially essential to those who live by danger. Most people find it in sports, in cards, or in literature; others seek it in devious ways. To the latter class belong the law-breakers.

"Handsome" Tommy, a gentleman by preference, but a "racketeer" by profession, knew that to maintain his position, he must seek his diversion in perfectly normal channels. Accordingly, whenever he had a case of nerves, he took a stroll in Central Park rather than abandon himself to the products that had made him wealthy. Of course, he always appeared disguised. He was not so vain as to strut about openly--no, far from it!

One afternoon, after a leisurely walk in his favorite haunt, he sat down on a convenient bench and unfolded his newspaper. The headlines glared up at him:

DEAD MAN FOUND STANDING ON STREET CORNER!!!

"A man believed by police to be the notorious John Rollins, was found early to-day leaning against a building on 42nd street. A terrified passer-by notified a policeman, who took the body to the Southern Mortuary, where Medical Examiner Hall said the man had been dead for hours! The method of the killer remains a mystery."

Tommy shrugged his shoulders and turned the newspaper over. On the last page was an article by the police commissioner, declaring that crime in the country was worse than it had ever been in history.

"No," thought Tommy, "the commissioner is wrong. Conditions are not so bad as they are painted. Surely, fewer crimes are committed, when the increase of the population is brought into consideration. Why, in the old days, a sneak-thief would stick a man in the back for a mere five-dollar bill. Now, no one is ever murdered unless he interferes with someone else's business. And even then, we resort to such methods only because we cannot settle our differences in a lawful way.

"Another thing: our manner of killing is not a thoughtless slaughter, accompanied by pain and misery. When we murder a man, we do a complete and effective job. Why, every day we perfect a new and better system. Little does the public realize that we employ a competent chemist in a well-equipped laboratory to devise new ways of baffling the police.

"I could give for an example this very story in the paper. This morning as I was riding along Broadway with another companion in the back seat of my limousine, I noticed Rollins walking on the sidewalk. I had my chauffeur pull alongside. Then I ordered my enemy to sit between my friend and me. He said not a word, so, just as we reached 30th street I pulled the little switch that was installed yesterday. Within two seconds he had been electrocuted. In another minute I had taken the syringe from its place in the upholstery and given him an injection of that peculiar fluid the chemist had prepared. At 42nd street, my companion and I left the auto with Rollins between us. We left him against a building and were soon far from the scene. It served him right, the yellow thief! Once we have done the same to his right-hand-man, we have nothing more to fear from either his gang or the police.

"But to come back to the original subject. Crime conditions in the country

are improving. It is merely a question of having more efficiency to cope with improved detective methods. If we had no progress, we could not exist!"

With these words Tommy rose and started homeward. When he reached the street, he hailed an approaching taxi. The vehicle passed him without slowing down. In the window, Tommy thought he recognized a face; there was a report, and something crumpled on the road. That night the headlines blazed again.

* * * * *

An Interview With Rosa Raisa, the World's Greatest Soprano

Bernard E. Edelstein '33

Justly famed for both personnel and performance is the Chicago Civic Opera Company. It numbers among its stars Rosa Raisa, Edith Mason, Cyrena Van Gordon, Mary Garden, Claudia Muzio, Frida Leider, Maria Olzewska, Richard Bonelli, Tito Schipa, Rene Maison, Antonio Cortis, Vanni-Marcoux, Giacomo Rimini and many others. Of these Rosa Raisa is one of the greatest.

Determined to try my luck as an interviewer, I went to her hotel, the Ritz-Carlton, and was soon standing at the door of her room. I received permission to interview her, and following is the result:

To the question, "Are the talkies a menace to opera?" Miss Raisa replied, "No. They are a great aid in developing the taste of the younger generation for classical music."

When asked if she believed that classical music is being harmed by jazz, she replied, "Yes. Jazz should be used only for dancing." She believes, however, that the radio is a valuable means of bringing classical music into the home.

The prima donna expressed her belief that music is the most wonderful thing for the soul. "Whether we are happy or sad, music will always appease us. It should be a required subject in every school, like mathematics, history, etc. We shouldn't feel discouraged if our first attempts in the concert or operatic field are a failure,—we should try always for a higher goal, make ourselves worthy of the things the Lord has provided us."

Madame Raisa is very tall, about 5 feet, 8 inches. She is very cheerful, and has a bright smile, supplementing her comely appearance. She has charm and personality in abundance.

Born in Bialystok, Russia, now a part of Poland, she made her debut in Parma, Italy, in September, 1913, in the opera "Oberto, Conte de San Bonifacio," the first opera composed by Giuseppe Verdi. It was conducted by Maestro Campanini. At the time she appeared, her company was giving a repertoire composed entirely of Verdi's works, as that year was the centennial of Verdi's birth. She made her American debut in Chicago, in 1914 in "Aida," Verdi's most famous opera, and Madame Raisa's most famous role. This was also conducted by Campanini.

"I sponsor the Rosa Raisa Scholarship, for promising young singers," said Madame Raisa. "Aspirants compete among themselves and the three best are chosen. They go to Europe to study. Competition is held every year. Funds are obtained by a concert which I give, the entire proceeds being used for the fund."

Madame Raisa has appeared in Europe and in North and South America. She enjoys most singing in Italy and the United States. Her favorite city is Chicago.



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THE PULSE OF THE NATION

When Mr. Hoover was elected in the memorable campaign a year ago last fall, the country as a whole settled down to four years of efficient administration under a capable, level-headed business man. The press all over the country echoed the general feeling that the major problems would be well taken care of. Everywhere was evinced confidence that the President would add new impetus to the Prohibition machine. Business, so stable under Mr. Coolidge's administration, was expected to continue its even tenor and become even more stable, if possible. The land, experts agreed, was about to enter upon an unprecedented era of prosperity under Mr. Hoover's guidance.

Apparently no one expected that the new executive would encounter any obstacles as severe as he has had the misfortune to meet. The machine politicians last June looked forward to the mid-term elections, confident that the Republican majority would be increased. Obviously they did not foresee that Mr. Hoover would have trouble with his Congress on the subject of Prohibition. This measure, the bane of executives since its enactment, has proved a nemesis to Mr. Hoover. He little deserves the ridicule and blame which is being heaped upon him because enforcement, which, it was expected, would improve has, if anything, proved even more notoriously ineffective than at any time since the measure was passed.

The unfortunate incidents involving the Coast Guard have not enhanced the President's reputation in the least in this respect. Hoping to better conditions, he transferred enforcement from the Treasury Department, to the office of the Attor-

ney-General, only to have Mr. Mitchell issue a decree concerning his personnel which raised a fierce cry of resentment the country over. Latest developments find the Enforcement Bureau still in a sort of dilemma and Mr. Mitchell somewhat anxiously looking for a seat in the Senate.

Last fall, however, came the bitterest blow of all. The stock market not only broke, but broke so completely and with such a crash that the dust has not yet settled on the ruins. The market was the one thing concerning which the Hoover administration had felt no concern last June. Although nearly everyone realized that prices were inflated and that a general letdown was sure to set in, no one dreamed that the collapse would be so complete and rapid. Had not Mr. Hoover acted promptly to curb the already disastrous slide, a general panic would most certainly have ensued, with its customary train of dire results.

Add to this the fact that when Congress did convene, things did not at all go to the satisfaction of the Hoover managers, and one can easily see why the leaders have lost a bit of their complacency concerning the fall elections. The mid-term elections usually denote the reaction of the country as a whole to the policies of the administration. It is the gauge by which politicians measure the chances of their party in the next presidential race. History will generally bear out the statement that the party in power will have little trouble retaining that power if the mid-term elections favor them. If the present Republican majority is increased this fall, it will mean that the people of the United States as a whole endorse Mr. Hoover's policies. But if it should turn out that Democratic victories reduce the Republican majority, it will indicate that the voters have lost some confidence in Mr. Hoover's ability to successfully manage his country's affairs. In that case, his chance of reelection would be considerably less than if the first possibility mentioned were to come to pass. The returns of next November's elections will be carefully watched throughout the world, because they will greatly affect Mr. Hoover's chances of being numbered in the list of Presidents who have had the honor of serving as Chief Executive for eight years.

—C. L. H.

* * * * *

A PASSING

The great leaders of the last two decades are slowly disappearing, one by one. Europe, in the midst of her reconstruction work has felt keenly their passing. But even we are not immune from the Reaper's scythe. On March 8, 1930, the cheery smile and pleasant voice of William Howard Taft faded forever. He left in the heart of the American people a void which will never be filled. Always a nationally known figure, everyone mourned his passing.

His life was ever in keeping with his ideals. Born in Ohio, in 1857, he took up early the study and practise of law, fitting himself almost unconsciously for the positions he was to fill. The position of solicitor-general brought him before the public eye for the first time. An appointment to the Philippine commission led to his being first civil governor of the islands. In his two years of service there, he more than endeared himself to the inhabitants. In 1909, he succeeded the "Great American" and carried on his predecessor's policies. Four years of the presidency, and he left to become professor of law at Yale. In 1921, he became chief-justice of the U. S. Supreme Court, a position which he filled with credit until shortly before his death.

William Howard Taft occupies a peculiar place in American history. Perhaps

because he succeeded Roosevelt, his administration was overshadowed by the brilliancy of the preceding one. The uneventfulness of his term was made more evident by the colorful course of events in the foregoing administration. Peace was the watchword of his four years of office; not only peace, with other nations, but also that domestic tranquillity which is conducive to the development of culture and learning.

So he had peace. He always minimized opposition. His famous smile crushed it before he engaged in combat. He never forced himself into the world's affairs, yet throughout his entire life he found himself a significant figure in almost every social and political situation in which his country was involved. Unobtrusively he stood by the helm of government and guided the American people over all shoals. He held a position far more weighty and influential than any foreign statesman could ever hope to obtain. His experience in law led at the close of his life to his attaining the first seat in the world's greatest tribunal. From there he handed down decisions in which he did more good for his country than he could have accomplished in the White House.

As he lived, so he died, with a smile on his face. While he struggled with the Grim Reaper that hovered over him during the last years of his life, he never lost his cheery smile and happy voice. The sick chamber was always filled with radiant sunshine, even at the crucial moments. So he died, and a sigh went up over the entire country. He had passed to his eternal reward. Perhaps not as great as Lincoln or Washington, he was nevertheless one of our great Americans. He had the interest of the American people always close to his heart. *Requiescat in pace.*

J. S. N. II.



Old Boston

V. The Boston Fire (1872)

by A. B. Lord '30

Many great American cities, San Francisco, Atlanta, Richmond and Chicago have suffered great fires. Boston too has been the victim of that most terrible of scourges. The story of the Boston Fire affords much interesting information about the city of sixty years ago, and about the fire-fighting methods, or, to be more exact, lack of methods, of that period.

At the corner of Kingston and Summer Streets there stood in 1872 a three story building, occupied by several dealers in dry goods and notions. It was early one evening, in the basement of this building, that the fire had its origin. Up through the elevator shaft the flames roared, making their way through the entire building before being discovered. Alarms were sent in, but by the time the engines had arrived, the fire had spread to some of the large adjacent buildings. A contemporary newspaper declared that the greatest reason for the spread of the fire was the hand-drawn fire-engine, for Boston's horses were suffering from the "epizootic," and man power was the only means of locomotion available.

The conflagration made rapid and devastating progress. The hose of the fire-fighters could not reach, at the most, the fifth story because of inadequate equipment and lack of water pressure. Outside aid was sent for. "A Relief Train Coming from Worcester at the Rate of Sixty Miles an Hour on Sunday" were the headlines of a section of the "*Police News*" of November 21, 1872. Boston was deluged with expressions of sympathy and offers of assistance. Men and engines were sent from New York, New Haven, Hartford, Worcester, and other cities. While this was going on, however, the fire was spreading rapidly throughout the whole of downtown Boston, and in a comparatively short time fortunes in real estate and equipment, which had been amassed at tremendous expense, had been ruined. After some time, the conflagration was controlled and extinguished, not through human effort, but because of God-sent rain and the use of dynamite. By the latter, whole city blocks which were in the wake of the flames, were wiped out, destroying several lives. One woman was reported to have jumped from her window at the sound of the explosions.

Boston was a mass of ruins, and her people were in dire distress. Crowds of homeless poor gathered in the Park Street Burying Ground, and, sitting on such possessions as they had managed to rescue, mourned their lot. Working girls were driven from home, with no place of refuge, to watch their means of livelihood drifting away in the smoke from the ruins of the factories and stores where they had been employed. They had risked much to save the few things which they had, and it was indeed a sad sight to see them crouching in the gloomy churchyard and in other places where they had taken refuge.

The wealthy citizens of the city were not slow in lending a helping hand. Their section of the city had been untouched, and they sympathized practically with the less fortunate. Relief committees were organized, funds solicited, and posts where the poor could find comfort, food, clothing, and money were set up. Working girls were paid their regular wages by society women, and even old board bills were paid for those who were out of work. It is indeed true that whenever a necessity arises, man will come to the aid of his brother, and petty barriers of race, color, social prestige, and creed are forgotten. So it was with Boston in her disaster.

One of the greatest difficulties was that of lighting the city after the fire. The

gas mains being broken, the inhabitants of the city were forced to use kerosene and candles. But with the street lights extinguished, it was dangerous for a woman to venture out after dark. Those who did go out were accompanied by officers with lanterns.

Another difficulty was that of transporting the huge crowds which came in from outlying districts, stirred by curiosity to see the city in ruins. Some even hunted around in the debris for souvenirs. Nothing is as great a revealer of human nature as a disaster. The great crowds made it necessary to load the horse-cars and other conveyances to capacity. In a pictorial page of a contemporary journal was shown a picture of a Chelsea horse-car with passengers on the roof, rear platform, and step.

A more to be despised side of human nature than that of curiosity was revealed by the robbery and petty thievery which followed the fire. The disaster was a signal for all dishonest folk to swarm like flies to the prostrate city, to pick at the carcass. The militia had to be reinforced by the sailors from the Navy Yard, in the work of aiding the police force to defend the city from marauders.

Humor found a place even amid such gruesome surroundings. A Mrs. Grant, renowned for her will-power, determined that she would get as near the fire as possible, and with that purpose, procured a chair and placed it on the "firing line." Some small boys tying a rope to the rungs of the chair, soon upset her equilibrium, and in the language of that time she "spread the eagle" in the mud, much to the delight of the small boys and the bystanders.

The loss to business was great on account of the fire. The entire woolen industry was wiped out and the shoe and leather business suffered a similar fate. Dry goods and clothing houses were, with few exceptions, demolished. Fortunately food was plentiful, for the provision and produce markets were but slightly damaged. It would indeed have been hard if anything had happened to the food supply. The newspapers suffered terribly from the fire. The "*Pilot*" lost almost everything in the way of stock and machinery, and the new "*Transcript*" building was burned to the ground. But "It's an ill wind that blows nobody some good." Working girls took advantage of the goods which were taken from the burning buildings, and with the permission of the owners, furnished themselves therefrom.

Boston fell but to rise gloriously. Her fire system today is such that a conflagration like that of '72 is impossible. Her buildings have risen again, and materially and commercially Boston has since prospered, is prospering, and has hopes of continuing to maintain her position as the capital city of New England, and one of the great pivotal metropolises of the East.



Oh, Sho, Sho

by Bertram Hugh Loewenberg '30

Each night at seven o'clock the strains of the "Perfect Song" seep through thousands of loud speakers as a warning that the joy pair of the air are about to make their nightly bow. Children drop their toys, housewives let the dinner grow cold, and tired business men "unlax."

As the song comes to an end we hear the voice of the announcer, Bill Hay: "Tuesday night, Amos 'n' Andy, in person, brought to you by the Pepsodent company of Chicago, etc."

Amos 'n' Andy! The most valuable advertising mediums ever discovered! Millions of people would rather miss their supper than this lovable, inimitable pair of black-faced comedians, the most popular radio artists on the air to-day. At present they are earning \$12,000 a week apiece combining broadcasting with stage appearances. A rather large salary, one would say, for just making funny sounds in a microphone. Yet they are not overpaid a single cent. The happiness, the cheer which they bring into so many homes cannot be measured in terms of money. What is there about their nightly broadcast that holds millions within its spell, furnishes topics for conversation, and makes our greatest troubles seem insignificant?

The answer is difficult to find, for they neither summon loud guffaws by remarks of the so-called "wisecrack" variety nor do they cause giggles by quips with shady or vague meanings. It isn't the things that they say that interest us so much as what they do, the "sitcheeyations" which they must face and the obstacles that lie in their path as they struggle to earn a living. That is why they can amuse us night after night, for although the supply of breezy comments may wane, humorous circumstances can always be devised.

Of course, the things that Amos 'n' Andy say are chock full of laughs, too. They seem to have an inexhaustible fund of queer expressions and mispronunciations which are delightful. When Amos becomes confused, he almost invariably pipes in that plaintive voice of his, "Awah, awah." This same "awah" seems to have become part and parcel of the vocabulary of our students. Distressing news such as a sudden test or an extra long assignment formerly was received with mere protesting groans. Now an occasional "awah" tends to remove the sting from such unfortunate occurrences.

The colorless monosyllabic "yes" usually employed to indicate assent has been superseded by "sho, sho," emphatic approval is expressed by "check and double check" while "I'se regusted" is the acme of contemptuous feeling.

Realizing the need of extra characters, Amos 'n' Andy quickly introduced them, with the former playing most of the roles. The Kingfish, Pat Pending, and Lightning, not to mention Ruby Taylor and Madame Queen, all play parts of varying importance. Although the voices of the latter two have never been heard, by profuse use of the telephone we feel their presence about us.

Another reason for their popularity is that they are perfect foils to each other. A jeweler places a diamond in his window on a piece of black velvet so that the brilliancy of the gem will be enhanced. In the same way, the industrious, sincere and level-headed Amos makes the laziness, braggadocio, and gullibility of Andy more noticeable, and vice versa. While Amos is out with the taxicab, Andy is lolling around the office, writing down strange sums in the books of the company:

"seven million, eight million, ten million." While Amos has little to say about his knowledge, Andy brags about being a big business man, and yet when some "prop-olition" turns up, it always sounds good to him, and as a result his bank account is nil, while Amos had at this writing some \$130 saved.

Despite all of his faults, Andy has a good heart. When Amos became all broken up over the departure of Ruby Taylor, Andy comforted him with the cheering statement, "We'se buddies." Later on he employed that same expression when he wished to borrow some money, but that's neither here nor there.

The supreme test of the heights of popularity to which this jovial pair have soared is found in the fact that even our own teachers have become rabid Amos 'n' Andy addicts. The stern, foreboding demeanor which most of our masters assume would lead us to believe that entertainment such as this would strike no responsive chord in them. But, gentle reader, do not be deceived! Several of our leading instructors can quote from Amos 'n' Andy as readily as Edmund Burke could cite Scripture passages. Um, um! Ain't that sump'n!

* * * * *

Thoughts On Reading

by John Hastings

Only the imaginative and the penetrative know how to read. What others pretend they are doing is some cursory retention of naked, surface ideas. Since they have little depth in themselves, it can hardly be expected that they assume that other persons have. Thus their reading is a process of scanning, wholly devoid of imagination, analysis, and absorption.

Recently appeared an article by Hugh Walpole in the *New York Herald-Tribune*, "Books," in which the author attempted to propound a few criticisms on some recent books he had been perusing. It might be regarded as absurd to attack such a practised reader and such a distinguished novelist as is Walpole on his process of reading, but when a man informs us of having read such literature as Galsworthy's "The Modern Comedy," Marcel Proust's sixth volume of "The Remembrance of Things Past," "The Captive," all the historical plays of Shakespeare, two tales of international adventure by E. Phillips Oppenheim, "England in the Nineteenth Century," and the small printed portion of James Joyce's "Work in Progress," all within the eight days of an Atlantic crossing, then criticizes in those vague generalities which termed Ernest Hemingway one of America's literary geniuses, and contradicted and counter-contradicted so many times in the cases of Cabell's "Jurgen" and especially Dreiser's "An American Tragedy," we presume justification in wondering if the man has a spark of intelligence. Surely it is time for something drastic and direct to be spoken. It is difficult to conceive of an individual, with any mentality whatsoever, reading "Jean-Christophe," or "The Remembrance of Things Past," or "Ulysses" in a week. Have these people no depth or philosophical and imaginative function of their own, merely content with letting masterpieces roll

(Continued on page 22)

The Curse of Apollo

by W. Kaplan

On the black river, the houseboat glided. The oarsman silently plied his oars. Black night—dark shadows in the sky—dark shore—dark silhouette of the boat—even as death.

In the cabin, two individuals were speaking. One, a son of Greece, wore a dark robe, the other had the poet's divine inspiration in his eyes.

The bard turned to his companion, and said, "O Telamon, have I ever told you the story of the sons of Thetis? Theirs is a wonderful tale."

The dark-robed one shook his head. The poet began his story, accompanied by his lyre.

"Thetis was a woman of valor untold. She loved her three sons, Amphion, Zetes, and Hyllos. One night she was so pleased with them that she went to the shrine of Apollo and prayed that they might have great lives, "For," she said, "they deserve to be great." Apollo was enraged at the presumptuousness of the loving mother, and swore it would not happen thus.

"Hermes was affected by the appearance of the young men, and asked Apollo to grant them unusual powers. Apollo would not agree, and said," "The sons of Thetis shall quarrel all their lives, and they shall still love each other dearly." That afternoon, Amphitriton put salt in Hyllos's wine.

"The prophecy of Apollo came true. The young men forever fought among themselves. After every quarrel, however, their mother so beseeched them to cease their dissensions that a reconciliation was made. Thus their lives were as tempestuous as a storm on the Aegean Sea.

"Realizing that this sort of life could never result happily, the mother Thetis parted her three sons, allowing Zetes to stay with her. For twenty years they thwarted the plan of Apollo. For twenty years they lived in peace.

"One night, Thetis became ill. Zetes attended her lovingly, and made her as comfortable as possible.

"Mother," he said, "I hope you are not still suffering pain."

"No, my son," she replied. "You must send for your brothers, O loving Zetes. I must see them again—" ("Before she dies," said Zetes to himself.)

The wind was raging outside the house as Zetes warned the messengers to speed to the homes of his brothers. The heavens seemed to be collapsing above them.

As Zetes stood by his mother's bed, he prayed his brothers might not be too late. Thetis groaned on her bed, though she smiled at her son, for she dreaded to have him worry. At midnight, Zetes began to fear that his brothers might not arrive in time. His mother was rapidly weakening. Where were Amphion and Hyllos at this time of need? Again Zetes' old-time hatred swelled in his bosom. He cursed his brothers.

A noise was heard outside the door. It was the sound of a scuffle. Zetes rushed to the door, but it opened before he reached it. In came Amphion, pushed by the tip of Hyllos's sword. Back he went, right up against his mother's bed. Turning around to get a glimpse of her, he clasped her in his arms. Hyllos, in a rage, stabbed him on the bed, killing him at once. Zetes drew his sword, and under the pressure of the curse of Apollo fought with Hyllos.

For a while the battle waged uncertain. Suddenly, the good nature in Hyllos

assumed ascendancy, and he dropped his sword. Zetes, not yet free from the power above, stabbed his brother through the heart and fell to the ground from exhaustion.

Finally he rose, and staggered to his mother's bed. When he saw what was there, he collapsed.

—"And," continued the bard, "next morning he was found, dead of grief, clasping his two brothers."

Telamon broke out in astonishment—"When did this happen?"

The poet said, "I heard the story but a while ago from Charon. It must have happened but recently."

Just then was heard a banging on the door of the cabin. Telamon opened the door. In stepped three young men. They had their arms around each other.

The poet smiled a smile of welcome to them.

The black boat—on the black river—in the dark night. And the houseboat merrily glided down the Styx.

* * * * *

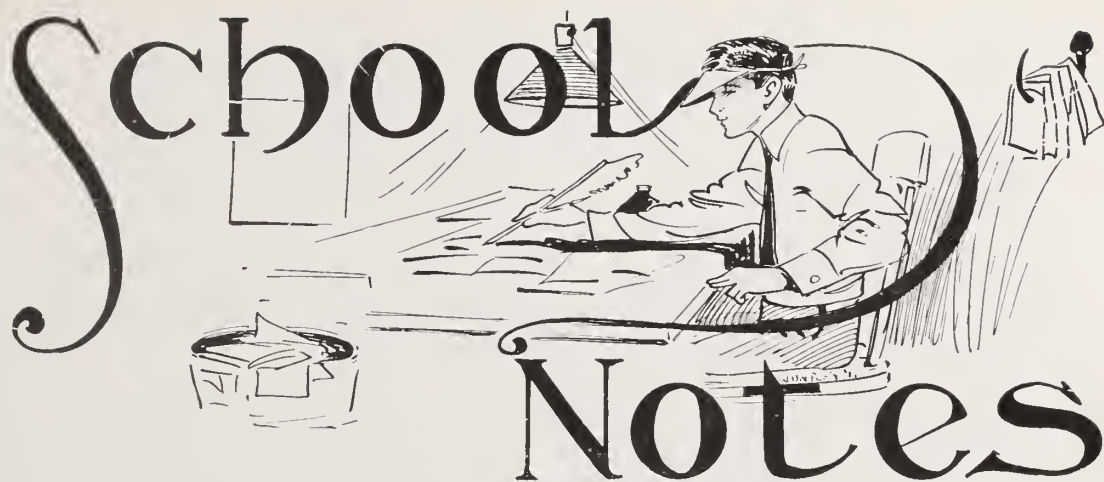
THOUGHTS ON READING (*Continued from page 20*)

from them like water off a duck's back? If they suffer under the delusion that the words of any masterpiece were created from the merely naked significance which they choose to accept, they may as well relinquish all claims to the intelligence which they inevitably attribute to themselves. The minutest element of a work of greatness contains within its own self a vision and a philosophy to be analyzed and probed. Yet they accept it like American tourists do scenic charm, plunging ceaselessly ahead, never once disturbed enough to seek out some placid and exquisite haunt in which philosophy and divine beauty have their sport.

An acquaintance once informed us of having read Tolstoi's tremendous "War and Peace" within three days. Thus is the work of a century disposed of in the snapping of a forefinger. Is there nowhere in such a person any depth, any emotion, any musing, any imagination that might take him out of the world of fact and into the world of fancy? And besides not pausing at intervals for contemplation, does he never lay the book down for a few hours, even for a few days, to think, or argue, or imagine, or *analyse*? There is the argument that it depends on how many hours per day one spends; yet, can no one conceive what is lost in constant perusal, can no one see that in the reading of greatness at one sitting, the result is a confused mass of detached thoughts, wholly unproductive, in their conglomeration, of any emotion or personal philosophy?

Such a situation extends to the other arts as well, except that one's inabsorption and lack of emotion demonstrates itself in different ways. In music, after the performance of such a composition as Stravinsky's "Le Sacre du Printemps" or Ravel's suite from "Daphnis et Chloe," a chatter is instantly assumed bursting with attempted criticisms and banalities. The music is not allowed to plunge its warm emotional fingers into the shallows of such vapid souls as they possess. They flutter about on their intellectual subjects, possessing no more profundity than a pane of glass—and quite as easily seen through. As life was made for those who live, so art was made for artists, creative and receptive, and those attempting thievery by their inanity are so futile as to make the tragedy of their existence even greater than it otherwise might have been.

School Notes



ART FOR ART'S SAKE

In connection with art appreciation week, we had the good fortune to listen to Henry Seaver, professor at Massachusetts Institute of Technology and a graduate of this school.

The words "good fortune" are used with a purpose, for we all know that the average boy of class I or II cares little and understands less about the intricacies and fine points of art.

Therefore, when our guest's subject was announced, it was with some trepidation that we awaited his opening words.

But our fears proved groundless, for after amusing us with some anecdotes of his life at Latin School, Professor Seaver plunged into his main topic in a plain and sensible manner, urging us not to think of art only in terms of museums and collections, but rather to seek to find it in the common-place objects with which we come in daily contact. Continuing in this same vein, Professor Seaver concluded his interesting talk, leaving a very satisfied audience to profit by his words.

ON THE IMMORTAL BARD

William Shakespeare was born in Stratford-on-Avon, (stop me if you've heard this one before) but this fact never caused us to believe that we would be honored by the presence of the mayor of that famous English town.

Yet such was the privilege accorded classes I and II at assembly on March 17, 1930. The tall, distinguished-looking gentleman on the platform was Sir Archibald Flower. He was here in connection with the Stratford-on-Avon Dramatic Company, which was presenting a repertoire of Shakesperian plays at one of the local theatres.

Sir Archibald displayed an unusual amount of wit and subtle humor, which was, according to his own statement, due to his Irish ancestry. His talk touched on everything from the immortal bard to Rugby football.

A whole period was consumed by our engaging guest, and not a single one of us but expressed the fervent desire that we may be privileged once more to hear his delightful English accent, as we sit spell-bound by the magic of his personality.

A debate with Manchester (N. H.) High School is soon to be held. At recent trials for this contest, the following were chosen:

G. G. Ryan, '31

P. G. Curley, '31 (alternate)

S. J. Freedberg, '32

R. A. Odiorne, '32 (alternate)

I. C. Levenson, '30

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By the time this number of the *Register* reaches your hands, less than two months will remain before the close of school and that dreadful week June 16-21, in which the College Board Examinations are given. If any of you have been saving yourself for a final sprint, take heed.

* * * * *

DO YOU KNOW

that there are 34 Sullivans, 28 Cohens, 13 Murphys, 13 Kelleys, 13 Millers, 12 Ryans, 11 Levines, 10 Donovans and not a single Jones in Latin School . . . that Mr. Henderson has been teaching here 33 years, Mr. Arnold and Mr. Winslow, 25 years, Mr. Gardner, 22, Mr. Faxon, 21 and Mr. French an even 20 years. . . that Moran and Mack couldn't be funny once a week, while Amos 'n' Andy are every night. . . that the Pepsodent company has the latter pair insured for \$200,000 apiece. . . that Amos writes the nightly skit all by himself. . . that Rudy Vallee sleeps only 4 or 5 hours in every 24 and makes \$12,000 a week. . . that Channing Pollock, the playwright thinks that only morons attend the movies. . . that Ramsay McDonald is a fine speaker. . . that unless some radical changes are made, boxing as a business will die. . . that an essay is very easy to write. . . that William Paley, president of the Columbia Broadcasting System, is only 29 years old. . . that women outnumber men in almost every European country. . . that Charles F. Adams, Secretary of the Navy, is the great, great grandson of John Adams, our second president. . . That Theodore Roosevelt was our youngest chief executive, entering the White House at the age of 43. . . that on March 17, 125 boys were absent from the main building alone. . . that in a recent issue of "*The Literary Digest*" the Gillette Razor Company of Boston had a five-page advertisement, which cost them no less than \$25,000. . . that people whom we in this country call Anglo-maniacs are considered positively affected in England. . . that it is fitting that we close this column with apologies to O. O. McIntyre and Neal O'Hara.

B. H. L. '30

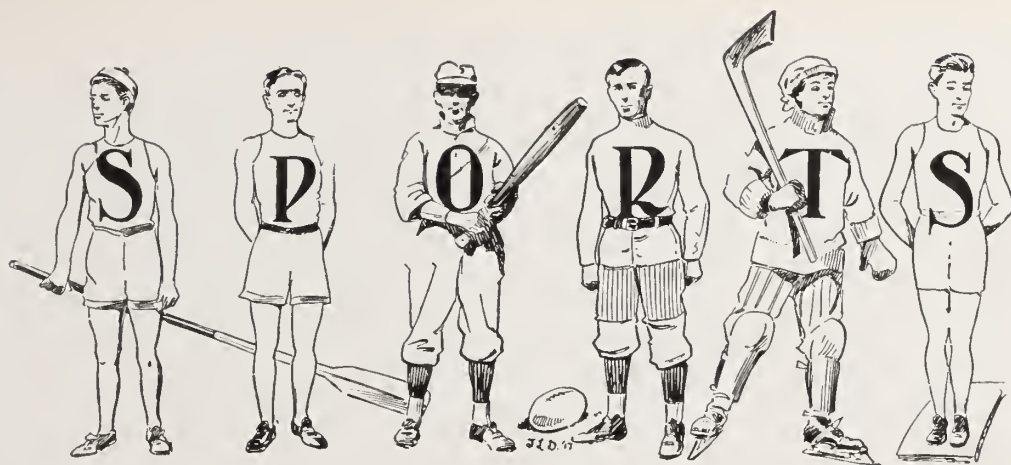
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THE CHESS AND CHECKER CLUB

On Friday, March 21, there was held in our library a match between the checker teams of the Latin School and the Rindge Technical High School. The score, which was closer than appearances tend to show was Rindge Technical, 29—Boston Latin, 19.

The Rindge Technical team, we are told, is taught weekly the fine points of the much depreciated game of checkers by a skilled master. The fact, therefore, that our team was able to collect a total of nineteen points to its opponents' twenty-nine makes its accomplishment all the more laudable. The members of the team, Goldberg, Chamrin, Lyman, Cornblatt, Andelman, Skolnick, Berman, and Learner, are to be congratulated.

A return match between the two schools is to be held March 28—this time at Rindge Tech.



THE REGIMENTAL MEET

The twenty-second annual regimental track meet was brought to an end on Saturday afternoon, March 8, with the state-wide championship track team of English in the van and Latin in second place.

Every race on the program was a thriller, but the opportunity which gave the Latin adherents a chance to use their laryngeal chords vociferously, was the intermediate fifty-yard hurdles. This race had quite a purple tinge to it, for we took three of the four places. Brody won the event, while Keeler and Coleman took third and fourth respectively. In the intermediate six hundred yard run, Andleman ran a well-judged race, staying with the leaders all the way and finally finishing in second place.

Vale Marvin was the only one to score in the senior division, taking, a fourth in the "600". Gerstein, English's speedy track leader, won the race in record-breaking time, lowering the record by one second.

In the field events, which took place on February 25, we scored a total of 15½ points. "Dick" Gould took first place in the shot put, and "Dave" Kopans captured a third. "Dick" threw the pellet for a distance of forty-five feet and two inches.

As was expected, Keeler easily captured first place in the intermediate high jump, and McLean and Brody took third and fourth respectively in the broad jump.

Resnick was our only scorer among the juniors, when he tied for fourth in the high jump.

* * * * *

THE B. C. HIGH GAME

On Saturday morning February 22, Latin, the only undefeated club in the circuit, showed its superiority over its opponents, when it took into camp, the Boston College High School team, by the score of 1-0. B. C. High, a very strong team put up a stronger resistance than was expected.

Latin was deprived of a goal at the very outset, when, on the opening face-off, "Russ" Lynch, taking a pass from "Fred" Moore, crashed between the two defense-men and shot the puck into the net for a goal. The goal was not allowed because Walsh, their defense-man, had tripped Moore, just a couple of seconds before Lynch scored. Throughout the first period, B. C. High persisted in maintaining a stubborn defense, which we could not penetrate. At times they forced the fight so hard that our goal was placed in danger. Bryant's sterling work in the net, however, turned aside all would-be goals.

In the second period we swarmed about their goal and took a plentiful number of shots at the afore-mentioned objective. But the good work of their goal tender combined with some good fortune, was sufficient to nullify our attempts.

With minutes slipping quickly by, it seemed as if the game would go down in the books as another scoreless deadlock. But the fates ruled otherwise. From a scrimmage behind our opponents' goal, the puck was seen shooting out. The ever ready Lynch pounced on it, and put it where it would do the most good. The official timing of the score, believe it or not, was fourteen minutes, fifty-nine and four-fifths seconds! One fifth of a second later the game ended!

The summary:

Latin

Lynch, rw
Moore, c
Shea, Knowles, rw
Weddleton, ld
Carr, rd
Bryant, g

—B. K. '31

* * * * *

UPSETTING THE LEADERS

In one of the most torrid battles of the season, the Latin sextet showed its great strength when it subdued the league-leading Jamaica Plain aggregation by the score of 2-0.

The Jamaica Plain team, until it met ours, had not been defeated, and neither had ours. The contest, therefore, furnished exactly what the spectators expected. Thrills, spills, bumps, and even a tussle occurred, when Joe Lynch, their star forward, charged Bryant, our goal tender, after the latter had made a great save on the former's shot. "Freddy" Moore's close shadowing of Joe Lynch was one reason why Jamaica went scoreless.

The first goal came in the middle of the initial period, when Shea captured a loose puck on the left wing and advancing a bit beyond the enemy blue line, slipped a high fast shot by the opposing goalie. Thereafter, the action became faster as our opponents tried to even the count, while we not only tried, but succeeded in keeping them from doing so. The penalty box at times was occupied by as many as three players at once. In spite of the fact that we were leading, we continually pressed the other team.

In the second session, things began to grow warmer. Jamaica came down again and again, but they were always repulsed whenever they came in contact with our mighty defense pair, Captain Weddleton and "Jimmie" Carr. After six or seven minutes of hard fighting, Lynch of Jamaica, succeeded in eluding our forwards, and, catching our defense out of position, bore down on the defenseless Bryant. His terrific shot, however, was handled perfectly by Bryant, who took it on the chest and caught it. Bryant coolly tossed the rubber aside, and Lynch, seeing himself thus deprived of a probable goal, needlessly charged into him. A little scuffle ensued, with the result that Lynch was given a major penalty of five minutes. Towards the end of the game Jamaica, with Lynch back in the game again, sent four men up the ice in a wild endeavor to knot the count.

From the midst of a fierce scrimmage in front of our goal, "Bob" Knowles, our

left wing, emerged with the puck in his possession, and skating up the ice, easily outwitted their only defense man and caged a sizzling drive for the final score of the game. Two minutes later the gong put an end to the wild proceedings of the morning.

The summary:

LATIN	JAMAICA PLAIN
Knowles, Shea, lw	rw, Wollaston
Moore, c	c, Lynch
Lynch, rw	lw, Hoar
Weddleton, ld	rd, Rheinhardt
Carr, rd	ld, Harvey
Bryant, g	g, Doyce

—B. K. '31

* * * * *

'T WAS A PURPLE VICTORY

As a fitting climax to one of the greatest seasons a Latin School Hockey team has ever had, this year's team, captained by George Weddleton, crushed our ancient rivals by the score of 5—2. What made the victory all the sweeter to the boys, was the fact that they defeated a team four sixths of which was composed of former Latin School students. In fact two, one the captain and right wing, the other the center, had been letter-men on previous Latin teams.

Latin was not to be denied, and rising to her greatest heights, produced the punch at the critical moment. Throughout the game, however, the competition was very keen, and it was not until the latter part of the third period that Latin overwhelmed her opponent by scoring three goals.

English, however, was the first to make the red light flicker, for at the very out-set Crimlisk skated his way through our team and scored on a back hand drive. The pace set by us after this soon began to tell on English, and near the end of the first period, "Hick" Shea put the Latin rooters into hysterics, when he wove his way through the entire English team and scored on a screaming drive which whistled past Woods, into the cage.

The second session started with Latin keeping up the same furious pace. Three minutes had elapsed when "Weddy" took the puck away from an English forward and carried it deep into enemy territory. As their defense came out to meet him, ne passed to Lynch, on the right wing, who dented the strings with a bullet-like drive. Latin 2, English 1!

We kept our advantage for the rest of the stanza, due to the wonderful work of Weddleton and Carr and to Bryant's great saves on all the shots that slipped by our defense pair.

After six minutes of hard playing in the final period had slipped by, the first line was taken out for a well-earned respite. A moment later, Donahue of English corralled a loose puck, and, advancing down the left lane, lifted a shot into the upper right hand corner of the cage, thereby knotting the count at two all.

Our first string line was immediately put back into the game and one minute fifteen seconds later, "Hick" Shea again came through at the right moment, after skating through the whole English team, hopping over sticks and knocking aside all opposition, until he had placed the puck into the net for what later proved to be the winning goal. The team, however, did not let up. We kept the puck in English's defense zone for the better part of the remaining few minutes. During a scrimmage

behind their goal, "Fred" Moore took a pass-out and shot it in for our fourth goal. The fifth goal was scored by Denny, who, after a spectacular dash up the ice, evaded the defense-man and easily outwitted the goaltender. The gong, two minutes later, found English vainly trying to put the rubber into the net.

The summary:

<i>B. L. S.</i>	<i>English</i>
Shea, Knowles, T. Glynn, lw	rw, Crimlisk
Moore, Denny, L. Glynn, c	c, Parks
Lynch, Mullen, rw	lw, Donahue
Carr, ld	rd, Norton
Weddleton, Wilson, rd	ld, Marshall
Bryant, g	g, Woods

BASEBALL

During the first week of March, Coach Fitzgerald sent out his call for baseball players that he might have ample time to choose a strong nine for the opening game with Brookline, on April 14. The first few days were spent chiefly in the loosening of muscles, and arms, but, as soon as the weather permitted, the mentor took his squad of almost 200 players outside, and work began in earnest.

The battery situation, at this writing, is far from discouraging. "Lefty" Lichtenstein, "Joe" Gordon, and "Bill" Higgins, all of last year's team, have returned and will probably bear the bulk of the pitching burden. Of the newcomers, McDonald and Wasserman look promising. The receiving department is well taken care of by George Weddleton, the all-scholastic catcher. He had an able understudy in "Tom" Sheehan.

A wealth of material has been found in the infield. Capt. "Steve" Downes is a fixture on first base. "Steve" is an excellent fielder and one of the best batters on the team. An interesting battle is being waged for the keystone sack. At present Rabinovitz seems to have the call, but Casey, Dopkeen, and Roche are fighting hard and are not to be disregarded. "Tom" Bilodeau has been shifted from second base to short stop. "Russ' Lynch', who was slated to play in this position has hardly come up to expectations with the bat. If, however, Lynch's hitting improves, Bilodeau will, in all probability, be shifted back to second. Coach Fitzgerald's most serious problem, this year is in finding a suitable successor for "Bucky" Warren, who graduated last June. Leo Downes is the only one to play the hot corner in anything resembling form, but Leo lacks experience.

Among the outfielders, "Swede" Wilson and "Tom" Callaghan are leading the race. Both are fine fielders, and their hitting is all that can be desired. Other gardeners that look good are "Dick" Maguire, "Soky" Weiner, Romanowski, "Freddy" Moore, "Bootsie" Callaghan, and Francis Maguire.

With nine letter men returning, a successful season is in the offing. As many of the games are to be played in the diamond behind the school, the students will be able to be present. This is Latin's year! Let us continue the fine showing of the football, hockey, and track teams!

—A. J. G. '31

* * * * *

"DROPS FROM THE SHOWERS"

The Hockey team this year was undefeated in the school-league circuit, and lost only one outside game during the entire season. Not a very bad record, eh?

Although we finished second best in the final league rating, we may consider ourselves the virtual champions of the Boston School ranks by the 2-0 victory over Jamaica Plain, who topped the list by the slim margin of a single point.

* * * * *

The game with English High School was played in the afternoon instead of in the morning, due to the foresight and tact of Manager Meshorer.

* * * * *

The cheering section had many opportunities to exercise its vocal chords, and it seems as if it didn't slip up on one of them.

* * * * *

The last time a Latin School Hockey team had the pleasure of subduing an English High School aggregation was in 1924, when the team pinned a 2-0 defeat on the wearers of the "Blue and Blue."

* * * * *

"Jimmy" Carr is next year's hockey leader. Congratulations, "Jim!" and may you have a season as successful as this year's team has had, if not better!

* * * * *

Beginning April 14, our baseball team will play four games a week, according to the unusually difficult schedule which has been arranged. The schedule which calls for 23 games, is as follows:

April	14—Brookline High
	16—Huntington
	19—Groton Acad.
	21—South Boston High
	23—Newton High
	26—Milton Acad.
	28—Brighton High
	30—Middlesex
May	3—Brockton High
	5—Commerce High
	8—Hyde Park High
	9—Harvard Second
	12—Mech. Arts High
	14—Thayer Acad.
	16—Jamaica Plain High
	17—Norwood High
	20—Dorchester High
	23—Medford High
	27—B. C. High
May	29—East Boston High
	31—Gloucester High
June	3—Trade
	5—English
	* * * * *

Coach Fitzgerald has granted Capt. Billy Owen and Mgr. Paul Shine permission to seek meets for the outdoor track team. These meets, however, must not conflict with the baseball schedule.

Vale Marvin, star 600-yarder, is ineligible for the outdoor season. He was expected to run the "440."

* * * * *

George Weddleton, "Rus" Lynch, and "Swede" Wilson have each earned letters in three sports. The loss of the first two will be greatly missed next year. Each won his insignia in football, hockey, and baseball.

* * * * *

The new eligibility ruling has kept several promising members off the baseball and track teams. This rule makes the marks of January and February determine the eligibility of athletes during the months of March and April.



Imagination

by Wilfred Kaplan

I have often wondered what imagination really is. According to all our dictionaries and definitions, it is the creation of a picture in the mind. Creation means formation from nothing, hence the existence of God in the human mind, as the greatest "imager," the one who conceived the Creation. Thus we would have imagination a godlike power in man, the source of great advances in thought, and of great literature.

Imagination, as I would have it, is a mere delving into memory, a sort of squaring a binomial to get a strange, but not really new result. Many have claimed that the results of such men as Verne, and Burroughs, who have pictured strange things, is a sign of real creative power in man. However, I think it would be better to look at mythology first, where so many impossibilities are recorded.

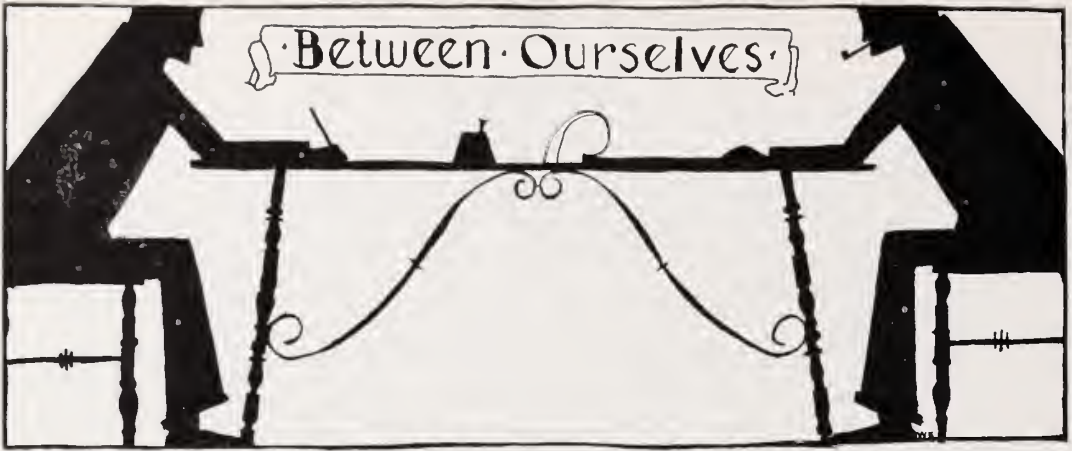
The centaur is a combination of two ideas: the horse and the man; the Cyclops a combination of perhaps a blind man and a man with two eyes; the dragon is a combination of the ferociousness of the lion, the tail of a serpent, the head of a frog, the size of a whale, the feet of a reptile, the poison of a snake, and the swimming powers of a fish. Some nations have not used all these items at once—hence the mythical griffon, which was like the dragon, plus the eagle.

Another source of these horrible creatures is exaggeration. Whence our popular conception of the cuttlefish? We believe it to be an enormous creature, common in tropical waters, and foreign places (notice we dodge the issue, by making it foreign to our own land). The average cuttlefish is ten inches long. Now we have a right to call the idea of such a being imaginary. But no, this imagination is not creation. Our evolutionists would even belie us the power of making any idea original. Here I refer to a physical idea.

I once had a dream while awake, one which I forced on myself because I enjoyed it. I became interested in the thought, and let my mind wander along the road, uncontrolled by restricting reins. I pictured new people, with familiar faces, new lands which I had seen as a child in fairy-books, new situations, which I had forgotten about. The combinations of thoughts made a topsy-turvy picture, with a connecting chain which held it together. My interest was so focused on the picture that I awoke, and found myself reasoning in a sensible world. Here before me was a table. I closed my eyes, and *saw myself* sitting on the table. I filled the room with people, I made it a field—I made it nothingness—all with my *eyes closed*.

As for the mental idea, development is the key word. Every thought can be traced to another. Who is so bold as to claim his thought is original? I at one time thought my views on the breaking down of individual rights were new. Even our short stories, supposed to be original in idea, are not. Poe's "The Casks of Amon-tillado" has a theme used in the Bible.

What is our real connection with the physical world when we are in this condition? Are we asleep? No. Are we in the hypnotic sleep? Impossible, for here we think. I think that this, the most pleasant attitude we can take, is entirely spiritual. Our minds are awake—our bodies practically asleep. We see what no one else may see. We see whoever and whatever we want to. Is this condition living? Is it dead? I am afraid that it is the equivalent of death. That is what we would wish death to be, a resting place where we may think with our eyes closed.



"I read in the papers where twelve people were shot in Mexico City the other day."

"Is that so? Who was elected?"

* * * * *

A colored cook came into a northern Missouri bank with a check from the lady for whom she worked. As Mandy, the cook, could not write, she always indorsed her checks with a big X. But on this occasion she made a circle on the back of the check.

"What's the big idea, Mandy?" asked the teller. "Why don't you make a cross, as usual?"

"Ah done got married yesterday, Boss, and I'se changed ma name."

* * * * *

Fortune Teller: "You are going on a journey and you will meet with good fortune."

Motorist (eagerly): "You mean, when I arrive downtown tomorrow, I will find a place to park?"

* * * * *

"Didn't you find your dime, little boy?"

"Naw, but me kid brudder foun' it."

"Then what are you looking for?"

"Me kid brudder."

* * * * *

Teacher: "We borrowed our numerals from the Arabs, our calendar from the Romans, and our banking from the Italians. Can anyone think of other examples?"

Willie: "Our lawnmower from the Smiths, our stepladder from the Jones, and our baby carriage from the Browns."

* * * * *

"This is just the place for me,"

Said the humorist at the shore,

"For here whene'er I crack a joke

The breakers simply roar."

* * * * *

"A dozen eggs, please."

"Will you have country, fresh, storage, western, or theatrical eggs?"

Rembrandt painted about 700 pictures. Of these 3000 are in existence. But that's nothing. The Pilgrims brought over one shipload of furniture on the Mayflower, of which more than 37,598 shiploads are still in existence!

* * * * *

"So," he said, "you and your wife agreed to——"

"One moment," the experienced husband interrupted. "My wife agreed to; I merely acquiesced."

* * * * *

A young and untried fireman was serving at his first fire, and the chief rushed up to him and shouted:

"Shin up that ladder to the eighth story, crawl along the cornice to the fourth window, drop down three stories and catch that wooden sign you see smoking there. Then swing yourself along to the second window that the red glare is coming from, break the glass and go in and see if there's anyone about—well, what are you waiting for?"

"For pen and ink," said the new man. "I want to hand in my resignation."

* * * * *

Father: "So you smoke, eh?"

Daughter (guiltily): "Yes."

Father: "Save me the coupons, will you?"

* * * * *

"Did Jane give you the cold shoulder or the glad hand?"

"Neither. She gave me the tilted nose."

* * * * *

They tell the story of an actor who was accustomed to show interest in the lesser lights about him. One day he was good-naturedly conversing with one of his stage hands. "And what, my man, is your vocation?" queried the condescending matinee idol.

"I'm a Baptist," was the reply.

"No, no, good fellow, that is your belief. I want to know your vocation. For example, I am an actor."

"Naw, that's your belief," returned the stage hand.

* * * * *

"Harold, I dreamed about you last night."

"You did?"

"Yes, but I'm not blaming you. Something I ate disagreed with me."

* * * * *

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"Pardon me, sir, my name is Finch—Elias Josephus Finch. I am a bandit. My face is covered with a mask. This that I hold in my hand is a revolver. Please give me your time—to keep; and your pocketbook. Thank you. And now if you will oblige, kindly turn around and walk straight ahead for 15 minutes, and remember what happened to Lot's wife. Good night, my dear friend, and pleasant dreams!"

* * * * *

Desperado: "Hands up—if you move, you're dead."

Professor: "But sir, your English is abominable. If I were to move, it would be a sure sign that I'm alive."

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No. 7



1930

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The Class Oration

By Seaton W. Manning

Mr. Powers, Members of the Faculty, Friends of the Latin School, Fellow Classmates:

Today marks the two hundred ninety-fifth anniversary of the Latin School, the oldest public school in America. Its great age is indeed one of its many distinctions, for it has made the Latin School the companion of Harvard College and of Massachusetts itself. The founding of Massachusetts Bay Colony may well be considered the germ that later developed into the foundation of the Latin School, and its tercentenary celebration may be hailed as the prelude to the Latin School's tercentenary five years hence. The early history of Massachusetts is interwoven with that of the Latin School, for the men who made history in Massachusetts were for the most part alumni of this institution. But to us, the class of 1930, this day holds a still greater significance than either anniversary day or the Massachusetts tercentenary. It is Class Day, our day, the climax of our careers here, the object for which we have been striving, the beacon light toward which we have been advancing. To us it is a day of rejoicing and a day of sorrow: rejoicing that we now stand on the threshold of success, that we are deemed worthy to enjoy the honors and privileges of this day; sorrow that the time is not far distant when we, too, must leave our dearest friend and foster mother. But as we leave, we go with the satisfaction of years well spent, of friendships well formed and cemented.

During our stay here we have seen the Latin School undergo many changes. The school has grown from a small family group to a family that has quite outgrown its present abode, and which, though separated, is still fundamentally one. We have seen the school "modernized" so to speak, as new systems have been experimented with and adopted. With deep concern and regret we have seen old masters go. And it is not without some misgivings that we placed our fates in the hands of the new men who came to take their places. Yet we are grateful to them for all they have done for us. We have sorely tried them, and fortunate are we indeed that they too have preserved the old ideals of the school.

But changes were not limited to the school, its faculty, and its systems. We, too, have undergone a transformation. Six years ago when we first entered these halls we were but children, with the narrow outlook of children. Now we are young men with a broader and more expanded view of things, with more mature minds and with more serious intentions. The change was not sudden. It was a gradual and I might say, a painful process indicative of years of hard work.

But during these years we have not always adhered strictly to the true path of right. Occasionally we have thoughtlessly wandered away from the old Latin School traditions that were established by the men whose names we see on these walls. There were times when the true Latin School spirit seemed to be forgotten; when there was a growing disrespect for law and order. The real purpose of the Latin School curriculum was lost to us when we thought only of the material advantage to be derived from a Latin School diploma—a dubious advantage, inasmuch as we have learned nothing by which we can directly hope to gain financial reward. Thus far we have received much from the school; we have grasped fully every opportunity it has to offer; and yet we have returned nothing or done nothing of which we and the school might well be proud. But despite our failures and shortcomings we have survived the ordeal and have finally reached our goal.

The Class of 1930 to-day takes its formal farewell of the Latin School. We have been successful here, and it is but proper that we should pause to enjoy our success. But we cannot be satisfied to rest upon our laurels already won. The training we have received here is but the initial preparation for what is to come. We are incipient discoverers, earnest in quest of knowledge and eager for the fray of life, with its contacts. Multitudinous and varied will these contacts be, as we now sense from our experiences here. From this vantage ground we can look back upon the journey made, we can count the milestones passed. Six stages have we come; six years of unceasing labor. Yet we must ever go onward in the search for truth. If we would be faithful to our ideals, this quest would never end, but would continue to the end of our lives; for there is no definite truth that can be found and assimilated at any specific time in one's life.

The fruitful years spent here have placed us on the threshold of a larger, fuller, life. It beckons us, as ever it has beckoned Youth, to write on the page of time. What shall we write, and how shall we write it? If we pursue the ideals taught and learned here we should write Achievement. And we should write it clear and true. Our callings, our endeavors, our fields of work will be as varied as are our personalities and aims. But let ours be the sort of achievement, in however humble or exalted a sphere, that is founded on character, clear vision, need, courage, and truth. There are vast fields, some fallow, some choked with weeds, which lie at our very doors waiting to be ploughed and tilled, fields in which we can write our achievements. These are the fields of unreason and prejudice which have been perhaps the greatest stumbling blocks in the path of man's advancement upward. Unreason and prejudice are not instinctive. They are acquired through unenlightenment and are often the result of one's environment. If ignorance, superstition and fear were completely effaced there would be no prejudice or unreason. But these scourges hold undisputed sway over the human mind. Can they be dislodged or shall our minds too become polluted? Shall we succumb to this dehumanizing influence? Shall our training go for naught? No, emphatically no! They can and must be shaken off, and that is the task before us, fellow classmates. It is a superhuman undertaking, one that requires courage, moral strength, and often sacrifice. These are stumbling blocks which we must remove, for it is our duty in making our contribution to life to do our bit in removing stumbling blocks wherever we meet them and howsoever large and intrenched and unyielding they may seem to be.

Prejudices are racial, national, and otherwise; but they are all rooted in ignorance, egotism, and selfishness. The most dangerous thing about them for any individual who harbors them, is their dynamic force. They do not remain quiescent, but spread and grow. This is the sort of thing we must fight against. The application of the Golden Rule kills that monster. Always and everywhere let us, students of today and men of the future, do to others as we would they should do unto us in all things. That is one way to be good, and after being good we may then be clever, for nothing endures that is not builded upon goodness. Let us then be tolerant, and considerate and just.

Truth is found in recognizing and meeting realities. The human race, for instance, is one, but it has differentiations, just as trees are fundamentally the same, but they have many differentiations. Nature provided this variety designedly, and thereby gives man, and each one of us in his class, his challenge and opportunity to add his contribution to the whole, which is hindered from being harmonious by

our prejudice and unreason. Let each one of us see to it, therefore, that we fight these forces in sheer self defense, that our weave in the pattern of life may not mar the pattern but shall enhance its harmonious effect.

This in a word illustrates clear vision. If the years spent in this school have not helped us to think more clearly than before, we will have missed the essential point of our labors here. And with clear thinking we shall realize the utter stupidity and barbarity of prejudice, and shall work toward its utter eradication and the vindication of truth.

Class Song-1930

Music by Lawrence Lucas

Words by Burton Henry Tarplin

O mothering school so gracious,
The wonder of the age,
'Tis now that we must leave you,
So fine, so fair and sage.
Fresh from your fond caresses,
'Shrined in your loving heart,
Do we the class of thirty,
Regretfully now depart.

O fostering Alma Mater,
Outstanding of your kind,
Sing we of your glories,
Your name and wondrous mind.
Rise we, the ten score fifty,
Shouting aloud her name,
O this is our Boston Latin,
In which we played the game.



Class Song

Words by Burton Henry Tarplin

Music by Lawrence Lucas

Moderato

O mothering school so gracious, The wonder of the age, 'Tis

The first system of musical notation for the song. It features a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The tempo is marked 'Moderato'. The lyrics 'O mothering school so gracious, The wonder of the age, 'Tis' are written below the vocal line.

now that we must leave you, So fine so fair and sage

The second system of musical notation. The lyrics 'now that we must leave you, So fine so fair and sage' are written below the vocal line.

Fresh from your fond care sses, 'Shrined in your loving heart, Do

The third system of musical notation. The lyrics 'Fresh from your fond care sses, 'Shrined in your loving heart, Do' are written below the vocal line.

we the class of thirty, Re-gret-ful-ly now de-part

The fourth system of musical notation. The lyrics 'we the class of thirty, Re-gret-ful-ly now de-part' are written below the vocal line.

Class Prophecy Of 1930

By Robert M. Rodman

We could hear Paipert, the Cossack pilot of the little four seater, mutter thru his gold-filled teeth: "Engine is missing. I'll have to make a landing in an exceedingly limited period." We could tell by the condition of the streets that we were in Boston, the city of Brilliant and Baked Beans. The city presented—gratis—a view of flat roofs, almost all of which were crowded with private planes.

As we circled lower, we caught sight of one roof with white phosphorescent letters which read—THE PUBLIC LATIN SCHOOL FOR BOYS AND GIRLS OF THE CITY OF BOSTON—NO TRESPASSING. But the motor was coughing like an Old Gold advertisement and the school was the only unoccupied spot in the City. We landed as smoothly as a six-syllabled word rolling off Shershevsky's tongue, and while the heavily bearded pilot was radio-phoning a service station, I took the automatic elevator down six short stories and advanced toward the novel office of the headmaster.

Outside the elevator shaft stood a large bald-headed man, whom I recognized as D. Eli Kopans. "Don't you know," he shouted into my capacious right ear, "that you have just violated Rule 1492, section IV, clause 31, Amendment 18, by using the elevator without permission?" I smiled, and when he asked me what room I was in, I laughed. He laughed it off, too. "You'd be surprised but we have men older than you taking P. G. courses here. Take Kelleher—he failed the Physics Board Exams for the 15th time last June."

"I want to know only one thing," I ventured. "Have any names been added to the list in the hall?" "Yes, one name, Jacob Podolsky." "Why, what did he do?" "He has patented a new kind of odorless Boloney to be used in the classrooms; we have some in our sandwich machines. Podolsky never recovered from the effects of his heroic experiments for the cause of odorless Boloney."

"One more thing I would like to know, Headmaster! Since when has Latin School been Co-ed?" "Ah, it has really always been co-ed, but very few knew about it. When Rabinovitz, the owner of a chain store carrying only the best hardware, was elected to the school committee in 1945, plus a little graft, plus the help of his friend, Mayor Callaghan, he had the bill passed. We haven't been getting the same averages in the Boards since this cause of diversion. We reached the high-water mark in 1930—remember Mallenbaum, David, Kaplan, Kerr, and a few others?"

He then brought us into his office, which was very large, and seating himself behind his desk, he called his chief secretary by means of a Beaser Buzzer. He said to him, "Casper, please bring a 1930 catalog to me." As Levenson galloped off into the distance, Kopans said, "He has what Dr. Lord, A. B., called the Ben Hur Complex! I found him two years ago in Mandalay sitting on a wagon filled with old shoes, his arm around a buxom Indian flapper, and shouting at the top of his lungs: "Boots! Boots! Boots! Onward Garibaldi!" and singing: "By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' eastward to the sea, there's a Burma girl a'waitin'," etc. far, far, into the second octave."

Turning the leaves of the bulky volume, the Headmaster declared proudly that he could recall every graduate of the school be he famous or infamous, wise or otherwise. He developed this memory by learning the football signals back in '30 when we defeated English High School, which, by the way, has long since ceased to be.

The building is now used as a home for the unemployed. As Kopans had nothing to do, he said that he would be delighted to tell me about some of his once-upon-a-time classmates, a highly talented group—in fact, the queerest ever to be brought together under one roof.

"Addelson," he began, "joined the Goodwin & Canavan Circus. His specialty is showing the public how he can wear a size 20 hat without its slipping down onto his shoulders.

"Carroll and Weddleton, with Grossman, the Dorchester Racketeer, are running a night club on Broadway—South Boston.

"Krieger is a Russian opera soloist and intends to film a talkie very soon. He is paid double salary (by the United States) to stay in Russia.

"Lefty Litchenstein, alias Puzwankus, alias Smith, is posing for cewpie dolls in the toyland window of Tasker's Tuxedo Shop, not Limited. Alter poses for Tom Thumb suits in the same establishment.

"Jason K. Lewis is flitting hither and yon selling subscriptions for "Whiz Bang" of which Katsainos is editor-in-chief. They have recently announced reduced rates for teachers.

"Ray, the tennis-playing policeman, recently lost the prize for having the biggest feet in Boston by an ingrown toe-nail, to Brooks, the choir leader.

"Apollo Al" Murphy is a thriving dentist and recently prevailed upon Shea and Mullen to buy some beautiful new sets of false molars.

"Perkins, the income tax collector, is known always to get his man—and woman, too.

"Zakon, the live wire on the Keith Circuit, is strumming away on his banjo and singing Spanish songs à la nambé també all day long.

"Housen, the movie star, is playing in a talkie,—and plenty of it. It's entitled by his own request, "The Answer To a Maiden's Prayer."

"Bob Knowles is publisher of a book entitled "English Derivations from Latin as Approved by Me."

"Cunningham and Driscoll are hired by a theater owned by Radlo to laugh at weak jokes that the audience does not laugh at. They had plenty of practice in a certain class at the school.

"Aicardi, the world renowned astronomer, stands in his spats and fur coat, and shows the public the Milky Way for five cents.

"Downes, former star first-baseman from the sticks, poses as the Statue of Liberty in an art school. Remember how he used to 'spear' those high ones?

"Kessin is Katz's understudy in a play at the Old Hollis Theatre. They act as creaking stairs, approaching footsteps, hyena's chuckles, and headless horsemen.

"At the Boston Garden last week "Lamb" Hastings defeated A. Duncan Rogers in a wordy debate before the Society for Disappointed Bachelors. The question was: Resolved that woman is *too* emancipated and man, as a result, is too dissipated. Roger's large words and extraordinary pronunciations were not enough for Hastings' poetic imagination and dreamy arguments.

"Matz and Danny Weiner recently figured in that movie success—"Why Women Prefer Blondes."

"Shlifer has given up his famous Daily Tabloid, The Fabricator, printed every week, and is now a shyster lawyer writing out wills for poor—yet not *too* poor—widows.

"E. Tupper Anthony is posing for a cigar Indian in front of Shutzer's Cigar and Money-to-Loan Shop.

"Barron has just composed a song hit entitled—"Dear, Whithpah Thweet Thingth Ta Me." This song is popularly sung by students during examinations."

Just then Kopans, scratching a spot on his spacious bald-pate which geographically would seem to be around the Cape of Good Hope, reminded himself that work was to be done. He remarked that he hoped I wasn't bored. I hastily, however, begged him to tell me some more news.

He unhesitatingly continued—"Eagan and Monac are selling pictures of movie stars to men who eat at that blond Stellar's popular restaurant "dishing out" especially to football players and other ex-convicts.

"Creidenberg, the big battered and ugly man, is still studying hard at the Public Library to become a Ph. D.

"W. J. Higgins, P. Silas Ratzkoff, and Bert Tarplin are trying to find out whose knees have the most distance between them. It is being delayed for awhile as Higgins has water on the knee.

"Silverman, whose voice is so mellow yet so vibrant, so full and pure yet clear, so tender and subdued, is peddling second-hand tooth brushes on Blue Hill Avenue. He is assisted by "Fog-horn" Yesner.

"Wernick has just published a book entitled—"What Students Should *Not* Do At Night."

"Manning, deposed editor of the *Pacific Weekly*, has written many works considered better than those of Milton—Milton Gross.

"Ralby, the musician who once thought Jackson's Kitchen Cabinet was an icechest, is leading a large band—of unemployed Socialists in seeking work.

"Lucas is writing the scores—not baseball—for a show just arriving in town featuring Coy and Elbaum, the bearded Women.

"Owen and Cohen, those dashing rhyming young gentlemen, are taking up a strength course under the close tutelage of Titus, the Great.

"Atty. Loewenberg recently defended Bryant, Custodian of the Golddust National Bank, when the latter was accused of picking up a dime without reporting it to Phil Bergson, President of the Bank.

"Rottenberg owns the Red Cab Taxi Company composed of one melodious flivver of livid hue. The Company's motto is—"Squeaking Joints Never Break."

"Jack Brody, who used to rave on, and rave on, and on, is hurdling over financial difficulties as a travelling salesman.

"Prof. Isaac Perlmutter, who knows all and sees all, is still trying to discover a new gas that the air contains in his observatory at the top of the flagpole on the monkey house at Franklin Park.

"Gordon was recently arrested for trying to sell his Graduation ring under the pretense that it contained gold and was worth its enormous weight in that substance.

"And that is about all," the headmaster concluded. As we passed through the battle-scarred corridors, I reflected that 1930 certainly was a glorious time for even those ejected and especially for the fortunate ones who went through in less than a decade. There were few—indeed—a few. . . .

I then departed, my ears ringing with Kopan's undignified, but famous last words, "Who'd a thunk it?"

Class Will

By Samuel Shlifer and Philander Silas Ratzkoff

To whom it may concern,

Greeting,

We, the class of 1930, on this twenty-seventh day of June, nineteen thirty A. D. (after declamation), on the tercentenary of the founding of Chelsea, and the tenth year after the establishment of prohibition, at the point of a gun, we, still the same class of 'thirty, do hereby bequeath to various and sundry persons the fruit of our labor at the Latin School in this, our last will and testament. The will follows immediately and the best results may be obtained by reading from left to right. Translation into any language, including the Scandinavian, is strictly forbidden. It is copyrighted all over the world, including Asia Minor. New Zealand rights reserved. All right, all right; here's the will:

To the school at large, we leave the famous motto of our class: Venimus, vidimus, victi sumus.

To Class II, we leave our epitaph, "In pace requiescat," together with the copyright. We also leave them our secret system of programs, which can easily be solved with the aid of a log book, and letting "x" equal the unknown period. Last, but by no means the least, we leave them the pleasure of watching the construction and habitation of the new Girls' High building in the back yard. We feel certain that there will be far fewer absentees next year than there have been this year. Perhaps, if Vassar built an annex in the parking space, there would be still fewer cases of absence. (Any use of the above idea without the consent, authority, and permission of the copyright owner is subject to the extreme prosecution of the law).

To Class III, we bequeath the inevitable examination by Professor Kollege Bored. Furthermore we leave them the secret of our success. The idea is to go to Europe and then return to this country without a nickel in your pocket, working your way in the boiler room. Hard work and perseverance will complete the job, but if this fails we recommend yeast cakes. If this, in turn, should prove as futile as the last method, you can still inherit a million dollars. (It is, of course, unnecessary to state that none of the above plans may be used without the permission of the author.)

To Class IV, we leave the warning that it is as yet not too late to transfer to some other school.

To Class V, we leave the single room bungalows in the back yard, with hopes that they will enjoy the swimming after the next rainfall.

To Class VI, we leave twenty-five more compulsory declamations. We also leave the formidable straits of Caesar, Cicero, Ovid, and Virgil.

By some miracle, the hearts of some of the boys have expanded with generosity, and while still in that condition, they have donated divers things, appropriate or otherwise, to various people. Anyone omitted will consider himself extremely lucky. You still have time to cancel your subscription.

Irvin Casper Levenson leaves to the school at large the music to an oratorical piece called "Mandalay." He also leaves a book entitled "Confessions of an athlete, debater, declaimer, business manager, secretary-treasurer of the French Club, social lion, et cetera ad infinitum."

John Hastings has a headache and wishes the same to anyone who vests himself with his responsibilities.

Charley Miller leaves the well conceived plan of buying up a hundred books of

carchecks and then selling them to the boys in any number desirable. (We tried to patent the plan but were unable).

Books bequeathed are:

"I beg to differ" and "His Glorious Victoreh" by Zakon.

"It's Logical" by Perlmutter.

"They shall not pass," by the Faculty.

"The Slight Discrepancy" . . . Unanimous.

Podolsky leaves the fragrant odor of bologna and its antidote, a bottle of Listerine.

Radlo is trying to leave the drum corps, but no one will accept it.

Shershevsky leaves the teachers in fear of their jobs.

Lord leaves 100% in Latin. Will wonders never cease?

Melotte leaves by order of General Request.

Lepie and Beaser have a joint account and leave the address of the joint.

Shea leaves the school; it was too big to take with him.

Natey Katze leaves a megaphone and a pair of plus fours.

To the glee club we leave our fondest hope that next year they will become a howling success.

To the Faculty, we leave our theme songs: "I'll get by," and "Have a little faith in me!"

If Zeus permits, Canavan leaves.

Barney Burroughs leaves a few passes to the Met. The passes are, of course, no good.

Anthony the fellow with the headache in the spirit of '76—no relation to Mark—leaves two passes to the school play.

Jack Brody leaves an argument by the physics department, to be resumed by his successor.

Johnny Crowley leaves for West Point.

Irving Rabinovitz leaves a practically new book, full of Physics and Chemistry formulas. He intended to sell it, but after attending a Salvation Army meeting, he decided to part with it gratis (German for "don't mention it").

Lorry Taylor hasn't made up his mind yet; he isn't sure he's leaving anyway.

It is rumored that a final attempt will be made to force Rockett to leave by setting the school afire.

Philly Ratzkoff, always an unusual character, leaves a five-lined quatrain.

Constantine leaves, but he shall return!

Sam Shlifer leaves his paper, "*The Daily Fabricator*," issued every week.

Irving Silverman leaves his distinguished voice and his warcry, "Does anyone want to sell a lunch check?"

Rottenberg leaves his stopwatch—guaranteed to stop every fifteen minutes.

Bert Loewenberg leaves a number of unpaid-for advertisements.

Lewis leaves with a bewildered air—he hasn't recovered yet. (Neither have we).

Johnny Ray leaves for the West, to sight forest fires.

Benny Schwartzer leaves before two-forty, to avoid being detained for an hour.

Bernstein leaves a drag with a Physics teacher.

Milt Schneider leaves a group of twenty-four lined declamations.

Canavan leaves a whistle; also his school-boy complexion (Palmolive).

Natey David has sold his Chevrolet and bought carchecks, which he gratefully leaves to the school.

George Goodwin leaves a Frigidaire.

Dave Kopans leaves a new device by which one can tell whether a book is upside down before it is opened. Also the score, 13-6.

Joe Kolodny leaves a slightly used subscription to "*Judge*."

Carl (Lefty) Lichtenstein leaves his light duties as vice-president with a stride which can be described with but one word—perswankus. We all thought that he was through politically when he was elected vice-president, but have you noticed the way he has taken the stump in the class meetings?

Buddy Murphy leaves his good looks plus a robot company.

Bob Rodman leaves a trail of broken hearts at the Girls' Latin School. His brother, however, will come to the girls' relief.

Perkins leaves notice that unless some more class dues are paid, no reunions will be held. Can we depend upon it?

Morry Sheckman leaves an unusual locker, from which can be extracted at any time, notes for absence.

Berny Small leaves a quart bottle of Glostora.

Morry Wernick leaves the secret of reading drug store prescriptions.

George Zakon leaves his wide range of experience in this great big world.

Finally we, the aforesaid class of 1930, leave a lot of gaping seats, to be filled with the same brand of senior. And then, we take fond leave of the School.

His mark: X

Attorneys within the law:

Lieback & Read

Witnesses: (bribed)

Hood R. Thunkit

Cal O'Rie





THE LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER

AN INTERVIEW WITH DR. DAVID D. SCANNELL, B. L. S. '93

By Herbert L. Addelson '30

I was somewhat ill at ease as I entered the Lister Building and was escorted by a uniformed attendant, via the elevator, to the fourth floor. It was not without some apprehension that I read the inscription—David D. Scannell, M. D.—on the door. I entered, found a seat, and patiently awaited the arrival of Dr. Scannell, B. L. S. '93, Harvard '97, eminent surgeon, distinguished citizen, colonel in the U. S. Army during the last war, for 11 years, chairman and member of the school committee of the city of Boston. With the appearance of the doctor, a genial welcome and a hearty handshake made me feel perfectly at home and restored my heretofore rapidly waning confidence.

In response to a question concerning the difference between the Latin School of his day and that of the present time, Dr. Scannell made the following interesting revelation: In the class of 1893, of which, by the way, Dr. Scannell was president, there were thirty-six boys. How different today! This year we have a graduating class of two hundred and sixty-five. The course of study then, as now, was rigid. The option of Greek and German makes our lot even easier than was that of the boys of '93, for in those days, Greek was a required subject. The masters had little or no outside relations with the boys, and there was never such intimacy between teacher and pupil as there is now. Dr. Scannell recalls the masters as somewhat austere, strict, and dignified.

Though there was practically no social relationship between master and pupils, Doctor Scannell recalls one exception to this. While playing football for B. L. S., he had the misfortune to break his leg, an accident which necessitated his remaining at home for a long time, on account of which he missed much of his school work. One of his teachers, Mr. Henry Champion Jones, became a regular visitor at the Scannell home, bringing his lessons, and aiding him in an effort to keep up with the work of his class. This is an example of the inward human feeling of these masters, outwardly so strict and so austere.

Athletics played a great part in school life then, as now, although at that time they were not organized as they are today. The boys used to dress in the basement of the old Warren Avenue building and carry their clothes along with their books to Clover Field, as the place was then called, the present site of an apartment block at the corner of Boylston St., and Massachusetts Avenue, near Massachusetts Station. After long hours of practice on the sandy lot, the boys, tired and perspiring, had to trudge home, carrying their clothes with them. Showers were unheard of in those days; yet many of our present day athletes complain bitterly about the lack of hot water! Doctor Scannell feels that his extensive athletic training—and, mind you, he attained great distinction in athletics, having played varsity baseball

for four years in Cambridge—did much for him in later life. He says that athletics emphasize subordination and teamwork and tend to discourage individualism. He maintains that participation in athletics develops in a boy a spirit of co-operation which will be a great help to him in later life.

The majority of the boys took the six-year course, and received a remarkable training. The school taught concentration, habit of study, mental discipline, and application. There were no failures in entrance to college to speak of—practically none in fact, 'though the requirements were unquestionably as difficult as are those of today.

Doctor Scannell is of the opinion that after a Latin School training, college is relatively easy. Furthermore, he believes that if a boy is a Latin School graduate and does not attend college, he will have laid the basis for a liberal education.

Doctor Scannell cheered with the statement that there are not many Latin School men that have not made good. He says that a man makes it a point of pride in declaring himself a graduate of B. L. S. Latin School men are recognized as capable and efficient.

A statement with which most of the boys will readily agree is that to appreciate the Latin School, one must be away from it for a time. While attending the school, we do not appreciate its value or realize what it is doing for us. Sometime, however, we will fully realize this. The school, says Dr. Scannell, teaches us just what we need. Its instructors and instruction must be good, for the standard has never been let down. Whether the headmaster has been Merrill, Fiske, Pennypacker, Campbell, or Powers, the standards have been maintained, a high degree of scholarship insisted upon, and the same commendable results achieved. As a matter of fact, present classes win more honors on entrance than those of a generation ago, which fact alone speaks for the continuance of the highest possible standards.

The ever-present housing problem still has great weight with our graduates. Dr. Scannell says, "I deplore the present housing situation, with colonies here and there instead of segregation under one big roof, where the spirit and morale of B. L. S. may be better maintained. The Latin School is a special school, the oldest public preparatory school in the country, and in justice to its traditions, it must be given special treatment in the matter of housing, for Latin School is the greatest educational glory that Boston possesses. This is a matter of national acknowledgment."



The Mutiny of the "Bounty"

IS TRUTH REALLY STRANGER THAN FICTION?

By Wendell I. Gray

NOTE:—The material for this article was obtained from Dr. H. L. Shapiro, B. L. S., '18. It was gathered in connection with anthropological research by him on Norfolk Island, in 1923-24.

In 1787, almost before the smoke of the Revolution had cleared, Lieut. William Bligh sailed for the South Seas. A group of enterprising West India merchants stirred by glamorous tales and reports had prevailed upon the king, George III, to send an expedition to explore the islands of the Pacific, and, particularly, to bring back specimens of the far-famed breadfruit plant, which they hoped to transplant in Jamaica. Accordingly, a small ship of 215 tons, the "*Bounty*" had been fitted out for Bligh, formerly one of Captain Cook's officers, and he sailed from Deptford, England, early in December.

After a long and hard voyage, the "*Bounty*" dropped anchor in the harbor of Tahiti, where she tarried for five months while the work of the expedition was being done.

From the very first, Bligh took great pains to establish friendly relations with the islanders, in which he succeeded beautifully by extensive exchanging of gifts. During the entire stay the sailors had nothing to do but enjoy the languorous exotic life of the tropics, which they did as only sailors can. The beautiful brown-skinned maidens, kind and unspoiled, all but worshipped them. They were feted and feasted wherever they went. Ambitious parents offered them all kinds of dowries if they would marry their daughters and remain on the island. And so, when the time for sailing finally arrived, it was little wonder that they found it difficult to break away from the ties that bound them to the island, that they were loath to return to the dull monotonous toil that is the mariner's lot.

Bligh's return voyage was directed toward Java, where a brief stop was contemplated, for taking on additional plants. Thence, his instructions were, to proceed to the West Indies to deliver his cargo.

Bligh was not a man to soothe the sailors' smouldering discontent. Although he would have you believe, in his writings, that his conduct was blameless, there is enough evidence to show that he was possessed of an uncontrollable temper and a lack of tact, that probably—more than anything else—brought about the storm that had been brewing in the forecabin and dog-watches.

Boatswain's mate James Morisson kept a journal in which he wrote down this story: The Captain was missing some of his private cocoanuts which had been stowed on deck among the guns. The sailors had all sworn solemnly that they hadn't touched them. When the irate commander questioned Fletcher Christian, the master's mate, he indignantly retorted: "I do not know who took your cocoanuts, sir, but I hope you do not think me so mean as to be guilty of pilfering them." The ill-fated captain was blue in the face and hot under the collar. He burst out in this tirade which proved to be so unfortunate for him later: "Yes, you hound, I do; you must have stolen them or you would be able to give a better account of them. You are all thieves, you scoundrels, and the officers combine with the men to rob me. I suppose you will steal my yams next, but I'll make you sweat for it, you rascals, if I have to make half of you jump overboard before we get through Endeavor Straits."

This is only one of the stories, of course, told by the boatswain's mate to extenuate the mutiny and it shall have to be taken for what it is worth. However, it is curious to note that it took place only one day before Fletcher Christian led the famous mutiny.

* * * * *

On the night of April 27, 1789, the "*Bounty*" was standing to the north of Tonga, having passed between the islands of Tofoa and Kotoo. The Captain had retired for the night, "his mind entirely free from any suspicion." But he was destined to awaken to a day that marked the beginning of a romance on the high seas that has never yet been equalled, either in fact or in fiction.

What kind of night was it? You will wonder. Well, instead of its being dark and still with black threatening clouds, or wild with the wind howling and the waves dashing hungrily—as romantic fiction would have had it—the moon condescended to come out and show itself. The stars also took courage, and it turned out to be an ideal tropical night, such as might be described in a book like "Typee."

But the moon did not witness any violence *that* night and it went down sulkily, like a disappointed child. The stars faded away. Peace reigned everywhere. The horizon grew gray. Nothing happened. The world was flooded with weak morning light. Another day dawned—and yet, nothing occurred.

But three armed men had entered the Captain's cabin, probably unnoticed. How would fiction have required the Captain to receive these three mutinous sailors?—for such they were. Probably, facing the door, with a gleaming thirsty-looking rapier thrust forward, legs spread apart, teeth clenched savagely, bristlingly alert.

But here again the tale deliberately defies every accepted canon of fiction. Captain Bligh was in bed sleeping as serenely as a child! This phenomenon did not for a moment daunt his determined guests. They unceremoniously hauled him out of bed, bound his hands, and hustled him up on deck, stupid with sleep and blinking. There he was placed in the custody of several guards who allowed no one to approach him.

All those of the ship's personnel who had remained loyal had been lined up on deck to await their turn in the very orderly program that followed. But let Bligh himself tell the story (from his diary).

"The boatswain was now ordered to hoist the launch and, with a threat that if he did not do so instantly, to take care of himself.

"The boat being out, Mr. Hayward and Mr. Hallet, midshipmen, and Mr. Samuel were ordered into it; upon which I demanded the cause of such an order, and endeavored to persuade some one to a sense of duty; but it was to no effect. 'Hold your tongue, sir, or you are dead this instant, was constantly repeated to me.

"I continued my endeavors to turn the tide of affairs, when Christian . . . holding me with a strong gripe by the cord that tied my hands, he, with many oaths, threatened to kill me immediately if I would not be quiet; the villains around me had their pieces cocked and bayonets fixed. Particular people were now called on to go into the boat; and were hurried over the side; whence I concluded that with these people I was to be set adrift.

"I therefore made another effort to bring about a change, but with no other effect than to be threatened with having my brains blown out."

The entire affair is conspicuous for the absence of violence or bloodshed. A few of the mutineers, it is true, damned the commander to his face and growled

terrible oaths and threats, but this was only by way of squaring personal accounts—he was not otherwise mistreated—nor was anybody else for that matter. I might also add at this point one fact that remains an indelible blot against his name. Bligh was the victim of a second mutiny in New South Wales!

Canvas, lines, sails, cordage, and a few other necessities were thrown into the lowered boat, together with provisions for almost two weeks. Fletcher allowed himself to be prevailed upon for the Captain's papers and journals, on which he had worked for 15 years and prized highly. This kindly act alone reveals the disposition of the mutineers—at least, of their leader.

Continuing with Bligh's narrative: "Much altercation took place between the mutinous crew during the whole business; some swore, 'I'll be damned if he does not find his way home, if he gets anything with him,' (meaning me); others, when the carpenter's chest was carrying away, 'Damn my eyes; he will have a vessel built in a month.' While others laughed at the helpless situation of the boat, being very deep, and so little room for those who were in her. As for Christian, he seemed meditating instant destruction on himself and everyone.

"I asked for arms, but they laughed at me and said I was well acquainted with the people where I was going, and, therefore, did not want them; four cutlasses, however, were thrown into the boat after we were veered astern.

"When the officers and men, with whom I was suffered no communication, were put into the boat, they only waited for me, and the master-at-arms informed Christian of it; who then said, 'Come, Captain Bligh, your officers and men are now in the boat, and you must go with them; if you attempt to make the least resistance you will instantly be put to death.' "

But still Bligh implored, expostulated. He was in no mood or position to be high-handed. He practically begged Fletcher to give up his "mad enterprise." He pledged his word not to make a report in England, if the men would only go back to their duties. But the men were disgusted with Bligh and his ways and would have no more of him. They didn't waver for an instant.

When Bligh began to speak of his wife and children at home and the mercy due him for their sake, Christian cut him short saying: "I say no, no, Captain Bligh. If you had any honor or manly feeling in your breast things had not come to this. Your wife and family! Had you any regard for them, you would have thought of them before now and not behaved so like a villain. I have been used like a dog all this voyage and am determined to bear it no longer. On you must rest the consequences."

The cold finality in his tone ended any further argument and, continuing once more with Bligh's narrative, "without any further ceremony, holding me by the cord that tied my hands, with a tribe of armed ruffians about me, I was forced over the side where they untied my hands."

The boat was pushed off. The mutineers called out a cheery farewell and then shouted, "Huzzah for Tahiti!" The "*Bounty*" swung about and filled away with a smart breeze, while Bligh and his men stood in the little boat and gaped after them.

And now the story branches off in two directions, first the fate of Fletcher Christian and the mutineers in possession of the "*Bounty*", and second, that of Bligh adrift on the wide ocean in nothing more than a chip.

Bligh found himself in a small undecked ship's launch only 23 feet long. The hastily provisioned boat contained 150 lbs. of bread, 32 lbs. of pork, 6 quarts of rum, 6 bottles of wine, and 28 gallons of water. With the captain were the master, the

acting surgeon, botanist, gunner's boatswain, carpenter, three mates, two quarter-masters, the sailmaker, two cooks, the ship's clerk, the butcher, and a boy. The weight of the 18 men alone sank the boat down almost to the bulwarks.

The fugitives immediately rowed to the island of Tofoo, 40 miles distant. The next morning they landed and found the natives friendly enough to supply them with cocoanuts, plantains, breadfruit, and water. But suddenly the humor of the temperamental islanders changed and without warning they fell upon the sailors with stones and spears, killing one of the quarter-masters. This unlooked-for mishap very quickly changed Bligh's plans of making his way to civilization by coasting from island to island. He decided that the open sea was far safer than the smiling islands and the treacherous natives.

With the supreme confidence of a hardened sailor, he determined to make for the Dutch East Indies and the port of Timor, over almost 4000 miles of uncharted water teeming with unknown perils—and in a mere rowboat!

There were no symptoms of mutiny in *this* boat! Everybody realized that the only way in which they could possibly win against the great odds that were against them was to place absolute trust in their leader. Bligh ruled with an iron hand.

So cramped were they, that Bligh divided them into watches, one-half of the men sitting on the cross-seats, the other half lying in the bottom of the boat and changing positions every two hours.

The provisions were stored in the carpenter's chest and carefully guarded by sentries. The carpenter whittled out a pair of scales, and some musket balls were known to weigh 25 to the pound. In order to make the food supply last as long as possible, three meals a day were served, each consisting of one musket ball's weight of bread, one ounce of pork and a teaspoonful of rum in a quarter of a pint of water. If you should ever be curious enough to test this diet you will find, no doubt, that you can lose more weight on it than under the direction of a competent dietitian. A 25th of a pound of hard bread would scarcely keep a vigorous canary in singing condition, and yet these men lived on it for weeks.

Once, after a severe storm, which nearly swamped the little boat, Bligh wrote down: "I found every person complaining and some of them requested extra allowance. I positively refused. Our situation was miserable, always wet and suffering extreme cold in the night, without the least shelter from the weather. Being constantly compelled to bale the boat to keep her from filling perhaps should not have been reckoned an evil because it gave us exercise. Our appearance was shocking and several of my people seemed half-dead. I could look no way without catching the eye of some one in distress. The little sleep we got was in the midst of water and we always awoke with severe cramps and pains in our bones."

On May 22, when they were still existing on the musket ball weights of bread Bligh told them that at the present rate of consumption the stores would hold out for 29 days, but since he hardly expected to reach Timor by that time, the already starvation diet would have to be stretched to last for six weeks. In order to do this, he omitted the supper and they got along with two meals a day, such as I have already described. Contrary to Bligh's expectations, this was received cheerfully and with a good will.

Thus, in some strange and unaccountable way the 17 men managed to retain enough strength to propel their boat, and for several more weeks they struggled and crept along.

Fate did not decree that such courage and endurance should go unrewarded.

On June 12, at 3 o'clock in the morning, 41 days after Bligh had set out from Tofoo, the bleak coast of Timor was descried through the fog and mist. Two days later, they landed at Coupang, where they were well received by the courteous Dutch governor. Bligh purchased a small schooner in which he sailed to Samarang where he got passage for Batavia. From Batavia the fugitives were sent home in a Dutch East Indiaman, every one of them alive and "ready to be patched up and set on his feet again."

* * * * *

Let us now return to the mutineers. Christian, having got rid of Bligh, sailed for the island of Tuhuai, with the intention of founding a colony there. But because of the hostility of the natives and the lack of supplies, he soon went on to Tahiti. After a short stay there, he stocked up and returned to Tuhuai. This time he succeeded in making a settlement; but even this did not last for long. Friction soon broke out between the natives and the sailors again and he was forced to retire to Tahiti, abandoning his idea of a colony on Tuhuai.

On arriving at Tahiti for the second time, a difference of sentiment among his men made it apparent to Fletcher that a division was necessary. Those who wished to remain in Tahiti were rowed ashore. The rest, 9 of the original 25 mutineers including the leader, determined to find a retreat that would be safe from any punitive expedition that might be sent against them. So, taking with them a few natives—authorities differ concerning the exact number, but there were probably about 12 women and 7 men—they sailed away and were not heard of again.

In 1790 Bligh published an account of his sufferings at the hands of the mutineers. He so aroused public indignation throughout the country, that Captain Edwards was sent out in the frigate, "*Pandora*" to hunt down the villains "who wrought the deed of shame." On arriving at Tahiti, Edwards learned that the mutineers had separated, some having remained on the island and the rest having vanished. It was an easy matter with 150 active bluejackets to round up the 14 mutineers who had remained on the island—two had died in the interim—march them aboard the ship, and clap them into irons.

What ensued on board the "*Pandora*" is also well remembered. A small shed, appropriately termed the "Pandora's Box," was knocked together on the deck. It was 11 feet long, without doors or windows, and was entered by a kind of trap door on the roof. Into this were thrown the 14 prisoners. In the sweltering tropical climate, the cramped airless quarters, and all, the *greatest* wonder is that anybody even survived—but survive they did, as shall soon be seen. There is no doubt that the prisoners were treated harshly, for Capt. Edwards feared that his sailors might be stirred to a sympathetic mutiny of their own. It must have torn the hearts of the sturdy British tars when they witnessed the heart-rending scenes that followed. As the narrative runs, "The families of the captives were allowed to visit them, a permission which gave rise to the most affecting scenes. Every day the wives came down with their infants in their arms, the fathers weeping over their babes who were soon to be bereft of paternal care and protection, and husband and wife mingling cries and tears at the prospect of so calamitous a separation."

The 14 prisoners had already been completing a 35 foot schooner, in which they intended to get away from the island—they also finally came to the conclusion that Tahiti was not remote enough for protection from the law—when Edwards had pounced upon them. He had seized the boat and now fitted it out to help him in the work of finding Fletcher Christian and the rest of the mutineers. For 9 months he

scoured the South Seas without finding so much as a single clue as to the whereabouts of Christian. Finally giving it up in disgust, he sailed for England.

Not far from the coast of New Guinea, he was wrecked on the Great Barrier Reef. As the ship was going down, the stubborn block-head of a Captain refused to free the prisoners from their shackles. He was the kind of man who interprets his orders altogether too literally, and he was content to see the prisoners drowned like rats in a trap. However, just as the ship was about to plunge under, an officer with a little common sense got possession of the keys and flung them into the "Pandora's Box." In a few wild moments that yet remained, 10 of the 14 prisoners managed to free themselves from their manacles and be saved. The remaining four went down still in their irons.

Of the 100 mutineers who survived the wreck, two received the king's pardon, five were acquitted, and three were hanged on October 29, 1792, from the yard-arm of H. M. S. "*Brunswick*" in Portsmouth Harbor. Of Fletcher Christian and his companions no evidence was found and England soon forgot about them.

* * * * *

Open a map of the South Pacific and you will find, if you look hard enough and the map is a large one, at approximately 29° South latitude and 167° 50' East longitude, Norfolk Island. It is of volcanic origin, is 20 miles in circumference—6 miles at its greatest width,—and contains over 8000 acres. The soil is very rich and bears a large variety of tropical and semi-tropical fruits in great abundance.

On this island is a happy little colony of about 300 persons. They are religious, almost puritanical, intelligent, industrious, very loyal to England, and extremely contented with their lot, although they are almost completely isolated. Once or twice a year they are visited by small trading schooners from which they obtain their few simple necessities and luxuries. They live mainly by tilling the soil and by fishing, at which they are very expert. These people have both European and native blood and it is for this reason that scientists are at present so interested in them for questions of racial mixture, inbreeding, etc. Space does not allow me to give a more detailed account of their history or everyday life. Suffice it to say that they are the direct descendants of the disappeared mutineers of the "*Bounty*" and their native wives.



The Boston Public Latin School

An Historical Sketch

The oldest educational institution in America, with a continuous existence, is the Boston Public Latin School. Founded April 23, 1635, by the citizens of Boston, it antedates Harvard College by a year.

Its establishment was due largely to the Reverend John Cotton, who brought with him memories of the "Free Grammar School" in Boston, England. This school, established in 1554 by Queen Mary, had many features similar to those in the "ffree schule," as it was then called.

The first "schole-master," Philemon Pormort, taught his few pupils in his own home. Little is known of him or of his work. It is believed that in accordance with the educational custom of the time he taught the Latin authors. One of his pupils, a certain John Hull, was known to have acquired a knowledge of the language.

In August, 1636, a subscription was made "toward the maintenance of a free schoolmaster for the youth with us." Accordingly, Daniel Maude, who was then about fifty years old, was chosen to assist Pormort. In 1638 Pormort left the school, and Maude continued in the office of his predecessor until 1643.

The school for a time was supported by farther bequests, which were frequently made. The town of Boston appropriated for its support the rents of Spectacle, Deer, and Long Islands; and in August, 1645, it was voted "to allow forever fifty pounds to the master, and an house, and thirty pounds to an usher . . . Indians' children were to be taught gratis."

Maude's successor was John Woodbridge, who is supposed to have been the first minister of Andover. Practically nothing is known of him except that he remained in office for approximately one year.

In 1645 the first school-house was built on the north side of School Street behind the present location of King's Chapel. Nothing is actually known about the building. It is believed to have been of two stories and to have been built of wood. It was occupied both by the school and by the schoolmaster and his family until the year 1702, when a building was erected for the occupancy of the headmaster of that time, Ezekiel Cheever.

Robert Woodmansey became the schoolmaster in 1650 on a salary of fifty pounds a year. He had for an assistant Daniel Hinchman (or Henchman), who later became a renowned captain of the military division of the colony.

Seventeen years later, in 1667, Benjamin Tompson, a physician and well known poet, became master of the "South Latin Grammar School." Three years later, on December 29, 1670, Ezekiel Cheever was invited to become the headmaster and Tompson was asked to remain as his assistant. But Tompson, having been invited to Charlestown, whence Cheever had come, left in the early part of the following year.

Cheever was about fifty-six years old when he took charge of the school. But his age was in no way an impediment to the successful accomplishment of his duties. He was known throughout the colony for his knowledge of the classics. At an early age he had published "The Accidence," an excellent and, for some time, standard elementary Latin grammar. His abilities as a teacher were such that at certain periods during his administration there were upwards of one hundred pupils in the school. He died while in office on the 21st of August, 1708. The renowned minister, Cotton Mather, one of his many eminent pupils, in a funeral oration upon him,

said, "We generally concur in acknowledging that New England has never known a better teacher."

Benjamin Franklin was another of Cheever's pupils. Franklin, evidently, was not a lover of the classics. So disgusted became he, during his attendance at the school, with Cheever's Latin "Accidence," that he left after eight months of sorrow and tribulation, and later, as a consequence, wrote such a vehement attack against the study of the classics that it would be extremely foolhardy to present any inquisitive sixth-classman with a copy of that radical composition.

Franklin, however, later came to realize the benefits of a classical education. In his will he made the "Latin School" the recipient of his generosity.

Four years before Cheever's death, in the year 1704, the second schoolhouse was built. This building, also, was situated on the north side of School Street, and a part of the edifice must have stood near the present location of Benjamin Franklin's statue.

In 1708 Nathaniel Williams was appointed headmaster. Graduated from the school several years before, he was the first pupil to become its master.

The following year the master's salary was increased to one hundred pounds a year, and an assistant to the headmaster was provided at the town's expense.

Williams resigned in 1834, and John Lovell, his assistant, was chosen to succeed him. He was a strict disciplinarian and an accomplished teacher; immediately he became the pride of Boston's parents and the terror of its youth.

In 1747 a petition was made for the removal of the "Latin Grammar School" to make place for an addition to King's Chapel Church. Although Lovell was opposed to the removal, the result was that on the following year, after several tumultuous meetings of the Town Committee, a new schoolhouse was built at the expense of the proprietors of the church on the south side of School Street. There the school remained until 1785, when it became necessary to repair the building. Master Hunt, for the time being, taught his pupils in Faneuil Hall. The building, however, remained standing until 1812, when it was destroyed by fire.

In 1757 James Lovell, the son of the head master, was chosen to assist his father. The two entered the school at the beginning of the most romantic period of its existence. John Lovell was a rigid loyalist; his son, James, was an equally warm patriot. Both attempted to instill in their pupils the fervor of their beliefs. Evidently, the patriot, James, was the more successful. At the outbreak of the Revolution in 1775, the school was closed. James Lovell was imprisoned by the British and, on the evacuation of Boston, was carried as a prisoner to Halifax, his father, the loyalist, accompanying him. He was soon, however, exchanged and returned to Boston, as a delegate of which he was later appointed to the Continental Congress.

In Lovell's time, to be admitted into the school, it was necessary to know how to read a few verses from the Bible. The school was divided into six or seven classes, each one of which had a separate bench. The subjects studied were Latin and Greek. School began at seven o'clock in the summer, and eight in the winter, and in the afternoon at one o'clock throughout the year. It ended at eleven o'clock in the morning and at five in the afternoon, after which several pupils went to writing-school for an hour or so. Every Thursday the school closed at ten o'clock, so that the pupils and masters might attend the Thursday lecture.

In the month of June 1776, Samuel Hunt, a former pupil of the school, was transferred to the South Grammar School from the North Grammar School, which

had been established in 1711 in the North End. It seems that the schoolboys had caught the raging spirit of rebellion, for, the British being no longer in Boston, they vented their pent rebellious feelings upon the unfortunate Mr. Hunt. But, however difficult may have been his duties, he managed the school creditably until 1805, when he resigned on a pension.

William Biglow, a former teacher in Salem, succeeded Hunt in 1805. As headmaster, Biglow had as difficult a time as Samuel Hunt had had. He was accused by some of being unnecessarily harsh. As a consequence, his authority was everywhere resisted with impunity. Matters reached such a point that he finally resigned in 1814.

In 1812 the old schoolhouse on the south side of School Street was burnt down. The construction of a new building of three stories on the same site was immediately undertaken. During its erection, the school was held in an old barn in Cole Lane, and later in Scollay's Building on Pemberton Hill.

In 1814 Benjamin Apthorp Gould, who was then a senior at Harvard College, was placed in supervision of the school. Under his administration, the standard of the school was raised. He introduced many new features, one of which was declamation.

Gould resigned in 1828 to enter into business and was succeeded by his assistant, Frederic Percival Leverett, the author of a Latin lexicon. Leverett resigned in 1831 to take charge of a private school. He was reappointed in 1836, but died before resuming office.

During the period between 1831 and 1836, Charles Knapp Dillaway was master of the school. Nothing of significance occurred during his administration.

He resigned in 1836 because of ill health, and Epes Sargent Dixwell, a former Master at the English High School, took his place. Dixwell founded during these years the Boston Latin School Association and Library. In 1839 Edward Everett Hale entered the school at the age of seventeen as a teacher of Greek. He remained as an usher until 1841. Ten years later, in 1851, Dixwell resigned.

In 1844 the schoolhouse was torn down to make way for the Horticultural House. A new schoolhouse was erected on Bedford Street for the joint occupation of the Boston Latin and English High Schools.

Francis Gardner succeeded Dixwell as headmaster in 1851. Gardner was one of the most renowned men of Boston at that time, being noted for his integrity. His classmate, Wendell Phillips, once said of him, "He was, from mere boyhood and life long, eminently a just man, only claiming fair play, and more than willing to allow it to others. I never knew the time, even in his boyhood, when he did not detest or despise a sham." Methodical and systematic, he lived his uneventful life through, until on January 10, 1876, he passed away, while still in office.

Augustine Milton Gay was then chosen as headmaster, in 1876; but he died soon after.

For the next six months the school was under the charge of Moses Merrill, a former pupil. In the following year, 1877, he was appointed headmaster. Twenty-five years later, in 1902, Mr. Merrill resigned.

In the year 1880, a new school-building was erected on Warren Avenue and Montgomery Street. Described as "the largest structure in America devoted to educational purposes, and the largest in the world used as a free school," it was occupied, as was the Bedford Street schoolhouse, by the Boston Latin and English High Schools.

In the year 1920 it was seen that the building on Warren Avenue and Montgomery Street was inadequate for the two rapidly growing schools. A new building was, accordingly, erected on Avenue Louis Pasteur; and thither the Latin School moved in 1922.

This magnificent edifice, fire-proof and modern in structure, contains thirty-five rooms, each one of which seats thirty-six pupils; a large auditorium; and a beautiful library. As one enters the building through the main entrance, his glance falls upon a beautiful life-size statue standing directly before the doorway. This, the work of Richard S. Greenough, a Latin School boy of 1829, represents Alma Mater resting her left arm on a shield bearing the names of those alumni who fell in the Civil War, and extending in her right hand a laurel crown to those who returned from the conflict. On either side of the entrance are two marble tablets, which bear the names of those alumni who served in the national forces without losing their lives. In the Latin School Library there is a large volume entitled the "Roll of Honor," which contains names of those alumni who fell in the World War. This sacred volume was presented to the school by the Latin School Association.

In 1902 Mr. Fiske succeeded Mr. Merrill as headmaster. Beloved as a teacher, revered by his pupils, and admired for his excellent character, Mr. Fiske has become a paragon, looked up to by all ambitious educators.

In 1910 Mr. Henry Pennypacker, the present president of the Boston Latin School Association, was appointed headmaster.

Ten years later, in 1920, he was succeeded by Mr. Patrick T. Campbell, who, in his recent appointment as Assistant Superintendent of Schools, has reaped the just reward of those ten years spent in inspiring his pupils with lofty ideals and in encouraging them to attain them.

In 1930 Mr. Joseph L. Powers, the former head of the Mathematics department, was appointed headmaster.

The Boston Latin School Association is a representative body of the most eminent alumni of the school. Among its presidents have been Messrs. Gould, Dillaway, Dixwell, Hale, Eliot, Green, and Pennypacker.

Since the Civil War, military drill has been an integral part of the curriculum. Our military drill instructors from that period have been General Moore, Captain Weaver, Colonel Benyon, and our present instructor, Lieutenant-Colonel Penney.

Much more can be said of the Boston Public Latin School. But enough has been said, we trust, to give the reader an idea of the development of the school from the time of its establishment in 1635.

Our headmaster, Mr. Powers, once said, "The history of the Boston Public Latin School is so closely interwoven with the history of the American nation, that to read the early catalogues of the school is to read the high-lights of American history." This statement epitomizes our pride in our school. We feel justified in asserting that no higher tribute can be paid to any public institution on the face of the earth.

— N. L.

Note: The author wishes to express to Mr. Dunn, our librarian, his appreciation of the invaluable assistance and advice in procuring the information on which this sketch is based.

Cast Thy Bread Upon The Running Waters, For After a Long Time Thou Shalt Find it Again

By P. N. Dangel

It was already late in the afternoon. The wind had increased in fury and the blinding storm was driving even the most daring to shelter. The dismal atmosphere penetrated the walls of the houses, crept in through the window-frames, and prevailed everywhere.

In a tiny room of a cheap boarding house, two young men were seated at a rather dilapidated wooden table. Before them was a half loaf of bread and two cups of coffee. They ate slowly, seemingly prolonging every morsel.

If one should ask their names, he would learn that they had been known as Holly & Bloodstone, bond-salesmen, until the recent market crash. Now they were just plain David Holly and Alexander Bloodstone. Loss of prospects and inability to gain employment had reduced them to poverty.

When everything on the table had been disposed of, Holly sat back in his chair and remarked in a mournful tone, "Well, Alex, we're broke."

"And we have just finished the last of our starvation rations," added the other.

Both shuddered as they glanced about to see what cherished belonging would provide their next meal. Holly again broke the silence which had become monotonous:

"The next thing to go will be your watch. Mine is gone."

"I could never part with that!"

"Nevertheless, you must. We must live!"

Their dramatic colloquy was interrupted by a knocking at the door. The men exchanged wild glances, which at the same instant seemed to shout, "Stranger . . . visitor . . . prospect . . . money . . . food . . . new clothes . . . happiness!" In one second the room was completely put in order and made ready for the reception of the person who was now impatiently knocking again.

"Open it as soon as I am ready, Dave," ordered Alex as he seized the nearest book and settled himself on a chair.

The door swung back on its hinges, and with a courteous smile, David Holly welcomed the stranger to his humble home. The visitor's glance fell upon the figure of Bloodstone who immediately dropped his eyes and started to read. "Cast thy bread upon the running waters: for after many days thou shalt find it again," were the first words that struck him. That was as far as he went, for his companion had started a conversation with the new-comer.

"What can I do for you?"

"Please, young man, help a poor fellow who is down and out."

"Huh?"

"I say, give me some trifle. Give me enough for a meal."

"Whew!" whistled Bloodstone as he crossed his legs. At that motion a quarter, which had long laid concealed in the cuff of his trouser leg, dropped to the floor. The startled owner snatched it up and gazed at it.

Again came the pleading voice: "Just a trifle."

Bloodstone straightened up and scrutinized the beggar. He was an old man,

bent and worn. In his eyes was a distant look, such as is borne by those who are destitute of hope.

Alex felt his mind torn between his own wants, the sight of the starving man rubbing his frozen hands, and the words of the Bible. "Here!" he cried at length, "take it. You need it more than I. Hurry and get yourself something to eat."

Then the benefactor spent some time explaining to his buddy why he had given the man his last cent.

Days passed, and one evening the two young men were surprised to receive a visit from the person they had helped. He installed himself in a chair and started to talk rapidly.

"When I was starving, you gave me your last penny. I am poor and cannot repay you in a material way; therefore, I shall try to help you in another way. Heed my story.

"I was not always poor; on the contrary, I came of a rich family. An easy life ruined me and unfitted me for work. When I had attained my manhood, my habits were so irregular that my father ordered me from his home. Pride kept me from appealing to my friends; I lived on hopes and prospects, as you are doing. The passing years saw me dragged down more and more into ruin.

"At last I reached the bottom, where I awoke. I realized what a fool I had been, but it was too late! Too late! I became what I am to-day.

"You are still young; there is plenty of time left. Go out to-morrow! Work! Take any kind of work. Work! The breaks will come! Work harder!"

When the old man finished, he hastened out of the room, leaving the listeners dumbfounded. Holly started to hum a popular tune which ended with the words, "That's a lot of baloney!"

"Oh no it isn't. He knows what he's talking about."

"I think he's crazy."

"Listen! He's right. We can never get anywhere waiting for opportunity to come and knock. We must work and work hard!"

"But we can go back to our old business; something will turn up."

"No! The only thing for us to do is go to work on a farm and start life over. I can't agree with your plan."

"Nor I with yours."

"Well, we have stuck together this far and we are not going to separate now. I'll flip this coin to decide it."

Holly watched the coin ascend into the air.

"Head!" he shouted.

"Tail it is! We go to work."

* * * * *

One summer evening after the sun had set in a blaze of glory, the two "hired hands" were sitting at their supper. They could hardly be recognized as the two despairing youths who only six months before had been slaves to fortune. Now their bronzed faces gleamed with content and radiated good cheer. No longer were they thin and pale. The new life had opened new ways to freedom, thought, and hope.

"Alex," said Holly, munching his potatoes, "if the boss harvests the way he planted, he will lose plenty of money."

"Yes," rejoined his companion. "His methods are antiquated."

"I have a remedy."

"And I have some ideas, too. Let's get together and figure out a whole new system, an efficient one."

The next morning, the two "green" boys went to the owner and unfolded their plans to him. He objected strenuously on the grounds that they did not know enough about farming to be able to make corrections; but the salesmanship that had once earned their bread and butter convinced him. He agreed to use their plan with these conditions: if the project were not successful, they were to receive no wages for six months; if it was, they were to share half the profits.

Harvest time came. Through the fields moved a tractor, pulling a train of machinery behind it and doing the work of many men. Machines cut, bound, bundled, threshed. The product was ready in record time.

One evening late in the fall the farmer started a business conversation with them.

"Several of the adjoining farms were very unsuccessful last summer and the owners lost heavily. I would have, too, if it hadn't been for your new methods. At any rate, I can buy them cheap and add them to my property. With you as advisers, I could start an enormous farm. Would you accept partnerships in the company?"

"Certainly," answered the two voices in chorus.

Later that night, when the young men were alone, Bloodstone asked with a grin, "Who said that the old man I gave the quarter to was crazy?"

"Oh, shut up and let me go to sleep!" was the answer.

* * * * *

The Storm

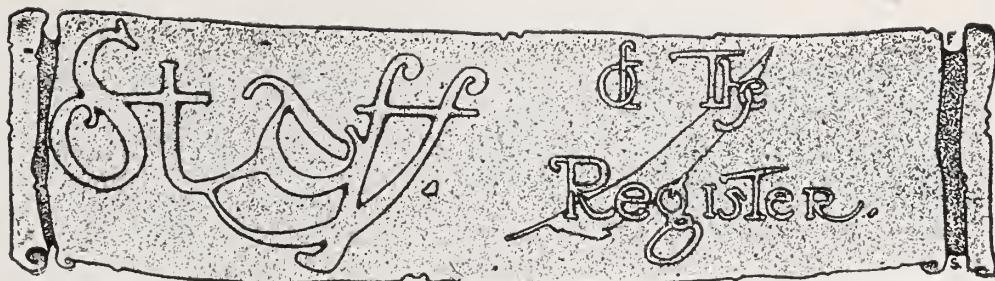
By E. H. Martin '32

The clouds had swallowed up the stars,
And in a wild uncanny race
They fled across the realms of space,
And framed the moon's pale orb in bars.

They huddled o'er each sleeping town,
And in the storm by fury lashed
The thunder roared and lightning flashed,
And then the rain cascaded down.

But when the flags of dawn unfurled,
The storm had vanished with the night;
And in the early morning light
An arching rainbow crowned the world.





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THE LONDON NAVAL ARMS TREATY

"The world today is much the same, despite the fact that a Naval Arms Treaty has been signed." This, in general, is the attitude of the average American citizen today, a month after the Conference has closed. The statement indicates neither success nor failure, rather does it indicate the watchful, waiting attitude which has been universally adopted. As yet no loopholes have been found in the treaty, and the leaders of the five powers seem content with their work and say merely, "It is a step in the right direction."

The reports which drifted across the sea during the Conference made clear to the public that the meeting was slowly degenerating into a "log-rolling" affair, and that, had it lasted much longer, it would have been a failure. It seemed to most of us that the minor nations, insecure by reason of their size, were each asking, or rather demanding, to be allowed to keep one potent weapon. Thus France insisted upon retaining almost unrestricted right to build submarines, with Italy mandatory in her requests to secure for herself a large cruiser and battle fleet. Some writers assured us that everything would be ironed out, satisfactorily, while some, like Will Rogers, became disgusted and drifted off in search of more interesting news.

It is true that much has been done to reduce the possibility of future wars, the ultimate goal and aim of the meeting, but there still exist grave dangers. France and Italy, by their almost childish refusal to come to terms on the matter of submarines in particular, and everything in general, created an almost impossible situation from the start. We have ample proof that France at least made an effort

to compromise during the closing month; witness the turning out of two governments; but Italy had her ideas and demands on entering and maintained them to the end, stubbornly refusing to budge an inch. It would be interesting to know just what was Italy's motive in taking such a stand. Surely Mussolini, whose star is already on the wane, all reports to the contrary notwithstanding, must have realized that it was not the correct policy, to stand in the way of world peace. While France is not to be defended for her position, it can be said that she has outposts in Africa, which must be defended, and routes to which she must keep open at all times. Italy on the other hand, in demanding parity with France, on the ground that the nation would be in danger if another Mediterranean power were allowed to surpass her in actual strength merely emphasized her non-cooperative policy which had been in existence since "Il Duce" with his "black-shirted" cohorts invaded Rome. This policy, obviously the product of Mussolini's manner of thinking, has struck few responsive chords throughout the World.

However it is very easy to sit down now and criticize at leisure a work which was effected (supposedly) in good faith. If France and Italy had been omitted from the Conference, the remaining nations could have come to a much quicker and surer conclusion. The pact, signed in full by representatives of the United States, Great Britain, and Japan, which last named country afforded none of the trouble which our correspondents would have us believe that they were going to, is undoubtedly one of the most secure, the safest, and sanest treaty yet signed. It is a vast improvement on the Washington agreement. No doubt the ministers profited by the mistakes of 1922. These three nations almost immediately agreed to a 15-15-9 basis for war craft, and then set about reckoning tonnage, defining groups and then classifying them, and controlling the use and construction of the airship. The smallest detail was not overlooked in the earnest endeavor to prevent a recurrence of 1914-1918.

This discussion brings us to a point where it is necessary to consider the views of our President. An article in one of the early numbers of the "*Register*" recounted the meeting of Mr. Hoover and Mr. MacDonald in Virginia last fall and explained the attitude of the President toward the coming Conference. In an address to the Daughters of the American Revolution, Mr. Hoover expressed himself as greatly pleased with the outcome of his "pet project." For this utterance, the President has come in for an unusual amount of criticism. Some critics outwardly condemn him as a hypocrite, while the more conservative are content to say that it is not one of the President's duties to express his views so emphatically before such a gathering of women. However, we find Secretary of State Stimson even more emphatic than his chief; and from the figures he presents we are inclined to extend our sympathy to Mr. Hoover. We find, according to Mr. Stimson, that nine battle-ships are to be scrapped and not to be replaced. There will be a reduction of 205,000 tons in the destroyers of the three signatory Powers. The quota of submarines is also drastically reduced.

One of the peculiar elements of the cruiser agreement is that it served to bring to light a contention which has been made all along, namely that our cruiser fleet is sadly lacking in quantity. Although the British will reduce their fleet by twenty cruisers, nevertheless it will be necessary for the United States to do some building to attain parity in this field. Now we may expect the defenders of the policy to point proudly to the great sum of money they shall have saved, ultimately,

for the United States, instead of emphatically denying that America is not the equal of England in cruiser strength.

The limitation of cruisers is generally hailed as the outstanding accomplishment of the parley, but strict limitation in a far more dangerous field should not be overlooked, as it most certainly was not at London. We refer to heavier-than-air craft and their sea-faring carriers. This, the most potent and destructive weapon of all times, was effectively and quietly curtailed in a manner which affords no escape. Carriers were strictly defined and their capacity limited, as was the number of planes to be accommodated. No explanation need be added to impress upon the reader the extreme importance of this section of the treaty. Thus were two of the main deficiencies of the Washington Treaty corrected; the limitation of the light cruiser and the curtailment of airplanes and carriers.

The treaty, besides being tedious and uninspiring in reading is not an easy paper to understand. However, it covers very effectively every weapon of modern warfare save one and only one. We refer to lighter-than-air craft. Immediately the reader says, "Ah, I thought so." The writer can think of no reason why dirigibles etc. should have been omitted, neither can he believe that all the delegations were suddenly afflicted with forgetfulness. The only excuse for the omission is that it is covered satisfactorily by the treaty in existence beforehand. It might be said here that the Washington Treaty is still in effect with the slight changes provided for in the London Treaty.

If one were to believe the optimists, he would say that this treaty is the best one ever made or the best that will be drawn up. If one were to believe the pessimist, he would say that the meeting was nothing but a grand vacation for the secretaries, an outing which was extended over three months, at the expense of the various peoples represented. Both extremes may be right. And conversely, both may be wrong. There exists a happy medium, in which most sensible people seem to have taken their stand. It is here that we find that type which says that after all the treaty "is a step in the right direction" which may or may not be bettered in 1936. Meanwhile we have France and Italy coyly watching each other out of the corners of their eyes. Maybe they will come to a separate agreement as the text of the treaty plainly indicates is the wish of the several delegations. Maybe they will not. Time alone will tell.

—C. L. H.

* * * * *

REVOLUTION IN INDIA

When Mahatma Ghandi's band of volunteers waded into the sea to procure seawater from which to manufacture salt, they re-enacted a scene which took place in Boston many years ago, that of the Boston Tea Party. Who can tell whether the flames of revolution will rage through India in the future as they did in America in the past? Surely there is the same motive, and surely the same love of independence.

India, a civilized country, was invaded by British forces and taken by violence. To-day it remains the "empire" of the King of England. Certainly no nation can seize another one and hold it long in absolute subjection. At some time a break must come.

For years past an Indian congress, unofficial and made up of self-appointed members, has met to discuss ways and means for gaining independence. There are extremists who demand absolute freedom, some who seek a dominion status, and a

few who merely want local self-government. At last all have united under one great man, perhaps the greatest of his time, Mahatma Ghandi, who has prescribed for his followers civil disobedience. This has progressed nobly under his leadership, for the authorities dared not arrest him.

The government has recognized a crisis and accordingly has clamped an air-tight censorship on all newspapers. Various companies of native troops have shown poor discipline when ordered to attack their fellow-countrymen. Signs of mutiny on the slightest provocation are apparent. Trade unions all over the country have started to show resistance by way of strikes and walk-outs. And as happened in our own country in 1774, a boycott on foreign cloth has been established; home-spun is the sign of a patriot.

Bloody riots, such as our own Boston Massacre, are frequent. The participants exclaim to the world that as human beings, they are entitled to be free men, not slaves. Assuredly they are right, for did not Lincoln say, "All men are created equal."

Such is the situation which confronts those responsible for the political situation. A national movement has threatened to sweep them from power. Even if one class were contented by some alteration in government, the other castes and creeds would clamor more fanatically for the absolute freedom to be found only in a republic.

Are we about to witness the final crisis in the story of the British Empire?

—*P. N. D.*

* * * * *

"THE KING'S CANARY"

Robert Bridges, poet, philosopher, artist and scholar has recently died at the venerable age of eighty-five years. He was predominantly the poet of Beauty, Love, and Joy, a philosopher of the finest things in life. His own experience and surroundings, his education and his home life all nourished his inherent love for retrospection, introspection, and circumspection.

Born on the Kentish Coast in 1844, his entire boyhood was spent on his father's estate. From there he had a view of the ocean and the rolling downs of the picturesque England which we Americans dream of. This was a fitting background for the life of the poet-laureate of England. Was it not also fitting that England's poet should be educated at Eton and Oxford? Here began his life as a scholar, and in this respect he shone as a brilliant star. He graduated with honors from these institutions, only to continue his education by travel over Europe and the Orient.

Dr. Bridges made a success of everything he tried. On returning from his travels, he studied at Saint Bartholomew's Hospital, London, and became rather prominent as a medical doctor, especially on casualty cases. But he soon realized that he was not as well fitted to become a doctor as he was to become a poet and so began his career, finally reaching that position most coveted by English poets, that of poet-laureate.

The nature of the man rebelled somewhat against the glamour of his exalted station. He was reticent, aristocratic, a Professor Rogers' "snob" of the finest

calibre. His writings had all been more for expression of something within him, than for the pleasing of anyone, least of all the crowd, the masses. He knew that as a laureate he would be expected to write on certain occasions of state or importance and that his writings must be pleasing to others as well as to himself. On several occasions he refused to write, thus calling forth the well known newspaper-heading "The King's Canary Refuses to Chirp." He had a strong tendency toward intellectual isolation.

Lately, in fact only a few months before his death, he published "The Testament of Beauty." There are all sorts of criticisms of this book, both pro and con (which shows that the book is of some value), but the consensus of opinion is that it is powerful. All of his works show the influence of the classics, especially his earlier poems and criticisms, but what many people object to is his oddity of meter, spelling, and diction. Perhaps he received the greatest satisfaction from the fact that people disliked or at least continually found fault with his poetry.

He has left behind him a small and select group of poems, criticisms, and essays testifying to his great power of philosophy. Will his works continue to be read? Probably only by a few who can appreciate them; certainly they are far above the masses. His death marks the passing of a truly great man. —A. B. L.

* * * * *

THAT INEVITABLE MOMENT

Sooner or later a crisis arrives in the life of every one. With many of us in this school it may be our choice of a college. As ours is a school which prides itself on its traditional pre-eminence among the select preparatory schools of the country, it would not be a bad idea to review several of the considerable factors.

Before starting, however, the author wishes to make his apologies. He does not claim a clear understanding of the matter; in fact, his experience has been so meagre that he understands very little of it at all. But if this article will stimulate his readers to meditation upon the subject before the crucial moment, it will have served its purpose.

To begin with, let us first consider the question from an economic standpoint. There are at present approximately eight hundred thousand young men studying in institutions of college or higher grade. The majority of these are taking up such studies as law, medicine, engineering, teaching, ministry, dentistry, architecture, journalism, etc. Surprisingly small is the number of people engaged at present in these occupations, sixteen hundred thousand.

Generally speaking, income is governed by the number of workers in relation to the demand. Then what will happen to the salaries of those concerned, when the majority of these eight hundred thousand students will have graduated and entered their professions? They will fall inevitably. It is impossible to train approximately eight hundred thousand people in college year after year and expect them to compete for sixteen hundred thousand, or, to be generous, two million, jobs without lowering salaries sooner or later.

From these facts and conclusions, what should be inferred?—Not that there should be less education, but that education should be directed toward the needs of society. Unless one is, or thinks he is, well equipped by nature for some such profession as law, let us say, it is a waste of money, time, and energy to enter such a profession, just because he or his parents or his relatives think that "it is beautiful

to be a lawyer, and there is much money in that business." It is fine to be a lawyer—yes, but really fine only to be a good lawyer. As for its being lucrative, that applies only to the capable lawyer. The ill-equipped man who enters the profession not only loses money in the venture but also lowers, the standards of his fellow-lawyers.

Now that we have measured the value of a college education in terms of dollars, let us consider the matter from the abstract view-point. This applies not to the technical or vocational school, but to the liberal college, as it is called.

The purpose of the liberal college is not to prepare the student for any particular profession, but to teach him to become a good member of society. In other words, the product of a successful liberal university is a man who has clear and conscientious opinions, ability to judge facts, an eloquence in expressing his ideas, and a force in urging them. He can attack a problem,—a general problem not of some particular science,—disentangle the knot, discard the irrelevant, and arrive at a solution. In short, this form of education gives a man the essential qualities which must be inherent to make the successful man in any vocation. Moreover, he is taught to understand and enjoy life in all its manifestations.

This does not mean, however, that a man who has not had such an education cannot have these qualities; they may have come to him naturally.

Keeping these facts in mind, we arrive at the following conclusions: The young man who must enter a money-making business as soon as possible and who has no money to spare should not enter a special school. Such an education is only for the youth whose parents can spare a few hundred dollars and who wishes to study, in general fashion, the development and science of life in all its branches.

Only when all these possibilities and several others will have been considered and weighed, only then will it be possible to decide intelligently how much of each kind of education must be provided.

— *N. L.*

* * * * *

Three Poems

By G. J. Cronin, Jr.

SONNET ON SPRING

The warmth and beauty of delightful Spring
Ends hoary Winter's reign of ice and snow.
Now bloom the buds; again the rivers flow;
And birds on high their happy carols sing,
Those lofty airs inspired by the great King
To please our senses, we who cannot know
True beauty till to Heaven we shall go,
That promised land where it is always Spring.

'Tis now the time when Beauty rules supreme,
The sordid Winter past, fresh Spring is here.
The frosty bonds of nature melt away,
And once again is heard the laughing stream,
Which freed from Winter's grasp now sparkles clear.
This is the time for happiness and play.

ETERNITY

Indeed our time of life on earth is brief
Beside the infinite years that follow death.

* * * * *

Eternity,—too great for man's poor brain
To grasp its true significance, so vast,
Beyond imagination's realm, we can
Not e'en begin to measure it. O God!
How great art thou, how weak and helpless we!
Why but to think, if this the world which we,
In foolish pride term large, were just as large
Again, and made of hardened steel, and if
A bird came once a year and touched this ball
With soft and tender wing, the friction would
In time (But such a time 'twould be!) wear out
The earth, and then to think eternity
Would be no nearer end than 'twas before.
For never, never shall it reach an end.

* * * * *

And then the good shall reap their just reward
But think of the poor sinful, tortured souls
Who gladly would, but cannot ever die.
Thus God repays, with endless joy or pain.

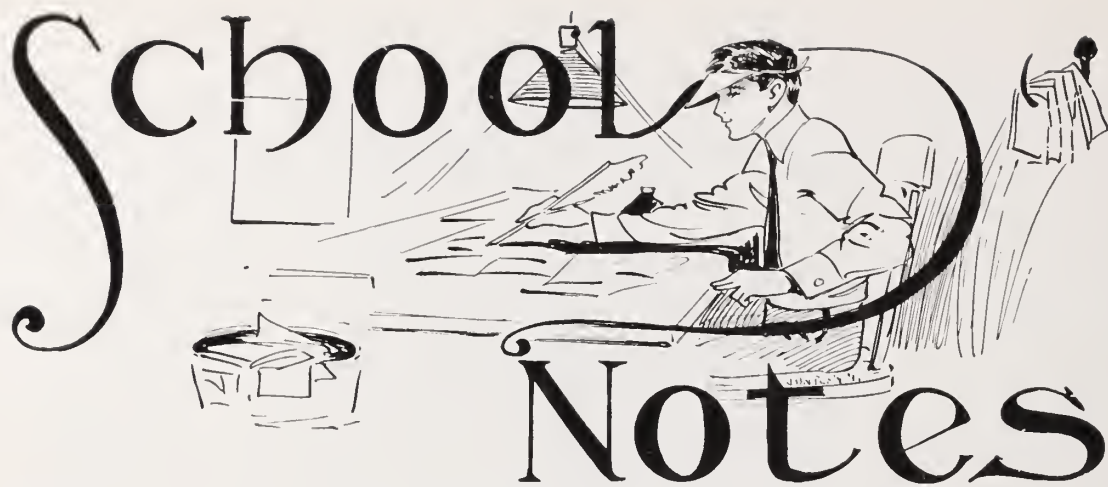
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THE ROAD TO FAME

The road to fame is hard and long
And strewn with thorns. Uphill it goes,
A tiring path, and no repose
Until the end. There is no throng
On this steep road, for men are frail;
The strength to persevere they lack.
'Tis many start, but most turn back,
And then their lot in life bewail.
They claim that they had not the "luck"
To gain the top, to reach the goal.
The losers thus themselves condole,
Consid'ring not the one word "pluck."
A few plod on, ne'er giving up;
The prize alone their eyes behold.

They struggle on, eyes bright, hearts bold,
And these are men who drink Fame's cup.
But those that the ascent forsook,
Think these were wafted through the air,
In mystic way, and transferred there.
If they but knew the toil it took!

School Notes



CLASS DAY

For the first time in many years, Class I was not required to attend school on the morning of Class Day, which fell on April 11, 1930. About 12:15 P.M., the khaki-clad seniors began to appear, looking fresh and happy from their extra hours of more or less peaceful slumber.

At 12:30, Classes I and II filed into the hall. The presence of the latter, although unnecessary was not noticed to any great extent, as the youngsters had the sense to keep quiet. A considerable number of visitors were escorted in by Captain Albert S. Murphy and his able corps of assistant ushers.

The exercises themselves were impressive and most enjoyable. The band rendered several selections, and although they could not be appreciated fully, due to the confined area, our visitors expressed their approval by ardent applause.

Probably the most pleasant part of the afternoon's proceedings, with the exception of the reappearance of Mr. Campbell on the rostrum after an absence of several months, was the class prophecy, written and delivered by Robert Melvin Rodman '30. We have either heard or read class prophecies for the past six years, and speaking from an wholly unbiased view, Rodman's masterpiece is in a class by itself. The whole audience was in an uproar from the start to the finish and the applause at the end was almost deafening.

The class orator, Seaton W. Manning, delivered a splendid oration, which commanded the interest and attention of every spectator.

No class day could be complete without a guest speaker, and no more happy choice could have been made than Mr. Patrick T. Campbell, counsellor and adviser to hundreds of Latin School boys, who mounted the platform amid a tribute from classes I and II, which will never be equalled. His speech was straight to the point and contained advice which no boy can afford to neglect.

The exercises were finished at 2:15 and at 2:30 a review of the school regiments took place in front of the building.

There is only one fault that can be found with Class Day. It seems strange that of a class of over 250, only five or six boys should take an active part, and it is hoped that a way of allowing of more general participation may be found in the future.

—B. H. L. , '30

YE CLASS BANQUET

On Saturday evening, April 26, 1930, some one hundred and thirty hungry seniors descended upon the University Club and availed themselves of bounteous feasting, good fellowship, and music.

The affair was scheduled for 6:30 P.M., which meant that it would begin some time after 7—and it did. During the feast, we were entertained by James “Paul Whiteman” Flynn and his syncopating First Class-ics. However, it was feared that their brand of music, which in the jargon of the trade is called “hot,” would interfere with our digestive organs, so a substitute in the person of Alice and George Rogers was offered. The former is the well-known “Lady of the Ivories” and her husband is a vocal artist on several programs.

After the meal, jokes and speeches were forthcoming. Mr. Frank Ryan, head of the Harvard Publicity Department for Athletics and Mr. Fred O’Brien, assistant director of physical education of Boston were expected to speak, but both men unfortunately were detained. However, Coach Charles S. Fitzgerald, fresh from a decisive victory over Milton Academy, consented to act as toastmaster. Several impromptu but well-delivered speeches were delivered. Carl “Lefty” Lichtenstein, President David Kopans, Secretary George Perkins, and Headmaster Joseph L. Powers all spoke a few words ranging from subtle jokes to helpful counsel.

The affair broke up at about 10:15 and every boy present owes his thanks and appreciation to the members of the banquet committee, Irving Rabinovitz, Lawrence Stellar, and Nathan David, for their tireless efforts to make this banquet the huge success that it was.

—B. H. L. '30

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The most brilliant thing at the banquet was Lefty Lichtenstein’s necktie.

* * * * *

The Latin School Dramatic club presented “Tommy” on April 25, 1930 at 8 P.M. in the School hall. It has been acclaimed by all who have seen it as the most satisfactory performance that has been put on for a long time. The work of Edwin T. Anthony, '30, Sumner Rodman '31 H. Wilton Beaser '30, and Burton H. Tarplin '30 was outstanding. Rodman played the part of the heroine, and many a male heart missed a beat as “she” swept across the boards. Mr. Russo, who has coached so many of these dramatic successes deserves the highest praise for the fine work of the club.

The cast in the order of their appearance was:

Mrs. Wilson	Michael Linenthal
Marie Thurber	Sumner Rodman
Bernard	George Huberman
Mrs. Thurber	H. Wilton Beaser
Mr. Thurber	Burton H. Tarplin
David Tuttle	Thomas H. Dowd Jr
Tommy Mills	Charles W. Gore
Judge Wilson	Edwin T. Anthony

—B. H. L. '30

DO YOU KNOW

that this is the last edition of the "*Register*" this year . . . that those new Hit-of-the-Week records are selling like the proverbial pancakes. . . that if you are struck by a U. S. mail truck, you cannot sue for damages. Watch your step. . . that at this writing Latin seems to have a championship baseball nine. . . that anyway this is one of the most successful athletic years we've ever had. . . that many of our seniors plan to enter William and Mary next fall. . . that the Harvard Medical School is about the hardest institution to gain admission to in the country . . . that the Panama Canal cost over \$375,000,000 . . . that when Dewey took Manila, not a ship was hurt nor a life lost. . . that William Jennings Bryan was only 36 years old when he ran for President in 1896. . . that within the 36 years from 1865 to 1901 three Presidents were assassinated. . . that Mr. Glover one of our most popular Latin teachers has been here for 22 years. that census takers are the most patient people in the world . . . that there is a scholarship at Harvard for boys whose name is Murphy. . . that Al Jolson had better quit the movies. . . that the Yankees won't win the pennant because their pitching staff is very weak. . . that writing this column is no cinch . . . that we hope someone will continue it next year. . . that we also hope you liked it. Good-bye forever.

—Bertram H. Loewenberg '30

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THE ANNUAL PRIZE DRILL

On Friday, May second, the annual Prize Drill was held. The sky was clear, as Mr. McNamee would say, and the day was warm, in fact quite warm. To prevent the rising of dust, the park department had spent all the preceding afternoon wetting down the field. They even sprinkled it on Friday morning while most of us were yet slumbering. But alas, their efforts were in vain. By 10:30 the dust *had begun* to rise, by 11:30 it *was rising*, by 12:30 it *had risen*, and from then on, one would almost believe that a sand-storm was in progress. How that dust did blow!

Of course the usual rumors flitted about. It was in the "bag" that such a one would "cop" first. Another had fourth cinched and so-on. Here's how they actually finished:

4th Regiment

1st—Col. John R. Canavan
2nd—Lieut.-Col. Cornelius J. Shea
3rd—Major David E. Kopans
4th—Major William Starr
5th—Major William J. Reid

5th Regiment

1st—Col. Albert Murphy
2nd—Lieut.-Col. John Crowley
3rd—Major Stanley X. Housen
4th—Major Saul Bassinov
5th—Major John A. Ray

Now for a comparison of the actual standing of the companies and the way the "experts" had them figured. The fifth Regiment ran true to expected form all the way down. "Buddy" Murphy's company was expected to lead the parade and did so quite hardily. "Jackie" Crowley commanded a nicely drilled unit which had little trouble finishing second. But what a fall the "pickers" took in placing the fourth Regiment where competition was much keener. "Red" Canavan was generally conceded first and in finishing first was the only source of consolation to the harried experts. The biggest upset of the day was the finishing in second place of "Babe" Shea's company. A rank outsider at post-time, Connie's company was given merely a chance to place (which means fourth or fifth) but in true "dark

horse" fashion it performed splendidly to capture second in the face of stern opposition. The next upset was provided by Capt. Kopans who displaced the highly-touted Capt. Starr's exhibition Company, to finish third. Starr was awarded fourth prize and it can be said in his favor that he had poor luck in being obliged to go on the floor" first. He was followed at a distance by Capt. Reid.

Now that the drill is over and we're all captains, (oh yeah?), all that remains for most of us is the annual schoolboys' parade.

—C. L. H.



Son of His Father

A Baseball Story

By Bertram Hugh Loewenberg, '30.

"Strike three, game's over!" bellowed the umpire as Dick Kenilworth fanned Joe Page for the final out in the annual clash between Dartmouth and Cornell. The Big Green, with Kenilworth pitching a remarkable game to close his brilliant career, had won by the score of 4 to 1.

As Dick walked off the field to the Polo Grounds club house, his thoughts were no longer on baseball. In three weeks graduation, and then he would make Marjorie James his wife; after that into business with his father in the fall and a home of his own. My, but it was good to be alive that beautiful June afternoon!

* * * * *

Ten years had passed since that summer day and Dick Kenilworth was the proud father of a well-built youngster of eight years. How he had looked forward to the day when he could impart some of his pitching lore to a son of his. Now that day had come and Dick Jr. was more than a willing pupil. Day in and day out, father and son practised together. At the age of 12, Dick Jr. knew every ball in his father's repertoire. At 16, he pitched his high school to a city championship. Newspapers devoted columns of space to Dick Kenilworth's son while experts predicted an even more sensational career for the youngster than his father had had.

Dick's dream was almost fulfilled. Of course, he had always pictured his son as wearing a Dartmouth uniform and bewildering college batsmen as he had been wont to do. But that was only a matter of time now. He would enter college in a year and during that interval any weaknesses in the boy's style could be corrected.

For the next twelve months, Dick Jr. heard nothing but baseball. His ardent father spent over three months teaching his offspring a better change of pace. Next he altered his style of delivery slightly and then after pouring words of advice into his ears, as to what to do in various emergencies, Dick Kenilworth felt that the boy was ready to start in where he had left off almost twenty years ago.

In the fall, Dick Jr. entered Dartmouth and when the call for freshman football candidates came, he answered it.

He wrote of this to his father and two days later Dick Kenilworth arrived in Hanover.

"The very idea of risking that arm of yours in a football game. Why, boy, I gave you credit for more sense than that. Do you think that I spent over ten

years in teaching you how to pitch only to have some clumsy linesman wrench your muscles or something?"

"But, dad, everyone goes out for football. I'm strong and husky. They can't hurt me."

"Your arm, your arm!" retorted his father angrily. "One scrimmage would be enough to prevent you from pitching for a couple of years."

"Oh, hang my old arm," said Dick Jr. "I'm sick and tired of baseball, anyway."

For a moment his father looked at him in amazement and then suddenly began "to laugh. Can you beat that? Sick of baseball. Well, well, that's a good one."

At his parent's sudden amusement, Dick Jr. had to laugh, too. It was their first quarrel and he disliked it heartily. This broke the tension and after securing a promise from his son that he would not play football, Dick Kenilworth returned to New York.

The fall and winter seemed to drag interminably, but March finally arrived and with it came the call for freshman baseball. When Dick Jr. reported to Coach Lawson, his father was present to see how his boy shaped up in the initial workout.

The first game of the season was with Exeter and Dick shut them out with three hits. Harvard freshmen were met two weeks later and Dick repeated his opening performance, allowing the Cambridge collegians five safe blows, most of them of the so-called "scratch" variety. And so it continued throughout the season. Every time Dick pitched, his opponents seemed to curl up before his withering speed and deceitful curves. Dick's father was in ecstasy as he perused the accounts of his son's victories. The team lost only one game that year and the boy's record was 9 won, 0 lost.

Despite Dick's fine work, he experienced difficulty in winning a regular position on the varsity the following spring. The head coach, Jim Murray, had been looking forward to the time when the youngster should be eligible for varsity competition. Yet the boy seemed to have lost something of his pitching skill. His speed was still there, his curves broke with the same old suddenness, yet in the practise games, the scrub team had become unduly familiar with his offerings. One day, after the scrubs had driven him from the box with a barrage of basehits, Jim Murray decided to get in touch with Dick Kenilworth, Sr. Accordingly he sent a telegram, and soon received a reply that the young pitcher's father would arrive in Hanover the next evening.

The old Green hurler looked worried when Murray briefly outlined the situation to him.

"Have you said anything to the boy as yet?" he asked the veteran coach.

"Just a couple of words of encouragement, that's all," was the reply.

"I have it," said Dick Sr. suddenly. "Dont tell the boy I'm here and when you open up with Bowdoin to-morrow, let him start. I'll be in the stands and I'll try to discover the trouble."

The next day, Dick Kenilworth was in the box when Dartmouth opened its baseball season. He lasted just two stanzas, retiring with none out in the third inning, the score 4 to 0 in Bowdoin's favor, and the bases full.

As he peeled off his clothes in the club house, he looked up and saw that his father was standing in the doorway.

"Hello, dad. Did you see the nice exhibition outside? I can't understand why those batters take such a liking to my pitching."

"Dick," said his father slowly, "what was the matter with you? Surely you've been pitching long enough to be able to stop a bunch of country dubs? Is your arm in good condition?"

"There you go again about my arm. My arm's all right, but I'm not. I'm sick and tired of this darn game. I hate it! I hate it, do you hear me? The sight of a ball makes me sick. Ever since I was in grammar school, I've been playing baseball. I hope I never pitch again!"

Dick Kenilworth looked at his son in a strange manner, then without saying a word, turned on his heel and left the room.

* * * * *

It took some time for the wound to heal, but it finally did. Baseball was never mentioned again between father and son. Dick Kenilworth Sr. hardly dared admit it to himself, but he had aged in the past two years. As he followed the progress of the Big Green team and saw defeat after defeat marked against it, he could not help thinking of what might have been.

Dartmouth came to the Polo Grounds the following Saturday to play Cornell, and Dick Kenilworth Sr. attended the game. If only his son were going to pitch, how much keener his anticipation would be!

As he leaned forward in his chair to hear the batteries, he was slightly shocked. The announcer's voice was by no means clear, but he thought he said "Kenilworth." Queer the tricks a man's mind will play on him.

Suddenly he half rose from his seat in amazement.

That tall, lithe figure advancing to the pitcher's box! The old familiar twist of his head as he sped the ball toward the catcher!

His neighbor with a scorecard in his hand nudged him and said, "This pitcher's name isn't on the score card. I heard the announcer say Kenilworth, though. Some new phenom Murray picked up, I guess. It's a funny thing, Dartmouth had a pitcher with that name about twenty years ago. He was some smart worker, too. Did you ever see him pitch?"

"Yes, several times," replied Dick.

Never did mortal man spend a more enjoyable two hours. Dick Jr. pitched like a machine, getting down batsman after batsman. Throughout the game Dick's neighbor raved about the "kid pitcher."

"Why, this boy has got it all over old Dick Kenilworth. The curves, the speed! Wonder if he's any relation."

Dick Sr. smiled as a Cornell batsman struck out, the third in a row. The Ithacans had made exactly two hits in nine innings. The final score was Dartmouth 6, Cornell 0.

Dick was not surprised when he found his overjoyed parent awaiting him at the entrance to the dressing room.

"It was this way, dad," he explained. Two years absence from the game created in me an overpowering longing to get out there once more and toss 'em up to the batters. Besides, I realized what a disappointment my career has been to you. I had a hunch you'd be here this afternoon and so after practising for a couple of weeks, I persuaded Coach Murray to allow me to hurl this game. You know the rest."

Father looked at son and then: "I don't have to tell you what this means to me, Dick, but I suppose blood will tell, won't it, boy?"

On Over-Reading

By P. N. Dangel

One afternoon several weeks ago, after participating in some special competition or other, I started home late with one of my companions. When we reached the corner of the street, we patronized a certain gentleman who is always on the same spot vending sweetmeats; then we proceeded to watch several innings of a ball game in which our school-mates were blasting the hopes of an alien no-hit, no-run pitcher. Finally we strolled along Longwood Avenue in the direction of Roxbury Crossing.

When our conveyance arrived, we climbed aboard, found a seat, and my companion pulled from the depths of his bag, Ludwig's "Goethe." I had already seen him reading books in classes, when he ought to have been paying attention. I know that whenever I call for him, he is to be found buried in a book; and he will even admit that it is for books that he neglects his homework.

"This is my third book since Sunday," he assured me.

"In that case," I replied, "I read about a third as much as you do."

"How," I asked, "can you keep up your grades and, at the same time, read?"

"Simple enough. I read a book a day during the vacation. I tried during the last vacation, no less than Tolstoy, Donn Byrne, Walpole, Remarque, Galsworthy, Davis, Marshal, Oppenheim, and some others I can't think of at the moment."

"Another thing: do your eyes trouble you?"

"I have no difficulty at all except for an occasional pulsation, thank goodness."

"You read too much anyway."

"So I may, but . . ." and he went on to rattle off the names of many illustrious Latin School Graduates. "I am far behind any of them in my reading,"

"By the way, have you read that essay by Thackeray, which is in our text-book? He calls it "On a Lazy, Idle Boy," I believe. In it he asserts that over-reading in youth will spoil appreciation of literature in age. It will ruin taste and clear thought."

His face took on a troubled look. I saw that my argument was striking home.

"I remember that you were once very successful in composition work. Is that still true?" I continued.

"No, confound it! Formerly, I always had a plot at the tip of my fingers and now . . ."

"You have no imagination."

"Exactly!"

"Have you ever wondered why our very English teachers, who know so much of literature and rhetoric, have never become successful in writing anything more than a text-book?"

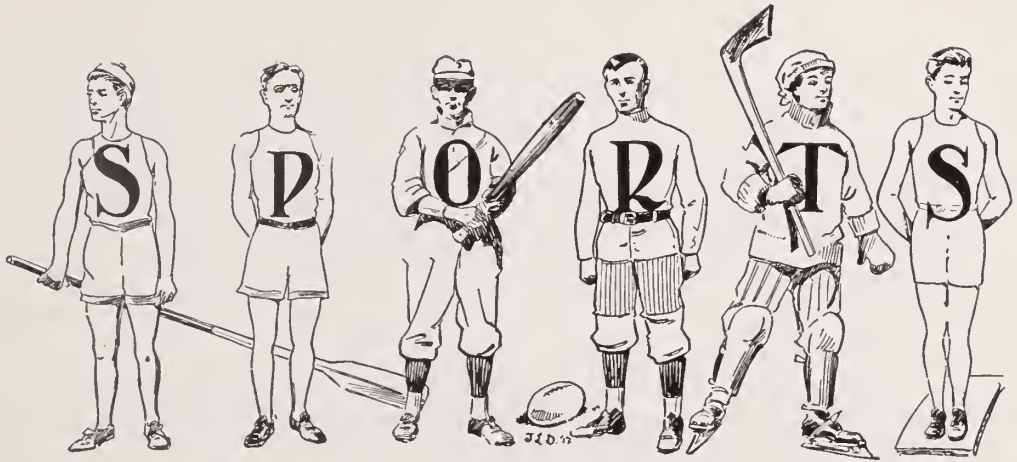
"Yes," he confessed.

"Well, their imagination has been stifled, actually drowned in books. Even you yourself find it hard to think while you read and I'll wager anything that you find concentration difficult."

"But," he objected "you do a lot of reading yourself."

"Ah!" I confided, "I read just because I know that I must if I wish to write. And writing is my ambition. You notice that I do comparatively little and in a wide field."

The car entered the terminal and I left him to his thoughts.



JOUNCING JAMAICA

Our swimming team, returned to winning ways, defeated Jamaica Plain, 85½-62½. Led by the Junior natators, our boys accumulated 10 first places to our opponents' four. One event resulted in a tie between the two schools.

Two new records were set by our swimmers in the Junior division. Stanley Levenson did the 25-yard back stroke in 17½ seconds, and the relay team, composed of J. Percival, Fay, Kaversky, and Mulhall, was clocked in the fast time of 1 minute, 4 seconds.

"Bobby" Grossman again won the Intermediate 50-yard freestyle with ease.

Keeler was outstanding among the Intermediates, placing in two events, the dive and the freestyle.

The Percival brothers once more were prominent in the Junior division. John Percival was on the victorious relay team in his division, while his brother, "Bill," joined the Intermediate team and figured in their victory.

Among the Seniors, Capt. Feinberg, McGreenary, Lawler, and Skreoski are still continuing their fine work. The summary:

SENIOR DIVISION

100-yard freestyle—Skreoski, second; Coll, third.

50-yard backstroke—Won by McGreenary; Capt. Feinberg, second; Tippox, fourth.

50-yard breaststroke—Won by Lawler; I. Levenson, third.

Dive—Skreoski, tie for first; Yesner, fourth.

Relay—Won by Jamaica Plain.

INTERMEDIATE DIVISION

50-yard freestyle—Won by Grossman; Keeler, second.

25-yard backstroke—Zick, third; Ratzkoff, fourth.

25-yard breaststroke—Gates, second; Goldberg, third.

Dive—Dixon, tie for first; Keeler, tie for third.

Relay—Won by Latin. (Grossman, Gates, Hickey, W. Percival)

JUNIOR DIVISION

25-yard freestyle—Won by W. Percival; Fay, second.

25-yard backstroke—Won by S. Levenson; Kaverski, second; Time—17²/₅ seconds (new record).

25-yard breaststroke—Won by J. Percival; Blumerfield, second.

Dive—Won by Mulhall; Blumerfield, second.

Relay—Won by Latin. (J. Percival, Fay, Kaverski, Mulhall). Time—1 minute, 4 seconds (new record).

—A. J. G. '31

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BEATING BROOKLINE

A classy double play wrecked a ninth inning rally and brought victory to the Boston Latin nine in its first game of the season, with Brookline High. The game was played at Brookline, on April 14, and, despite the cool weather, a fair-sized crowd was on hand at the start. Fine hitting coupled with "Bill" Higgins' masterful pitching gave the Latin team the long end of the 5-4 score. "Bill" fanned seven men and allowed five hits while his team-mates were amassing nine.

Weddleton put his team in the lead by cracking out a single in the second inning to score "Bootsie" Callaghan. Another marker was added in the third when Bilodeau's double sent Joe Kelley scampering across the plate. Brookline tied it up in the fourth, but the Latin nine went ahead in the sixth, due to Wilson's double, a sacrifice, and an error and was never headed thereafter.

Both teams scored a brace of runs in the eighth. The Latin tallies were brought about by Wilson's walk and doubles by the Callaghan brothers. Brookline filled the bases in the ninth by an error, a walk, and a single, but an easy double play resulted from J. Timmon's weak tap to the pitcher, ending the game.

The Latin team had an easy time on the field. "Bill" Higgins kept his opponents well in hand, and the outfield had but five put outs. The hitting of Bilodeau and Weddleton featured, each collecting two hits.

The score:

<i>Latin</i>					<i>Brookline</i>				
Downes (Capt.), 1b	4	1	8	0	J. Timmons, ss	3	1	2	2
J. Kelley, ss	5	1	3	2	Norris, 3b	2	0	3	1
Bilodeau, lf	4	2	3	0	Woleck, 3b	1	1	0	0
Wilson, rf	3	1	0	0	W. Timmons, 2b	4	1	2	3
F. Callaghan, cf	2	1	2	0	T. Larkin, cf	3	1	3	0
Roche, 2b	3	0	1	1	Madden, lf	4	1	0	1
T. Callaghan, 3b	3	1	2	0	Jamison, c	4	0	6	1
Weddleton, c	4	2	8	1	Quinn, rf	2	0	0	0
Higgins, p	4	0	0	4	Kelley, rf	1	0	0	0
	—	—	—	—	Ainsworth, rf	1	0	0	0
Totals	32	9	27	8	Cahill, 1b	3	0	11	0
					Gleason, p	2	0	0	6
					(a) Noonan	1	0	0	0
					(b) C. Larkin	1	0	0	0
					(c) Muldowney	1	0	0	0
					(d) Mahan	1	0	0	0
						—	—	—	—
					Totals	34	5	27	14

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Latin	0	1	1	0	0	1	0	2	0—5
Brookline	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	2	0—4

*a*Batted for Norris in 8th. *b*.Batted for Quinn in 7th. *c*.Batted for Cahill in 9th. *d*.Batted for Gleason in 9th.

Runs: J. Kelley, Wilson 2, F. Callaghan 2, J. Timmins, Norris, Noonan, W. Timmons; Errors: J. Kelley, Roche, J. Timmins; Two-base hits: T. Callaghan, J. Kelley, Bilodeau, Wilson, F. Callaghan, Weddleton, J. Timmons, T. Larkin Downes; Stolen bases: Bilodeau, F. Callaghan, Norris, W. Timmins: Sacrifice hits: F. Callaghan, T. Callaghan, W. Timmons: Base on balls: Off Higgins 5, off Gleason 4. Struck out: By Higgins 7, by Gleason 5; Double plays: Norris to Cahill, Higgins to Weddleton to Downes; Passed ball: Jamison; Umpire: Bill Cleary.

—A. J. G. '31

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BESTED BY BROOKLINE

Our out-door track team had a very inauspicious opening, on April 25, when it was badly beaten by Brookline, 53-19. Most of the letter men are ineligible for Latin, and the team needs strength badly.

Latin's lone first place was taken by "Bobby" Rodman, who jumped more than 20 feet in the running broad jump. Keeler tied with French of Brookline for first honors in the high jump. A heave of 42 feet gave "Dave" Kopans second place in the shot put.

The team did worse in the track events. Keeler, the only Latin runner to place in more than one event, took third in the 75-yard low hurdles. A third was taken in the 440 by Learson, a new-comer to track.

The 880 was the best race of the day. Collins of Latin took the lead not long after the start and held off all challengers until the last 50 yards when Brigham, running a well-planned race, passed him and won by several yards.

Fate frowned upon Capt. Owen in the 100-yard dash. Housen took third in the 220.

Capt. Hootstein and Charlie French were the stars for Brookline, each winning two events.

The summary:

100-yard dash—Won by Hootstein, B.; second, Gow, B.; third, Weiner, L. Time 10 minutes, 3 seconds.

75-yard low hurdles—Won by French, B.; second, Litman, B.; third, Keeler, L. Time 10 minutes 2 seconds.

Running broad jump—Won by Rodman, L.; second, Litman, B.; third, French B. Distance 20 feet 3½ inches.

Shot put—Won by Hootstein, B.; second, Kopans, L.; third, Nayer, B. Distance 43 feet, 1 inch.

440-yard dash—Won by S. Rabinovitz, B.; second, Gow, B.; third, Learson, L. Time 1 minute, 3½ seconds.

High jump—Tie for first between Keeler, L., French, B.; third, tie between Litman, B.; Hootstein, B. Height 5 feet, 6 inches.

THE GROTON GAME

On Saturday April 19 the baseball team journeyed to Groton to play its third game of the season. It emerged victorious 14-8 after a keen slug-fest. Latin showed itself the better team throughout the game, having no difficulty in solving the offerings of the opposing pitchers. Meanwhile "Bootsie" Callaghan, toiling on the mound for Latin, allowed but seven scattered hits and fanned eight men in the first eight innings. In the final stanza, Groton, aided by a momentary spasm of wildness on the part of the Latin twirler, plus a couple of errors, succeeded in scoring five runs.

The Latin team hammered the offerings of two Groton hurlers to all parts of the field. "Dick" Maguire led the attack with three singles in as many times at the bat. Callaghan aided his own cause by two timely bingles and Roche secured a like number of hits.

The team has found some fine hitters and will cause opposing pitchers plenty of trouble. The pitching staff appears strong, and with the return of Lichtenstein, who, at present, is indisposed it will be able to present one of the most formidable aggregations in the state. The fielding, however, is still poor, but with the advent of the warmer weather, this will be bettered, and the team will cause plenty of trouble for the City League clubs.

The score:

	<i>Latin</i>					<i>Groton</i>				
	AB	BH	PO	A		AB	BH	PO	A	
Downes, 1b	4	0	6	0		Weekes, ss	2	1	3	1
Kelly, ss	4	1	2	1		Smith, 2b, p	4	2	1	2
Rabinovitz ss	1	1	0	0		Thorpe, 1b	4	1	11	1
Bilodeau, lf	4	1	2	1		Paul, c	3	1	5	1
Wilson, 3b	3	1	2	0		Crocker, 3b	4	3	1	2
Lichtenstein, 3b	2	0	1	0		Sanger, cf	2	0	2	0
F. Callaghan: p	3	2	1	3		Shallcross, cf	2	1	0	0
Maguire, rf	3	3	1	0		Kelly, lf	4	0	0	0
Roche, 2b	2	2	1	1		Webb, rf	3	0	4	0
T. Callaghan, cf	2	1	1	1		Frelinghysen, p	2	0	0	4
Lynch, cf	2	0	0	0		Pratt, 2b	2	1	0	0
Weddleton, c	3	0	10	1						
Totals	33	12	27	8		Totals	32	10	27	11
Inn.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Latin	0	3	0	3	0	0	4	0	4—14	
Groton	0	0	1	0	1	0	0	1	5—8	

Run made by Downes, Bilodeau, Wilson, Lichtenstein, F. Callaghan 3, Maguire 2, Roche 3, T. Callaghan, Rabinovitz, Weekes 3, Smith 2, Kelly, Webb, Pratt; Errors: F. Callaghan 3, T. Callaghan, Weekes, Smith, Crocker, Webb 2. Two base hit: Crocker; Three-base hit: Weekes; Stolen bases: Weekes, Paul; Sacrifice hits: T. Callaghan, Kelley, Smith, Thorpe; Base on balls: by Frelinghysen 4, by Smith 5, by F. Callaghan 6. Struck out, by Frelinghysen, by Smith 3, by F. Callaghan 8; Hit by pitched ball: by F. Callaghan, Weekes: Time: 2 h. 10 m. Umpire: Kelly: A. J. G. '31



THE VICTORS

*1st Row: Mulhall, Levenson, Guralnich, Blumerfield, Fay
 2nd Row: Capt.-elect Dixon, J. Percival, Capt. Feinberg, Percival, Jacobson, Reardon
 Standing: Ratzkoff, Fisher, Hickey, Silverman, Grossman, Lawler, Gates, Fineman, McGreenery*

PATIENCE REWARDED

Two relay records were smashed as the Latin Swimming team, in the biggest upset of the year, ended its season by gloriously triumphing over English, 74-69, on April 1, for the first time in 18 years. Led by the juniors, the purple mermen overcame a two point lead, secured in the diving events, by taking seven of the twelve places.

Lawler was the only senior to take a first, his victory coming in the breast-stroke. Fisher, Skreoski, McGreenary, and Capt. Feinberg tried valiantly in their respective events, but saw better men reach the finish line first. The English High relay broke the record in this division.

"Bobby" Grossman and Keeler, climaxing a great season, took first and second in the Intermediate freestyle. In the backstroke, Ratzkoff and Zick were right behind the leader, in that order. Gates again fought hard but had to be satisfied with second. Our relay team won by a brilliant finish.

The Percival brothers once more won their respective events in the Junior Division. Fay followed "Bill" to the tape in the freestyle. The backstroke was taken by Kazerski for Latin. The relay team was also victorious, giving Latin a clean sweep in the Junior races. Incidentally, this quartet set a new record for the second time in a week. The new time is 1 minute flat.

The summary:

SENIOR DIVISION

100-yard freestyle—Fisher, third; Skreoski, fourth.

50-yard backstroke—McGreenary, third; Capt. Feinberg, fourth.

50-yard breaststroke—Won by Lawler; Levenson, fourth.

Dive—Skreoski and Reardon, tied for second.

Relay—Won by English, (Lynch, Baker, Osborne, Kerwin). Time—1 minute, 49 seconds (new record).

INTERMEDIATE DIVISION

50-yard freestyle—Won by Grossman, Keeler, second.

25-yard backstroke—Zick, second, Ratzkoff, third.

25-yard breaststroke—Gates, second; Goldberg, third.

Dive—Dixon, second; Gates, fourth.

Relay—Won by Latin, (Keeler, Hickey, Ratzkoff, Grossman)

JUNIOR DIVISION

25-yard freestyle—Won by W. Percival; Fay, second.

25-yard backstroke—Won by Kazerski; Jackabson, third.

25-yard breaststroke—Won by J. Percival; Gray, fourth.

Dive—Won by Mulhall; Blumerfield, fourth.

Relay—Won by Latin, (W. Percival, Fay, Kazerski, Mulhall). Time—1 minute (new record).

—A. J. G. '31

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THE MILTON GAME

The baseball team won its fourth consecutive victory when it defeated Milton Academy, 3-0, on April 26, at the private school's grounds. "Bill" Higgins, earning his second victory, had the Milton batters at his mercy. But five hits, no two of which came in the same inning, were made off his deliveries.

The Latin hitters also had trouble, but they were more successful in bunching their hits. In the fourth, they filled the bases, and Weddleton's long single drove in two runs. In the next inning, they scored again on a base on balls, a single, and a wild pitch. "Weddy" was the only batter on either team to secure more than one hit.

At present, Higgins looks like the best of the Latin pitchers. He has some able understudies. The batting of the team is all that can be desired, but cold weather and lack of practice has kept the fielding below par. However, warmer weather is due soon, and then the team will be running more smoothly.

The score:

	<i>Latin</i>					<i>Milton</i>			
	AB	BH	PO	A		AB	BH	PO	A
Downes, 1b	5	1	14	0	Gallagher, ss	4	1	0	1
Kelley, ss	4	1	2	2	Bowditch, 1b	4	0	5	5
Bilodeau lf	5	1	0	0	Ware, cf	4	0	3	0
Wilson, 3b	2	1	2	2	Gannett, lf	2	0	1	0

F. Callaghan, cf	3	1	2	0	Swarty, c	3	1	10	2
Roche, 2b	3	0	0	4	Beale, 3b	1	1	3	1
Maguire, rf	4	1	3	0	Thacher, rf	4	1	4	0
Weddleton, c	4	2	4	1	Thompson, 2b	4	0	1	0
Higgins, p	4	0	0	6	Lincoln, p	3	0	0	3
	—	—	—	—	a.Wellington	1	1	0	0

Totals:	34	8	27	15		—	—	—	—
						30	5	27	7

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Latin	0	0	0	2	1	0	0	0	0—3

a.Batted for Lincoln in ninth.

Runs: Kelley, Wilson, Callaghan; Errors: Thompson, Roache, Higgins; Stolen bases: Gallagher, Callaghan; Sacrifice hits: Bowditch, Beale; Base on balls: by Higgins 4, by Lincoln 5; Struck out: by Higgins 3; by Lincoln 8; Double play: Kelley and Downes; Wild pitch: Lincoln; Hit by pitched ball: by Higgins, Gannett and Beale; Time: 2 h.; Umpire: O'Connor.

—A. J. G. '31

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DROPS FROM THE SHOWERS

"Bill" Higgins, at present, looks like one of the best pitchers in the city. In 18 innings, he has allowed but 10 hits and has fanned 10 men.

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Of the 14 hits secured by Latin and Brookline in their game, nine were of the two-base variety.

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The school has enjoyed one of its best years in athletics. Victories have been obtained in three of four sports.

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Let us keep up the good work. Go out for the out-door track team. Good men are needed in every event.

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The swimming team deserves much credit for the past season. It lost but one match, and succeeded in breaking English's supremacy of 18 years standing.

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The tennis team had a mediocre opening. It lost to Milton Academy, 6-0, on a very cold day. Rodman, Schiller, McCarthy, and Banks, were our representatives.

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An interclass tennis tournament is now on; 154 are entered.

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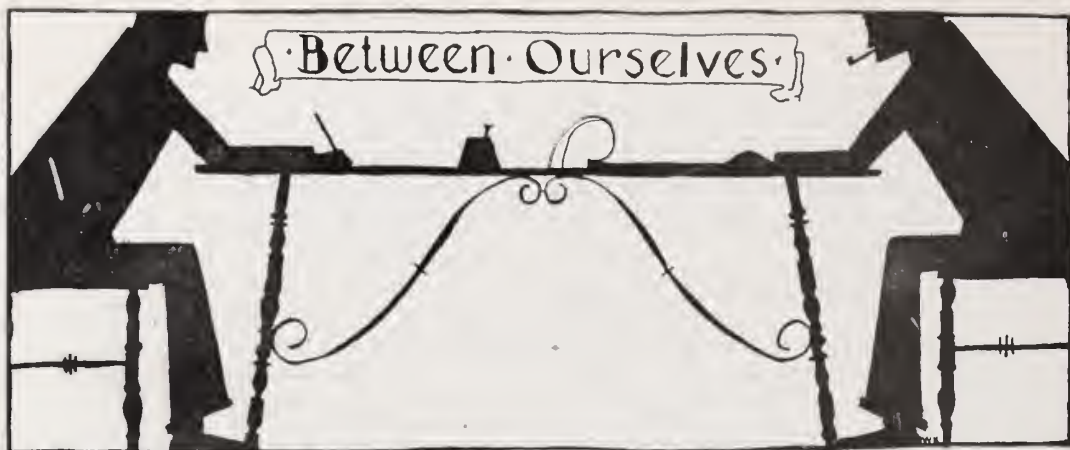
"Bobby" Grossman deserves much credit for the success of the swimming team. He is the highest point scorer of the team.

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Coach G. B. Cleary has undertaken the job to find two golfers to represent the school in the Interscholastic tournament. He plans to hold an Inter-class tournament soon.

* * * * *

The track team is practising strenuously for the Harvard Interscholastic Meet. It hopes to be among the leaders.



"What was all that racket in the post-office this morning?"

"The Correspondence School was having commencement exercises."

* * * * *

"Well, I see the Mexican revolution is over."

"Yes; it's just my luck—I've just thought up another dandy joke about it."

* * * * *

"Ave you 'eard about my cousin Archie? 'E's turned poet now, they say."

"As'e? My 'usband won't do a scrap of work either."

* * * * *

"I see that an eminent author compares his wife with a book."

"You couldn't compare my wife with a book."

"Why not?"

"You can shut a book up."

* * * * *

Very funny
An Italian, having applied for citizenship, was being examined in the naturalization court:

"Who is the President of the United States?"

Very "Mr. Hoov'."

"Who is the Vice-President?"

Very "Mr. Curtiss."

"Could you be President?"

"No."

"Why?"

Very "Mister, you 'scuse, please. I vera busy wid my own work."

* * * * *

"You're a fake," shouted the irate spectator. "You're supposed to be a sword-swallower, and you're swallowing only pins and needles!"

"That's all you can expect," replied the sword-swallower, "because I'm on a diet."

* * * * *

"Talking about swell weddings, huh. Why, at the one I went to last night, they used puffed rice."

* * * * *

Mrs. Jones: "Do you raise chickens, Sambo?"

Sambo: "No, ma'm, I jes' lif's 'em."

Judge: "So you robbed the restaurant because you were starving. Why didn't you take something to eat instead of looting the cash register?"

Prisoner: "I'm a proud man, yer honor, and I make it a rule to pay for what I eat."

* * * * *

Warden: "Number 265,701, where is your number?"

265701 : "I traded with 43752. You see, mine was the number he had last year and he kind of wanted to keep the old one."

* * * * *

She: "Oh! see the funny lookin' fish."

He: "Yeah, jelly fish."

She: "I wonder what flavor."

* * * * *

Wife: "What a lovely hat. Let's go buy it."

Husband: "Yes; we'll go by it."

* * * * *

"Some burglars got into my house last night, bound me to a chair, and gagged me."

"Then what did you do?"

"Why, I sat around all night and chewed the rag."

* * * * *

Naval Recruiting Officer: "Have you ever been on water before?"

Applicant: "Yep, along with a little bread."

* * * * *

Photographer: "Your son ordered these photos from me."

Father: "They certainly are very much like him. Has he paid for them?"

Photographer: "No, sir."

Father: "That's more like him."

* * * * *

Alice: "Ah, Bob, last night I dreamed that I was dancing with you."

Bob: "Oh, what a wonderful emotion it gives me to think that you would dream of me."

Alice: "And then I woke up to find my kid brother pounding my feet with a stick."

* * * * *

All hail the debater who goes out to die for his Alma Mater on the field of babble.

* * * * *

The gentleman had sent for a plumber to fix an upstairs tap, and as he and his wife started downstairs, they met the plumber coming up. The gentleman stopped the plumber and said:

"Before I go downstairs, I would like to acquaint you with the trouble."

The plumber politely removed his hat and murmured:

"Pleased to meet you, ma'am."

* * * * *

Old lady: "Faith an' where's that critter from, my man?"

Attendant: "That, Madam, is the kangaroo, a native of Australia."

Old lady: "Sure an' it's bad news, that is—me Maggie married one of them."

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Frosh: "Yes, sir, it's the same dog."

* * * * *

Captain: "Can't you read? What does that sign on the door say?"

Private: "That's just what I came in for. It says "Private," and I want to know what you're doing in a private's room?"

* * * * *

He: "Why . . . a . . . we're a . . . having a . . . dance at our house . . . and a . . ."

She: (breathlessly) "Yes?"

Again: "And I wonder if I could borrow your wax to wax our floor."

* * * * *

Percy: "My watch has gone wrong."

Sally: "Environment tells."

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"We're dressed up in bearskin and leather."
Said one with a smile,
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It's collegiate and I don't mean whether."

* * * * *

Judge: "What's your name?"
Man: "Smith."
Judge: "Your occupation?"
Man: "Locksmith."
Judge: "Locksmith up."

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